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SCIENCE GOSSIP.

(From Paris.)

M. Claude Bernard has terminated his series of lectures on animal heat. His investigations materially modify the generally received opinions as to the origin of that heat. In what part of the organism is it produced? The blood in the arteries is less warm on the whole than that in the veins. Hitherto physiologists have sought for the source of animal heat in some central and unique organ. Claude Bernard proves such to be illusory; there is no special organ for the function of heat, no more than for the function of nutrition. All the organs, all the tissues, all the elements, alike contribute to nutrition and heat. It is in the depths of the organs themselves, in contact with all the elements of the tissues, that heat is generated by chemical re-action, while at the same time these organs function and are nourished. This re-action is varied and complex; there is not always direct combustion, and there are other phenomena than oxidation for the production of heat, such as the influence of the nervous system, which can increase or diminish the heat, by its action on the chemical changes connected with the nutrition of the tissues. Then heat may often be so excessive as to resemble a poison during fever for example. Cold is very favorable to the circulation.

tion of wounds, hence, why surgeons to induce it, adopt the use of ice or cold water. In the case of hibernating animals, the marmot for instance, a wound will heal more rapidly when the animal is in the state of hibernation, than when in the awakened condition, because being less active, the animal is less warm. During hibernation if the tail of the dormouse be amputated it will re-grow. Similarly as the regeneration of organs with the lizard and salamander; but no such renewal of the tail has ever been known to take place after the animal returned to its wakened state. As there are two orders of nerves, producing cold and heat respectively, it is obvious, that during fevers the aim ought to be, to bring about the action of the first, by means of external cold agents.

The Academy of Science has ordered the reprinting of a dissertation, published in 1751, by M. Lemoult, on the ancient junction of England and France. That modest geologist predicted the gigantic tunnel about being commenced under the Channel, and even after 124 years, engineers find his book of valuable assistance. The prospects of the tunnel are as bright in an engineering as in a financial point of view. The soundings of the channel have been accurately taken to within four miles of England; next year these will be completed and controlled. So far it is demonstrated, that the tunnel can be confidently pierced through a uniform mass of impermeable grey chalk. The boring will present no difficulty, and the Brunton machines will dispense with blasting. When the sea, forcing a passage, separated England and France, it resembled a saw cutting vertically through the strata of hard and soft chalk; so that if the Channel were dried up, its bed might be compared to a street; France and England representing the houses on each side, and the various strata of chalk, corresponding to the stories.

The cellular tissue under the skin of animals is rich in fat, and possesses the remarkable property of absorbing liquids and other substances brought in contact with it. This absorptive faculty is now resorted to by Continental doctors, to introduce into the organism, not only medicaments, but also blood and elements. We commence to eat and drink by the skin. Injections under the skin of sedative agents, are now very common for relieving local pain. Karst and Landenberger in 1873, demonstrated, that when blood was injected under the skin of animals, the blood was rapidly absorbed and distributed throughout the economy; the operation was made without difficulty and produced no ill consequences. Dr. Caise in transfusing blood into the vein of a lady, observed that half an ounce of it entered the tissue, and was quickly absorbed; his patient rapidly recovered her strength. It must not be forgotten, that part of transfusions benefit only invalids. Dr. Voisin imitated the experiment with success. In Italy, transfusion of blood is often practised for curing insanity; it is thus that Dr. Powza operates in the asylum of Alexandria, employing the blood of lambs, although M. Poucet lays down, that the use of the blood of an animal of a different species, entails death. Drs. Menzel, Perco, Stricker, and Krueg, have saved the life of invalids and lunatics who refused food, by injecting solutions of fat, sugar, the yellow of eggs, oil, and milk, under the skin. Distilled water similarly employed near a painful part, rapidly gives relief.

Complaints are very general respecting the extent to which brandy is now adulterated with acetic ether, a compound of an agreeable odor, but producing serious consequences by its stupefying effects. Another dangerous substance much employed for calming tooth-ache, is collodion, which excludes the air from the caried tooth, first by acting as a slight caustic on threadlet extremities of the nerves, and next, as an anæsthetic,

by the evaporation of the ether. Not only may accident occur, but worse, the sawbone may become diseased as if affected with phosphoric fumes. Cairie teeth are of various forms, demanding dissimilar treatment; collodion ought to be limited to the second stage or the commencement of the third.

During October and November last, M. Girardin conducted several experiments to test the quantity of oxygen in rain water; he collected some that fell on the roof of the Observatory, and some that fell in the Courtyard. He was embarrassed to explain the important difference in the quantity of gas contained in the samples; that from the Courtyard being less, owing to dead leaves being present, and so absorbing the oxygen of the water. M. Girardin thus explains, why the water of ponds in the middle of woods is so indigestible.

Dr. Jourdanet's two Volumes treating on "The Life of Man and the Pressure of air," are attracting many readers. Nothing positively new is related, but the importance of the work lies in the author's experience corroborating the discoveries of science. He has studied human life and its diseases, in various countries and at different altitudes. He however advances a view calculated to solve an important problem. From the evidence of fossils, we know that zones now temperate were once tropical, and that at a period when the earth's central heat could exercise no influence Dr. Jourdanet believes, that of that epoch the atmosphere was more dense, and hence, more capable of retaining solar heat. This is the most plausible explanation of the tropical climate of central Europe pending the tertiary epoch. He is convinced the first men lived in an atmosphere denser than that of to-day, occupying countries of high altitudes, from whence they gradually descended to the plains. He admits with the Abbe Bourgeois, that men first appeared on the earth during the miocene epoch, as his flint instruments attest.

Now as the barometric pressure has since diminished, is there reason to believe that rarefaction will increase? Further, if the earth experienced any difference in temperature, its form would contract if cooled, and expand if heated, affecting as a consequence the rapidity or slowness of its rotation. Now according to Arago, the diurnal revolutions of the earth, from the time of Hipparchus to our day—a period of at least 2,000 years, have not varied by as much as the hundredth part of a second, nor consequently its temperature by the fifteenth part of a degree. The earth loses thus none of its central heat; it radiates toward space what heat it receives from the sun. M. Jourdanet concludes, that as a general rule the vivifying influence of mountain air exercises no superiority in favor of the inhabitants, but does so in the case of strangers; that the action of a mountain residence is very irregular on invalids, and that the most seductive spots, are exactly those least favorable to the indisposed.

Messrs. Treves and Durassier, have made an important communication to the Academy of Sciences on the intensity of magnetism in a bar of steel. Taking a horse-shoe magnet, these gentlemen acted on it with sulphuric acid, and found that the magnetising power of the metal, continued even when worn away to the thinness of a thread. The result proves that magnetism penetrates the entire mass of the metal, its intensity varying with the tempering of the iron. Experimenting with steel containing from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent. of Carbon it was found, that the richer the metal is in carbon the more it loses in weight without corresponding diminution of magnetic power. The authors object to state the particulars of a table they have drawn up for determining the best steel, that is, the metal most resisting for the manufacture of cannon.

The lamented aeronauts Sivel and Spinelli demonstrated, that the atmosphere is traversed by *layers* of currents, of different temperature and humidity, and moving in contrary direc-

tions. Captain Basil Hall remarked, that the Peak of Teneriffe has one wind blowing at the base, all the year round in the same direction, and that this is separated by a sheet of clouds, from another wind at the summit, equally permanent, and blowing from an opposite point. M. de Villeneuve appropriates these facts to explain how droplets of water remain suspended in the atmosphere; although denser than the air. When a current of air passes over the sea, it absorbs watery vapor, but parts with it on passing over the land. Now when two currents meet, one is always warmer and drier than the other; condensation taking place in the warm current, the drops of water fall into the current underneath; if this current be dry, the drops return to their vaporous state, if saturated, they fall in the form of rain.

M. Tschermack of Vienna examines the subject of meteorites. Howard, Berzelius &c. have shown, that the elements composing these bodies, are identical with the constituents of the earth's crust; spectral analyses has demonstrated the same fact as regards the sun, and Secchi concluded in a similar sense respecting fixed stars, so the opinion is probable, that the entire universe is composed of the same elements. Meteorites are not round like planets, but angular fragments broken off from a large mass; there is further no dependence between their form and their internal structure. Some of the meteoric stones display a crystalline structure, evidence that they have belonged to a mass, according to Haidinger, exacting vast periods of time to slowly crystallise and at a fixed temperature. Now these fragments, are they the result of collision or explosion? The majority of the meteorites weigh about eleven pounds, and these are considered large, although one exists weighing almost four tons. It is then not unreasonable to conclude, that if the fragments were the results of collision, larger morsels ought to arrive within our atmosphere. Arago, Laplace, and Lawrence Smith &c. are of opinion,

that the meteorites are the product of celestial bodies on a large, but know so reduced, as not to be able to attract to their surface fragments projected by volcanic agencies. The moon for example, has an attractive force six times less than that of the earth; it could very well reject fragments unable to fall back on its surface. This explosive action however, is peculiar, as no meteorite has been discovered resembling lava or scoria. The cause of the explosive action attributed to gas hydrogen principally—and vapor the volcanic agents common to the surface of the sun and the earth. France, the Scientific world accepts the discoveries of Lawrence Smith, viz. the presence of graphite in meteoric stones, and in that graphite, organic matter, which though undefined, is not the less incontestable. The presence of this organic matter confirms the existence of life beyond the globe. However, few persons now doubt, that there are "other worlds than one." Man cannot claim to be the king of the universe and to hold that the other globes have only been created to shine in the heavens for his nocturnal contemplation.

M. Aimé Girard explains how paper and textile substances lose their solidity in course of time. Chemists are aware that paper bleached with chloride of lime disintegrates more rapidly than paper naturally white, but the mode of action of the chloride was unexplained. The cellulose matter of paper and textile substances once in contact with the chloric acid, is transformed, by an addition to its elements, and being unable to reconstitute itself, rapidly becomes oxidised; hence they lose their coherency. The acid of chloride of lime does not so destructively on wool and silk, stuffs containing no cellulose.

On the disputed cause of sea sickness, Dr. Piorry asserts that illness and vertigo, have no connection with the brain, spinal marrow &c., but are produced owing to a disturbance of the visual organs. Persons afflicted with them ought not to fix their

ANOTHER ON LITERATURE.

too intently on any object ; to remain in the dark, lie down in horizontal position, and splash the eyelids with water, are recommended as remedies. How then account for the blind being subject to sea-sickness and head-aches, as persons in full possession of their eye sight ?

The days of Carbolic acid are counted ; it is all but banished from French hospitals in favor of Salycilic acid ; it possesses all the qualities of the first without its dangers and inconveniences. Like iodine and alum, it destroys the animalcules which contribute to the pus its injurious character. From being a curiosity, Salycilic acid is now manufactured in immense quantities. It has no oppressive odor, does not like carbolic acid depress the spirits and take away appetite, and can be administered internally without danger and with effect. Dr. Bass of Basle, ranks it as high as quinine, which is important when cinchona becomes a year more rare ; it has not the narcotic effects of quinine, it does not produce the sensation of cold in the patient, nor of digestion. It appears to have wonderful efficacy in destroying the infection of diphtheria, by killing the animalcules and virus.

ANOTHER ON LITERATURE.

There is no period in French history more curious and more interesting than that of the Fronde. The judgments formed on this event, are as diverse as its cause is complex. The history of the Fronde is so confused, so mixed up with private and general interests, intrigues so intercross, motives are so various, and yet so different, parties are so factious and so numerous, the actors so inconstant, and the contradictions so many, that a solid and complete judgment is nearly impossible. Writers also about the Fronde, allow themselves to be influenced by contemporary considerations ; the physiognomy

of occurrences change with the point of view, and the same things receive different names. That which is authority for some becomes despotism for others, and where liberty is saluted, not a few will find therein sedition. Bossuet called the lessons of history, the counsellors of princes: they may be also accepted as the experience of peoples. However, in respect to the Fronde, neutrality is so far possible that none of the parties connected therewith, deserve either our admiration or our sympathy. These parties were three in number: Ann of Austria and Mazarin of the Court, the Parliament, and the aristocracy and princes. In the struggle the court alone clearly knew its object—the supremacy of the royal power without allowing France to suffer in her military strength or to compromise her resistance against the foreigner. And it ultimately succeeded by exhausting the opposition of parliament, and conquering the revolted princes and nobles. Ann was directed by Mazarin: she was proud, courageous, and patriotic, haughty, bitter, and vindictive. Imperious and rash by nature, Mazarin taught her *raison*. Mazarin was a great and able minister who promoted the grandeur of France; yet he inspired no respect, kindled no enthusiasm. Those who hated Richelieu most, never despised him. Mazarin, according to M. Fénélon's Study of the Fronde, excelled in the art of lying, duping, and intriguing. He was caressing towards adversaries, ungrateful towards friends. He was an incomparable negotiator, and possessed two incompatible qualities, flexibility and tenacity. Miser to the marrow of his bones, the good services he rendered the state were overshadowed by his personal cupidity. He employed for governing a means as old as humanity itself—cunning, and added thereto a new one—baseness. The parliament reckoned among its members many estimable magistrates, of whom Mathieu Mote was the model, who held that independence was not disloyalty, and that an irritated populace could be suppressed by a decree.

But they resembled those old men of Troy whom Homer alludes to—Sad witnesses of ills their sagacity could not prevent. There were also in the parliament unpatriotic and seditious factions, the hangers-on of the princes. The latter with the nobles possessed no political spirit, and the absence of senysic was as measureless as their ambition. They sent to their mistresses the keys of citadels, and gained battles to please their beautiful eyes, but France had to pay for their mad loves. Then as now, the French nobility never were an aristocracy in the sense as in England, of being the faithful guardians of public liberties. What the Fronde was most deficient in, was greatness, and those most destitute of grandeur were the great. The whole reign of Louis XIII. was but a series of internal conspiracies, where Richelieu conquered resistances by cutting off those heads that would not bow to events. The Fronde differs from all civil service in this, that it left behind it no leaven of anarchy, and finished like a profitable lesson. It created a desire for obedience, a taste for discipline, and a love for order and authority. Mazarin's property was sold, and a price put on his head, but he returned after two short exiles to expel some enemies, and to pardon others. The capitulation of the Fronde enabled him to concentrate in the hands of Louis XIV. absolute power, at once the most despotic and the most popular. The nation wanted no ministers, but demanded the King to directly govern, and which he did on the death of Mazarin whose epitaph the people composed: "Here lies His Eminence the second, and God preserve us from a Third." The Fronde hated Mazarin and Ann—because they were strangers, as formerly Marie de Medicis and Concini were disliked for the same reason, and later, Marie Antoinette and the Empress Eugenie. It would seem that the effervescence of a crisis favors the creative faculties of the human mind, while the succeeding calm allures to letters the benefit of that development. It was so in the age

of Augustus, and the analogy held good during that of Louis XIV. Up to the latter's accession, M. Fengeré states, literature was concentrated in the Rambouillet *salon*, which effaced all others. Descartes and Corneille remained men of genius, solitary and apart. The Fronde broke up the Rambouillet circle, and led to the formation of less celebrated *salons*: those of the Princess de Conde, Retz, Scarron, Ninon de Lenelos, la grande Mademoiselle daughter of Gaston d'Orleans, &c. Louis XIV. by centralising these literary coteries became the supreme protector of letters. Then it was less humiliating for writers to serve the Grand Monarch, than to be the paid retainers of one of his princes. Sainte-Beuve said of the Fronde, "it was an epoch, where man turned his clothes before you," or as Letroune remarked, he there "saw the human body after it had been deprived of its skin." The Fronde did not reveal doctrines, systems, or utopias but a general scramble of interests, ambitions, and personal passions, where each personage negotiated terms for himself. We see the young King Louis XIV., and his mother the grand-daughter of Charles V. retiring from Paris during the night like robbers; the daughter of Henri IV. chased from the throne of the Stuarts, finds refuge in the Louvre, and has to seek warmth in her bed, as there is not a morsel of wood in the palace to light a fire. Mazarin is one time triumphant and another exiled; the Grand Conde, is the defender and the arch-enemy of the Court, crushing the Spaniards, and later leading them against his countrymen; we see him, the conqueror of Rocroi, the most intrepid of heroes, flying before a troop of asses that he mistook for cavalry, and ending by serving at the table of Louis XIV. and sinking into the most obsequious of courtiers. The Fronde was a tragi-comedy, had all the curiosities of a revolution, but no throne was overturned, no scaffolds erected. It is thus that so many *memoires* of the Fronde exist, forming a contemporary

history by the actors themselves, who were placed at several points of view for observing. Those of Retz are superior to all other memoirs ; the writer had, besides unscrupulousness, great genius and perspicacity. Rochefou could give us his "maxims," a speculator in action, full of equivocation ; the Grande Mademoiselle exposes the worthlessness of her father, and the Duchesse de Nemours is pitiless for her mother-in-law. These *memoires* form an important branch of French literature ; they are admirable monuments of the art to relate, to paint, and to describe.

There is a decided tendency in France to popularise English literature of a contemporary character. Hitherto the French have limited their knowledge of English writers to Richardson and Walter Scott. Among those who have most contributed to make known standard modern English works to his countrymen is M. Guesnel. His criticisms are shrewd, searching, and he very quickly discovers beauties or blemishes. He is a kind and painstaking critic avoiding all display. He has recently drawn attention to Thomas Love Peacock, an author little known in France, and perhaps his works are not extensively read in England. Born in 1785, and dying at the age of 81, Peacock acquired a long experience of life. He never wrote for the masses, but for the educated and the thinking classes. For a long time also he was viewed as an eccentric, unintelligible and fantastic. Forty years elapsed—a circumstance rare among writers, between the publication of his first and his last work. He was of a robust constitution, liked the comforts of life, and liberty under all its forms. Peacock is a humorist after the fashion of Rabelais and Voltaire ; more emotional, simple, and natural than the latter, but in freedom of spirit and subjection to human emotions, he approaches more to Rabelais. He may be said to have commenced his studies at sixteen years of age, and to have taught himself classics,

which he found no more difficulty to master, than what application and habit were requisite to form a good dancer or an expert sportsman. He had an excellent memory, and strong powers of assimilation and observation. After letters, he cultivated the sciences. The ancient authors he regarded as brothers and friends, and modern scientific theories he discussed with humor, and at the same time, lucidity. It was in his first romance, *Headlong Hall*, that his satirical tendencies appeared. But in all his works there is an amiable paganism; he represents his clergymen, neither as pastors nor Christians, but as men of good sense and education, occupied with their livings, and liking good cheer and lettered ease. As Dickens, he photographed all the characters that presented themselves to his view; he caricatured not only individuals, but ideas, and here his satire was keen, but full of good sense and uprightness. He had but little respect for modern civilization, and considered happiness to consist in a *Mens sana in corpore sano*. In *Headlong Hall* the personages represent each a prevailing paradox. In *Melincourt* he satirizes society, by showing that an Orang-outang is on a par with the civilised man; the *mots* here are very piquant. It was only after retiring on his pension, as an official of the India Office, that he composed his last work, *Gryll Grange*, which is a treatise on sagacity and a practical *resumé* of his opinions. The first romances of Peacock are said to be historical, the last philosophical. His writings can be re-read fifty times, and still new pleasures and subtilties can be discovered. The paradoxes he attacks so successfully, want sometimes a key, so the reader has to think for himself; you must be ever on the alert, or you will fail to discover when he commences to be serious and when he ceases to be so. Peacock's works not yet translated, cannot count upon an extensive continental circulation. There is too much *finesse* in them for the Germans, and too much profundity for the mass of French readers.

The *Theatre Francais* represents the beautiful Drama of *La Fille de Roland*, and Professor Gautier has brought out a complete edition of the *chanson de Roland*, based on the imperfect but corrected manuscript in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Since 1872, no less than five editions of "Roland's song" have been exhausted. The poem is founded upon the massacre of the rearguard, in 778, of Charles, king of France in the valley of Roncevaux, and where the brave Roland and the *elite* of the officers, were slain to the last man, by the Gascons who had lain in ambush. This defeat was magnified to a disaster, then it was appropriated by Legend; the Gascons became Saracens, the struggle, one between Christianity and Paganism, between Western and Eastern civilization. A traitor was introduced into the poem, named Judas, and Roland's avenging sword was called Durendal. Being composed towards the close of the Eleventh century, the work is very important in its bearing on the history of the French language. The spontaneity of the style, stamps the *chanson* as an original production. Beside childish exaggeration, there is great power and great faith; the characters are not so grand as to exceed the proportions of humanity; the heroes suffer, love, and cry; they love only God and the King of France. It has been remarked, that one cannot like *Roland* without liking France. It would be more exact to say, that the reader on perusing *Roland* will find his liking for France increased.

At this season the majority of new books and new editions belong to the class of presents, intended either for the amusement of children or the decoration of drawing room tables. Among the solid exceptions are, a new edition of Mignet's "Rivalry of Francois I. and Charles V." The author is the embodiment of justice in history. It is thus that he evokes so great an interest in the rivalry between the two great crowns, because he is truthful. History has no pity, and cannot exer-

cise the right of pardon. Its judgments are more to be dreaded for the judge if he be unjust, than for the judged. History is therefore neither complaisant nor blind, and Mignet in having wished to see before judging, has well-judged in consequence of having well seen.

"A Daughter of an Egyptian king," by M. Gerge Ebers, of Stuttgart, is making a continued sensation since its appearance in a French dress. The author illustrates that now-a-days the *savants* are the poets. It is to be regretted that M. Ebers has not devoted his great erudition to the elucidation of real Egyptian history. As a romantic history, his work has obtained an unexampled success. But history cannot be taught through romances; it is as repugnant to persons of taste as a humanitarian poem, or a comedy intended to reform manners. M. Ebers made the mistake in believing that a romance could become the auxiliary of history. Illusion and dreams are not more poetic and marvellous than realities. The style of the volume is limpid and harmonious, and in simplicity, is elegance itself.

In his "Historical Women," W. Muller, of Berlin, writes a fair essay, though somewhat heavy, on all the women who have become celebrated either by their great deeds, tragic fate, originality of life, or character. M. de Lengefeldt, in his "Russia of the Nineteenth Century," relates his experience of twenty years, as a civil servant, in the different provinces of Russia. The reader will learn something new about the mysteries of Russian administration, and the internal organization of the country. In *Lisa Toscanella*, by Ernest Eckstein, readers of Germain will find a charming novel, where the character of woman is portrayed with delicacy and elegance but perhaps a little too poetical. "How peoples become Free," by André Albresphy, is the history of the Philosophical consequences of the Reformation. The facts of the volume appear

to be cited with great scruple, but the author is surely wrong, in not so much ignoring, as in treating with disdain, the philosophical movement of the Eighteenth century. Two volumes, instructive as well as truly ornamental, are much sought after—Michetet's *L'Insecte*, and the translation of Alfred Smee's—*Mon Jardin*.

HINDU MUSIC.

Hindu music is reviving. The belief is fast dying that music leads to corruption of morals and indifference to noble pursuits of life. It is certainly a matter of delight to see that the art which was once cultivated by worthless and immoral men is gradually attracting the attention of the honest and the thoughtful. We may hope, therefore, that in time it will encourage all sorts of manly pursuits and receive in return a development which those pursuits alone are capable of imparting. It has already begun to be cultivated more as a science than as something merely conducive to auricular pleasure, and books are publishing with a view to methodize its principles. But though much in this way has been done, much yet remains to be done. There has not been in this country anything like a healthy criticism of musical treatises. The natural effect of this absence has been that authors on music have become careless and dogmatic. The end of all publications should be not to make converts of men to a particular set of opinions but to teach what should be taught ; to impart knowledge not ignorance ; to propagate truth not dogmatism.

There is one peculiarity of musical science which we cannot but regard as auspicious to its cause that its theories, if any, are easier of comprehension than those of any other science. To become a *samajdar* one need only be able to discriminate the elementary notes and understand the principles of their

combinations. To become a practical musician, however, is altogether a different thing. Particular combinations of musical notes forming particular *Rags* must be remembered, and not simply remembered but carefully practised, so that at a moment's notice the same may be illustrated by voice or hand. The practical musician must also study the thousand and one conditions of sweetness, such as changes of timbre, variations of loudness, and the numerous other things too subtle to be described in language. Every body must have discovered that the same musical air played by different persons has different effects. Are not the airs sung by Handel as correctly played by many an organist? But whence that enchantment that Handel only could create? It depended certainly upon a knowledge of those subtle conditions of which we speak that rules cannot teach.

But though Theoretical music, in general, may be said to have the singular advantage of which we speak, we are sorry to say, Hindu theoretical music has the greatest disadvantages. The first professors of Hindu music had no system of notation whereby the *Rags* they sang could be transmitted to distant ages. There is much too in Hindu airs which is incapable of being expressed by any system of notation discovered up to the present time. It is extremely difficult, therefore, to ascertain what the genuine old Hindu *Rags* were. It is perfectly possible to create a new system of music by varied permutations or combinations of the elementary notes according to the known principles of Harmonies, a system too that would certainly please the ear, but the genuine Hindu *Rags* must be *learnt*. The difficulties of learning, however, are very great, if not insurmountable. In the first place, when mere verbal teaching has been the medium by which the ancient *Rags* have descended to us, we can safely assume that much has been lost in the way, owing to the defective character of the medium itself. But then if

we suppose that the Rags have lost nothing owing to the character of the medium through which they have been transmitted, we know for a certainty that the professors of music were and are still narrow-minded Zealots who would seldom part with their rich treasures to students however docile and obedient. To their children of course they are more open and liberal. And hence is it that the only source from which we can expect to derive a knowledge of the Hindu *Rags* is these *Gharanadars* or "musical dynastics" if we might so translate the term.

But then each particular school has its peculiarities. The same song is often sung by different *gharana* musicians in different ways. Variations of timbre and loudness confer different colors (*Chabba*) on songs. Then again one would sing an air with melting softness that another would sing with martial energy. Even the very succession of musical notes in an air is seen to vary. To arrive at a correct inference therefore as to what the true features of a Hindu *Rag* are, one has to perform a process of continued eliminations of the ornamental and the extraneous elements with which songs are usually surcharged. The performance of this process, however, is perhaps most difficult. And hence is it that the true character of Hindu *Rags* is so little known.

Some persons seem to imagine that a study of the *Rag Sanhitas* and the *Rag Bibakes* of the early Rishies is sufficient to give us an idea of what the *Rags* were. This is a grievous mistake. The *Sanhitas* and the *Bibakes* give nothing more than the gross generals of a *Rag*—the note with which it begins and the note which is its life or (*Jan*) and a few other particulars hardly sufficient to help even a practised musician to arrive at any definite conception.

We are at so much pains to notice these difficulties for the simple reason that the few authors who have in our times written on Hindu music do not seem to have any idea of them.

The author of the *Sangeeta Sar* who has earned some reputation by his attempts to analyze the Hindu Rags has hardly attended to these circumstances. The result has been that the analyses in the *Sangeeta Sar* have, for the most part, been incorrect. This is the more to be regretted inasmuch as the *Sangeeta Sar* promises to be a popular work. Zealous partisans have cried it up as an original and accurate publication. The unthinking multitude believe that it is infallible. Men of sense too have been imposed upon. No work therefore can do greater mischief if allowed to go without its errors being exposed.

Before we take up the *Sangeeta Sar*, it is desirable to notice another work, which in its own way is certainly an excellent publication. The work to which we allude is Babu Krishna Dhana Banerjee's *Sangeeta Sikha*. Mr. Banerjee's is the earliest publication on music in Bengali. The *Sangeeta Sikha* is also the *first* attempt to represent Hindu airs by notation. True, the European scheme has been bodily adopted. True, that scheme is intricate and difficult. True, a simpler notation might have served the author's purpose. But Babu Banerjee's has been the *first* attempt and as such deserves our commendation. The chapters on sound, musical notes and their ratios, harmony and melody, are singularly correct. We praise Babu Krishna Dhana for this, the more, because the *Sangeeta Sar*, a more elaborate work, has signally failed when treating of those topics. The *Sangeeta Sikha* is not however entirely faultless. The *Tals* have been analysed *proximately* but not *ultimately*. But as this is a defect which the author of the *Sangeeta Sar* also has committed, it will be convenient to discuss the subject when we come to that chapter of the *Sangeeta Sar* itself.

The *Sangeeta Sar* consists of 318 octavo pages. It is divided into three parts. The first deals with general principles of music (*Oupapatticks*;) the second, dancing (*Nritya kanda*;) the

third, the practice of the Sitar. We shall exclude from our consideration the second part. The *Upapatticka* part is most disfigured with errors, errors that are unpardonable, inasmuch as they could have been easily avoided if the author had only taken the trouble of reading the publications that had preceded his. The discussion on *Sound* is perhaps the most ludicrous thing of the kind that one can conceive of. We will have little difficulty in convincing our readers of this. In page 1, we have "According to the Sangskrit shastras, it is said that "sound has its origin in space ; sound after a collision with some "other thing becomes audible by the help of air. Sound is of "two kinds. * * * * * "Really sounds may be called *Nadas*. That sound which has "its origin in the lungs of men and others is called *articulate* "sound ; and that which originates in the collision of two objects "is called *inarticulate*. The original cause of sound is space. "Sound becomes audible by the help of air"*

It would be difficult to conceive a passage so short of compass and yet so full of errors. Had the author been content with the assertion that it is only the Sangskrit shastras which

* "সংস্কৃত শাস্ত্র মতে কথিত আছে আকাশ হইতে নাদ জন্মে, ঐ নাদ কোন বস্তুস্বরে আঘাত লাগিয়া বায়ুসংযোগে শ্রাবণপ্রত্যক্ষ হয় অর্থাৎ শোনা যায়। এই নাদ দ্বিবিধ—বর্ণাশ্রয়ক ও ধ্বন্যাশ্রয়ক ; কণ্ঠ তালু প্রভৃতির অভিঘাত-জনিত যে নাদ তাহাকে ব্যক্ত বা বর্ণাশ্রয়ক নাদ কহা যায়, যেমন গান ও পুস্তকাদি পাঠ ইত্যাদি। কোন বস্তুতে অল্প বস্তুর অভিঘাতে যে নাদ অস্পষ্টরূপে উৎপন্ন হয় তাহাকে ধ্বন্যাশ্রয়ক নাদ কহে ; যেমন তব্লাতে হস্তাদির দ্বারা সমুখিত শব্দ, একটা কাঠ লইয়া অল্প কাঠের সহিত ঠক্ ঠক্ শব্দ। বাস্তবিক শব্দ মাত্রকেই নাদ বলা যায়, মহুঘ্যাদির কণ্ঠে যে নাদ জন্মে তাহাকে বর্ণাশ্রয়ক বলে, এবং কোন বস্তুতে অল্প বস্তুর আঘাতে যাহা জন্মে তাহাকে ধ্বন্যাশ্রয়ক কহে। নাদের মূল কারণ আকাশ, বায়ু সংযোগে নাদ প্রকৃষ্টরূপে প্রকাশ পায়।"

assign *space* as the *original cause* of sound, he would have been partially correct. But the last two sentences clearly shew that our author accepts this causal assignment as correct. Any one whose acquaintance with Natural philosophy is even very slight, can understand that *space* is not an object of sense. It is an abstract idea and its properties fall under the head of Universal Geometry. It is therefore absurd to say that *sound* is a property of *space*. The truth is, *space* is an inseparable accident of sound—the inevitable condition of its manifestation. This relation between *space* and *sound* exists between *space* and every other phenomenon as well. If the accident of inseparable co-existence were to constitute *cause*, *space* would be the cause of every thing external. So would be *Time*. But we need not prolong our remarks to refute this error.

Our author observes that “sound after a collision with some other thing becomes audible by help of air.” We confess we are at a loss to understand the meaning of this. With what other substance can *sound* collide? Again the distinction made between articulate and inarticulate sounds is such as nobody who takes any care to think before he writes would make.

If we cast our eyes on the next page we find a description of the *Srutis*. We are told that “the *Srutis* have their origin in “Nadas, leave no trace of their existence behind, like the bird’s “aerial track or the fish’s watery path, and are parts as well as “productive causes of musical sounds.”* In other words, sounds

*“শ্রুতি—নাদ হইতে শ্রুতির জন্ম। সচবাচর হিন্দিতাবার শ্রুতি শব্দকে শোরং বলিয়া ব্যবহার করা যায়। সঙ্গীত গ্রন্থকর্তারা লিখিয়াছেন যেমন বীন সকল জলমধ্য দিয়া গমন করিলে তাহার কোন চিহ্ন উপলব্ধি হয় না, এবং আকাশে পক্ষিগণের সঞ্চরণ মার্গ লক্ষিত হয় না, স্বর মধ্যগত শ্রুতিরও সেইরূপ কোন বিশেষ চিহ্ন অনুভূত হয় না, কেবল শ্রবণেন্দ্রিয় দ্বারা অনুভব মাত্র হয়।”

are *Nudas*, *Nadas* beget *srutis* and *srutis* in their turn beget musical notes (which are sounds as well) “শ্রুতি হইতে প্রত্যেক স্বরের জন্ম হইয়াছে।” Really we know not what to make of this jargon. Indeed, we are told in another passage that “the *Srutis* are musical notes intermediate between any two of the seven natural ones.”*

But even this hardly helps us to understand what the *srutis* are. For the latter explanation suggests that the *srutis* are themselves musical notes or sounds, and as such cannot therefore be produced from *Nudas* or sounds, nor can be the productive causes of musical notes which are sounds as well. Again, if two, three or four of the consecutive *srutis* be all produced in the same instant of time their union cannot produce any of the seven natural notes whose parts they are said to be, nor even a compound note that would be harmonions.†

Neither is it by adding together the different lengths of the waves, or degrees of tension, of these intermediate notes, we get the length of the wave or the degree of tension of the natural note whose parts they are, according to our author.

In pages 3 and 4, our author has attempted to illustrate the ratios existing between the seven natural notes. He observes that “if the distance between the Frets were equal, the number of “*srutis* between any two consecutive Frets would also be equal, “the Frets of course representing the musical notes. But as it “is, the Frets are not equidistant from each other. Hence the “number of *srutis* between the first note and the second is not “equal to that between the second and the third or that between

* “আমাদিগের সঙ্গীত ব্যবসায়ীরা তীব্রতর তীব্রতম, কোমলতর এবং কোমলতম একরূপ একটি শব্দ ব্যবহার করিয়া থাকেন বাস্তবিক আমাদেয় মতে এগুলি শ্রুতির মধ্যে গনণীয়।”

† “ইহারা স্বরের স্ফুটাস মাত্র”

“the third and the fourth and so on.” No body can from this possibly believe that the author has any idea of musical *ratios*. Indeed, the fact of the *distances* between the Frets, instead of the *ratios* subsisting between the musical notes (which alone would correctly explain the matter,) being spoken of, we are convinced that the author is a perfect stranger to simple mathematical conceptions. We say, *ratios* only would correctly explain the matter, and not *distances* between the Frets; for even if the Frets were equidistant we could not conclude that the tensions of the different notes would be *uniformly* higher or lower. To make ourselves more intelligible, we quote one of the scales our author has constructed to illustrate the relations between the several musical notes.

“If *ra* (i. e. the second note) be made to stand for *sá* (i. e. “the key-note) the following changes would be necessary in order “to form an octave :—

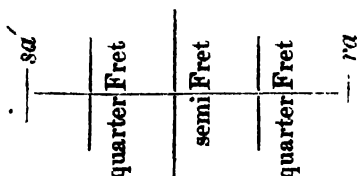
“*gá* = *ra*; *Teebra má* = *gá*; *pá* = *má*; *dhá* = *pá*; *ne* = “*dhá* and *kamala ra* (of the next higher octave) = *ne*. Similarly if *gá* be adopted as the key-note then *Teebra má* = “*ra*; *kamala dhá* = *gá*; *dhá* = *má*; *ne* = *pá*; *kamala ra* (of “the higher octave) = *dhá*; and *kamal gá* = *ne*.

* * * * *

These scales shew that *sá*: *ra*, *ra*: *gá*, *gá*: *má*, *má*: *pá*, *pá*: *dhá*, *dhá*: *ne* are respectively equal to *ra*: *gá*, *gá*: *Teebra má*, *Teebra má*: *pá*, *pá*: *dhá*, *dhá*: *ne*, and *ne*: *kamala ra*, or to *gá*: *Teebra má*, *Teebra má*: *kamala dhá*, *kamala dhá*: *dhá*, *dhá*: *ne*, *ne*: *kamala ra*, *kamala ra*: *kamala gá*. Hence it appears that musical notes depend, not upon the *lengths* of the distances between the Frets, but on the *ratios* of the distances of the *Swari* from each succeeding Fret. If mere *lengths* of distances between consecutive Frets could explain the inequality of the number of *Srutis* between them, it is evident that the number of *Srutis* between *sá* and *ra* would

not be the same as between *má'* and *pá'*, for the distances are unequal. But how is it that Mr. Gosswámee allots an equal number of *srutis* between *sa'* and *ra*, and *má'* and *pá'* after making *srutis* dependent on mere distances? Again a hasty glance at the *sita'r* will shew that the distance between *sa'* and *ra* of the higher octave is just *half* of that between *sa'* and *ra* of the lower. If Mr. Gosswámee's theory were correct, why, there would then be but two *srutis* between the *sa'* and *ra* of the higher octave in as much as there are, (according to him,) FOUR between *sa'* and *ra* of the lower. But apart from such self-contradictions, the scales themselves are incorrect: for it is not true that $sa' : ra :: ra : ga'$ and $ma' : pa' :: pa' : dha'$. We do not wish to avail of the aid of accoustics for its fixed ratios to refute this error. Any one who can manipulate the *sita'r* and has some knowledge of the musical notes will be able to perceive when he adjusts the Frets the falsity of Mr. Gosswamee's position.

Again in pages 7 and 8, our author says that "the *srutis* are the *quarter tones* of Hindu music, and there are four such between *sa'* and *ra*." It appears that the author has misunderstood the meaning of the term *quarter-tone*. The words *quarter* and *semi*, as applied to musical notes, do not imply any mathematical relation, A *quarter-tone* is not to a *full-tone* as a fourth part to a unit. The same is the case with a *semi-tone*. If these terms had been denotative of any mathematical relation then there would have been *two* semi-tones and *four* quarter-tones between *sa'* and *ra* as Mr. Gosswamee seems to imagine. But the fact is that there is only *one* semi-tone and *two* quarter-tones between the Frets in question. The *semi* would be indicated by a Fret placed nearly at the point of bisection of the distance between *sa'* and *ra*, and the *quarters* by Frets placed approximately at points which divide the same distance into four equal parts, as illustrated below.



Again, if Mr. Gosswamee were correct in saying that there are *four* equidistant Frets between *sa'* and *ra*, it follows, none of these would correspond with the one indicative of a semi-tone. The conclusion would therefore be that there are no semi-tones in Hindu music! But any Native capable of playing a Hindu air on a Piano or a Harmonium will be able to see for himself that the very reverse is the fact.*

So far as to our author's description of the *srutis*. There is another peculiarity touching the same which we will presently notice. Of course every sensible man can understand that there may be, between any two consecutive natural notes, a really infinite number of intermediate ones. These are the *srutis*; and the science of music must recognise as many of them as are used in songs and distinguishable by the human ear. But though Mr. Gosswamee has transcribed the *names* of the *srutis* as they stand in the older Sangskrit treatises, he is ignorant of their *uses*. It is true that only *two* of the *srutis* are used by him in the Analyses of the Rags that form the concluding part of his work. But of what use are the other, or his other, *two*? The fact is that they are *all* used more or less, in different Rags, but Mr. Gossawamee knows not which of them is used in which.

* These remarks, we need hardly say, we make assuming Mr. Gosswamee's conceptions of tone, full, semi and quarter, to be correct. The fact however is that those conceptions are not correct. Tones, full, semi and quarter, are *not* notes, or sounds, but an only *intervals* between any two

Let us now turn our attention to Mr. Gosswamie's theory of the origin of vocal notes.† There it is stated that the three octaves, *Uda'ra'*, *Muda'ra'* and *Ta'ra'* have their origin in the three ventres. This is simply ridiculous. Any medical man, if consulted, could have explained to the author that the larynx is the apparatus of human voice, and the different notes result from our applying different tensions to the true vocal chords, the false ones and the pharynx aiding in their development,—the former by their capacity to reverberate,—the latter by the peculiarity of its form. Nothing therefore can be more absurd than to attempt such explanations in these days of science.

In page 10, our author explains the theory of *Ma'itrás* (units of time.) There we are told that "the time occupied in uttering a vowel is one full *Ma'itra'*, and that in uttering a consonant by itself, a half *Ma'itra'*." A schoolboy will no doubt laugh when he hears that a consonant by itself is even capable of utterance. But what of it? The learned author of the *Sangeeta Sa'r* has discovered an *Hadis* to pronounce consonants by themselves. To speak seriously, the utterance of a vowel may occupy *one* second, or if we like, ten times that duration. To say therefore that "the time occupied in uttering a vowel is the measure of a musical *Ma'itra'*" is a silly absurdity. *Measures* must be constant. *Units of Tal* may vary. But the *measures* by a reference to which such units are calculated must themselves be invariable. A *Mattra* is therefore a standard measure of time, adopted as such, for the time being, by a reference to which the *Units of Tal* are calculated.

consecutive notes. in other words, they are denotative of relations or ratios subsisting between the vibration numbers of musical notes.

† See Sangitasar p. 8.

Our author's definition of *Gamak* (p. 11) is that "it is a *shaking* of the musical notes." (হুব কম্পনের নাম গমক). We ask, can musical notes be *shaken*? Musical notes are the results of fixed rates of vibrations. In *shaking* a musical note therefore, we do only substitute *other* notes in its place. The same note is incapable of being shaken. Interpreting the above language to mean 'a *shaking* of the *voice*' which is no doubt practicable—we fail to conceive how *Gitkiri* (গিট্কিরি) differs from *Gamak*, for *Gitkiri* too is a *shaking* of the *voice*. To correctly explain what is meant by a *Gamak* we must remind the reader that in uttering a certain musical note, we have to raise the true vocal chords to a definite pitch or tension. To utter the same musical note repeatedly, we must raise the vocal chords to the *same* pitch or tension as often in succession. When these processes of raising the chords to the required tension are detectable by the human ear, the laryngeal efforts result in *Gamak*; *otherwise* in *Gitkiri*.

In page 12 we find "*Loi* (লয়) is the unobstructed course of time." We confess we do not understand how the *unobstructed* course of time has anything to do with music. Our definition of *Loi* is that it is a movement of *Time*, simple or compound.*

In page 15 we have a curious definition of *Rags* (modes) of Hindu music. We are told that "*Rāg* is a particular *sound* that pleases the hearts of men." The silliness of this definition will be apparent when the reader remembers that a particular *sound* can be at most a musical note. It cannot be even an *air*, for that is a combination of *many* notes. Even *airs*, (if for "particular sound" we substitute 'combinations of musical notes') are not *Rags*. To convey a clear idea of what

* For a fuller comprehension of the subject the reader is referred to our remarks on *Tāl*, p. 39.

Rags in Hindu music are it is necessary to premise the following observations. Hindu music recognises *three* octaves, two and half of which, however, are attainable by an average singer. The seven notes each octave is composed of are symbolically denominated *sa, ra, ga, ma, pa, dha, ne*. They have their flats and sharps. The flats and sharps are all denominated after their *naturals*. Permutations of the entire number of musical notes (sharps and flats included) would form what we call *airs*. The number of *airs* therefore in Hindu music would be too large to be conveniently calculated. Some of these permutations are rejected on the score of their want of melody just as some of the combinations of A. E. I. O. in Logic are discarded for giving us impossible moods. A further reduction becomes inevitable in consequence of the rule that "no permutation should be admitted which consists of fewer notes than five (of different denominations.)" The original number though thus reduced is yet too large. Discarding points of dissimilarity the remaining permutations are classed under different heads or genera. These genera of permutations are what we call *Rags*.

To prove more clearly that *airs* that are *only* sweet (please the human ear) are not necessarily *Rags*, we have only to hint at the fact that English *airs*, many of which are undoubtedly sweet to Native ears, are not *Rags*. An illustration more acceptable to our Native readers would be that many of the *Toppas* of Golam Nobi (popularly known as Meán Shari) and almost all the local and indogenous songs of India such as *Keertan*, *Kajra*, and Boat-men's songs (so congenial to Mr. Clarke's tastes) are not *Rags* also. Our Hindu musicians distinguish such songs by the name of *Dhun*.

Our author describes *Dhurpadās* as "songs descriptive of the actions of gods, the exploits of kings, and battles,—full of spirit, pathos, prose, poetry, music, time, solemnity

of Rags and sublimity of composition"* and *Kheals* as "songs of a milder form and in no respect similar to *Dhurpadas*."† If linguistic defects be thrown out of consideration, we are yet sorry to state that *we* have heard *kheals* from many living masters of Hindu music, and even from some of the pupils of Mr. Gosswamee himself, which describe "the actions of gods, the exploits of kings, battles, and which are full of spirit, pathos, prose, poetry, music, time, solemnity of *Rags* and sublimity of composition." Without continuing our criticisms on this silly jargon that taxes beyond measure our organs of risibility, we will ourselves indicate the true line of demarcation between *Dhurpadas* and *Kheals*. First, with respect to their origin: *Dhurpadas* were *local*, (sung in Agra, Gwalior, Bari and that neighbourhood) and more ancient, while *Kheals* are general and more modern. Secondly, with respect to form: *Dhurpadas* consist of four stanzas of rhymical lines (*Astai*, *Antara*, *Sanchai*, and *Avoga*,) while *Kheals* are made up of only two, (*Astai* and *Antara*.) True, there are certain *Dhurpadas* that consist of only *two* stanzas, but we have invariably found, on a reference to the great living masters, that the two others are only not generally known. Thirdly, with respect to *chal* (style or peculiarity of the arrangement of the notes:) In *Dhurpadas* there can only be simple *gamak*, but no such quick succession of notes as would constitute a *jamjam*; in *Kheals*,—there may be *Gamaks*, but these must be quick enough to be capable of being permuted into *jamjams*. Fourthly: *Dhurpadas* do not admit of any variations (উপভাষ); *Kheals*—do. With respect to subject matter there is no difference between *Dhurpadas* and *Kheals*. *Kheals* may be as much descriptive of "the actions of gods, exploits of kings and—" and all that silly nonsense as *Dhurpadas*, we are told, are.

* See p. 25, Sangeetasar.

† See p. 26, Sangeeta Sar.

In page 36 we find that "the beginning of a *Tal* is called *bisama* and the rest, *sama*. The time intermediate between *bisama* and *sama* is *Anaghata*, and that between *sama* and *bisama*, *Atita*." From this description, the reader may be led to suppose that a *Tal* is divided into two equal portions viz—*Anaghata* and *Atita*, while *bisama* and *sama* are two termini. We blush at our own ignorance, but we must confess we are unable to form any idea of a *Tal* from this description. We had all along been under the impression that *Bisama*, *Sama*, *Atita* and *Anaghata* are all measures of time, or fractional times so to say, the sum-total of which forms a *Tal* or compound Time. But whatever these may be, according to our author himself, *Bisama* comes first, *Anaghata*, second, *Sama*, third, and *Atita*, last. This arrangement too, the author has followed in his illustration of *Put-Tala*.* But if we turn to p. p. 40, 41 the illustrations of the *Tetalas* shew that *Bisama*, *Sama*, *Atita* and *Anaghata* is the order of their succession. This anomaly (we might say, self-contradiction) plainly indicates that Mr. Gosswamee's ideas of *Tals* (compound times) are hazy and crude.†

Speaking of *Loi*, our author says "since it has been already said that the uninterrupted course of time is *Loi*, we cannot ascertain *Loi* unless we pronounce, at least four letters क, ख, ग, घ; but if we stop after pronouncing क and ख only, there would not then be such an amount of time between them as can have an *uninterrupted* course. In pronouncing क and ख only, the time between them comes to a rest there." We have translated this passage *verbatim et literatim*. Let the ingenious reader rack his brains to make out its meaning. As

* See p. 39, Sangeeta Sar.

† Sincere praise is due to the author's ingenuity in introducing the figure of a mariner's compass (!) in illustration of the *Tals*.

far as we mortals are concerned (for the above must be the language of oracles), by *Loi* is understood the *movement* of musical time, which according as it is slow or quick or otherwise, is called *Dhina* (*largo*), *madhya* (*moderato*), *Druta* (*vivacy*), &c.

If we do not so summarily dismiss Mr. Gosswamee's description of *Loi*, the only interpretation our ingenuity can devise is that *Loi* cannot be ascertained but by 4 strokes and that a *Tal* cannot but consist of at least 4 units of time denoted by 4 strokes of *equal* duration. But even on this interpretation (rendered possible by a few remarks scattered here and there,) we are sorry to point out that our author's analyses of *Posta* and *Dadra* would be incorrect; for there we are told that *Posta* consists of *unequal* strokes the total duration of which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ of a unit, and *Dadra*, $1 + 1\frac{1}{2}$.

We will now take a cursory view of the author's analyses of the *Tals*, which, to our surprise, are all included in the *theoretical* part of the work. A *Tal* is a peculiar arrangement of measures of time and equivalent to poetical metres, differing from the same only in its divisions being of accurately invariable proportions. To illustrate our meaning, a *choutal* is just similar to an Iambic hexametre. A song composed to *choutal* must have its bars equal to $6n$, where n is any positive integer. A description of the *Tals* therefore relates to practice, for no mere description, in the true sense of the word, of any thing natural or artificial can be properly included under *Theory*. The general and absolute conditions of keeping or calculating time can indeed be explained by Laws. The generalised form or the sum-total of Laws is what we would call Theory. But a description of the various rules, forms, or modes of the different species of compound-time can never come under that head. Similar objections might be urged against the author's including *Rags* under the head of practice.

But let us see whether Mr. Gosswamee has succeeded in describing the things correctly, no matter whether he understands the difference between theory and practice. We do not understand the advantages of introducing *diagrams* of *Tals*, for we know that the compound times of European music, which are exactly similar to our *Tals*, are easily comprehended by boys from mere descriptions. As regards his *analyses*, we do not hesitate to say that they are imperfect almost throughout; for he only mentions the *strokes* that compose a *Tal* without assigning to these strokes the time each is to occupy. In his analysis of *choutal*, p. 43, Dha, Dha, Dinta, Khe tagi, Dinta, Tata Khata, Gadi ghina, are only *groups* of strokes, each group occupying one unit of time. The author does not tell us whether the *strokes* forming the groups are *equal* in duration or not, though from our own experience we know that some of these are equal while others are not. One who has a little knowledge of music will therefore be confounded to see the rule given at the head of page 43 "when strokes are met without their apportioned time, the reader should make them occupy the time marked upon the one immediately before, dividing the said time into as many equal parts as will be equal to the number of the remarked strokes together with the marked one." and may, from a sight of this, take the strokes to be equal. The author's or rather any man's practice however would be quite the contrary. These analyses therefore are, with a few exceptions, all defective. Of the exceptions we may name *Ara* or *Ara-thaka*.

But even though the analytical process observed with regard to the *Ara'* is faultless, the analysis itself is incorrect. We are told that the 4 measures which make up the *Ara'* are composed respectively of 3, 4, 3, 4 strokes occupying in all 9 units of time. The 3 composing the first measure occupy 1, 1, and $\frac{1}{2}$ units, the 4 composing the second $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ units respec-

tively. The third and the fourth measures are similar to the first and the second.

But here the principal difficulty is that when Mr. Goswámee or any of his pupils play on the Kettle-drum, *Eight* units instead of *Nine*, are caught by the hearer. Indeed, Mr. Goswámee has remarked (p 51) "that though $\frac{1}{4}$ of a unit in *Ara'* always passes unperceived because of its minuteness, the *Ara'* is not really destitute of such strokes ; for if *Ara'* and *Kawálee* were each made up of 8 units, then why a difference of name ?" We answer, if difference of names imply a difference of Time-units, there would only be perfect identity of the *Dhámár* with the *Jhaptá*, for according to Mr. Goswámee himself each consists of the same number of units and the same number of groups.

Let not the reader imagine that we have searched for the errors of this publication with a minute eye. When we took up the book we had not the least suspicion that it has so many errors. As we have shown, the very first page staggered us. However unpardonable those errors, we believed yet that there would be fewer as we would proceed. We can however honestly declare that our surprise was literally unbounded to see almost every page disfigured with errors some of which were even more startling. The space at our command, even if we could make up our mind to notice them, all saves the author's reputation to some extent. We have only noticed the more flagrant ones in the hope that the author would be careful in his next edition to correct them, and thoroughly supervise the whole work also by consulting with those who know better.

We will now turn our attention to the much talked of Analyses of the Rags in the *Sangeeta Sara*. It is this upon which the author has built his reputation, and it is this for which he has earned the laudations of many. It would be al-

most cruel, we are sure, to disturb these analyses therefore. But the interests of truth and science, we are sure, cannot be subordinated to any interests whatever. To be plain, Mr. Gosswamee is equally incorrect in analysing almost all the Rags. We know that such a statement challenges contradiction and will evoke the most determined opposition from the novel school of music which the author has created. Without selecting the more unknown Rags therefore, we will examine Mr. Gosswamee's analysis of *Iman Kalyan*—a rag sung even, and sung we should say correctly, by street musicians of every city of the North-west Provinces through which we have passed. Mr. Gosswamee in analysing *Iman-kalyan* notes the presence of the *Sudhya* (natural) *Madhyama* in that Rag, though he is very explicit about the absence of the same note in the two simples, *Iman* and *Kalyan*, of which *Iman Kalyan* is compounded. Now, we might at once disabuse Mr. Gosswamee of the impression that musical compounds of the kind are like chemical compounds so that the presence of a catalytic agent is indispensable on some occasions in compounding substances that have a chemical affinity. For if it were so, we could easily have explained the presence of *Sudhya Madhyama* as due to necessity. From what has been said of Rags, the reader can easily understand that the process by which they are compounded is very similar to the usual processes which lead to general results, hence nothing that was not present in the simples can possibly exist in the compound. It is not by addition but by elimination that such compounds are formed.

We do not wish to prolong our remarks on the Sangeeta Sar. We condemn the work, and condemn it the more unhesitatingly, as we believe it is a worthless thing which has been puffed up by many under-hand influences.

A PUNJABI.

THE DIRECT RAILWAY FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA.

About a year ago the project of a direct Railway to England was before the public of London. To say that it was received favorably, is to repeat what every one who read the London papers must have known. The project had received the approval of the British Government, and the Duke of Argyll, it is well known, had taken an interest in the scheme and had himself written or spoken of it eulogistically. The scheme was proposed by Mr. Villiers Sankey, who was formerly Chief Engineer of one of the Italian Lines, and who was subsequently employed on a section of the Mont Cenis' tunnel : and who when in France had enjoyed the confidence of the late Emperor of the French. Mr. Villiers Sankey was the first Engineer to propose this scheme, and nearly thirty years ago, he had written to the the Right Hon'ble the Earl of Clarendon R. E. who was then Secretary of State for Foreign affairs. He had pointed out with much precision and with some ability his great scheme of a direct communication by land whereby the capital of our Indian possessions might be easily reached from London within ten days.

When Dr. Cline was in London two years ago, this scheme was again revived, and that gentleman had suggested some deviation from the original plan, utilizing as much as possible, the line which has been commenced by Baron Reuter in Persia. He proposed that the Indian British Line should commence from Teheran, the terminus of the Persian Line, and be continued to Kurrachee. This modified scheme as altered by Dr. Cline has now, we believe, been before the Indian and British Governments, and although the London Press had written strongly in its favor, no decision appears to have been made. Now that Lord Lytton has arrived in Calcutta, and has taken up the affairs of State, it is very desirable that this question

should again be brought forward and discussed. There is no question so important as that which would enable us to elucidate the problem by which we may hold in check Russian encroachment in the East. There are few, indeed, who are likely to grapple with it in India, now that our best men have left ; now that we have men who care for nothing but self, for making money expeditiously and leaving India, and for obtaining, irrespective of the great common weal, the best places for themselves under the Government and then leaving India to itself and the Natives.

In London, a dinner was given to Dr. Cline at the Somerset Hotel when the subject was discussed, and the speeches made were favorable to the scheme. More recently, the subject was touched upon by some leading Engineers in London.

Most of us know Mr. Lowe's famous speech to be heard at regular intervals in which he deplores that his parents should have been foolish enough to send him to Oxford to waste his time in learning Latin and Greek, when they might, instead, have made him something useful, as, for example, a Civil Engineer. It is no doubt both a more useful and a more lucrative pursuit to build bridges than it is to write Greek *Alcaics*—which great truth once admitted, it is somewhat difficult to find anything new to say about the glories of Civil Engineering, or we may add, anything old to quote about it. Yet Lord Granville, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, true as ever to himself, found something new to say, his wits, as he observed, being sharpened by a season of lock-out, while the Lord Chief Justice found something old to quote. "*Quæ regio in terris*" asked his Lordship, speaking as an Engineer for the nonce, "*nostri non plena laboris?*" we venture to suggest, the Republics of South America, Central Asia—when it is opened, and India, where there is still something to be done and to connect it with England and to enlarge its Railways, Irrigation and Drainage

works." But in spite of this obvious answer, the compliment paid by his Lordship was as well timed as his adaptation of the old line was felicitous. Nor less felicitous was Lord Granville, who congratulated the Engineers on being the first metaphysicians in the world, inasmuch as, since the world began, no body of men had ever done so much to abolish, for ordinary people as well as thinkers, the all but insuperable difficulties presented by Kant's two intuitions of pure thought, time and space. The practical abolition of time and space is, in effect, the whole duty of the Engineer, whose labours, as Lord Granville pointed out, have reduced space to a minimum for those who travel by land or sea, and have absolutely annihilated time for the passage of thought. Should a "happy idea" be needed, the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights" irresistibly suggests itself. The Civil Engineer is, after all, the magician of the Nineteenth century, a magician more competent than any genie and far more benevolent, and the Civil Engineer who connects England with India will be the best magician of the day. When so many opinions have been expressed in favor of a project which we hope to see realized within the next decade, it is much to be regretted that inevitable red tapeism interferes, and that objections should be raised, and time lost in considering and reconsidering proposals which should be acted upon for the benefit of the Indian Empire instead of being discussed. We believe that if the question is further delayed, Mr. Sankey will throw up the project in disgust; and that the aid which had been so liberally offered to him by the city of London will be, if it has not already been, withdrawn. The conservative Government of Mr. Disraeli under which Lord Lytton has been appointed has already taken one initiative step towards helping India out of its difficulty in purchasing the Canal. Let Lord Lytton take the next and construct the direct Railway to India.

(LINES FOR AN ALBUM.)

To write for a lady's album
Is a thing quite out of my way ;
I have placed the bright book before me,
But I have not a word to say ;
I can write of eyes that are azure,
Of lips like the ruby red,
But a thousand wiser before me
The very same things have said.
I do not call thee an angel,
Though thine eyes have a gentle light ;
I have soil'd the clear page before me,
And feel in a nervous plight.
Oh, help me, ye bright-soul'd muses,
Or I shall appear unkind ;
There's something I love, fair maiden,
Far down in thy guileless mind.
Like the night-flower gently breathing,
It sighs to the moon's pale ray,
But modestly hiding its sweetness
From the glare of the ruder day.
Thou hast given me token, dearest,
Of worth that all may not see ;
It unfolds, in thy lowly bearing,
And is call'd humility.

REVIEWS.

We cannot do otherwise than offer a welcome to a new drama entitled "*Joubane Jogini*," the author of which is Babu Gopal Chundra Mookerjee. We have perused it with interest and

attention. It clearly brings out the disunion amongst the native princes, which paved the way of Mahomed Ghory to Hindustan, and made his conquest of the country easy and complete. The author seems to possess some insight into the human heart. His description of the successive feelings in the princely heart of Prithiraj, while a prisoner in the hands of his conqueror, is not feeble. When patriotism burns in his breast, his soul feels like a flaming coal—Vesuvius seems to glow in his brain,—lava-streams are running through all his veins. When Mahomed Ghory comes to see him, he is unable to restrain his fury and indignation. He becomes bewildered—stunned—stupefied. Blood begins to circulate like thrilling electricity in his veins. After pouring forth the most bitter invectives against his foe, he asks for a sword. On a sword being given to him, he engages in a duel with Mahomed, but is fatally wounded. A dizziness comes over him ; he falls on the ground and expires after repeating over and over the words “Joubane Jogini.”

It seems also the author possesses considerable powers of writing Bengali in high and excellent style. But a fewer similes and metaphors in such a dramatic work, would have enhanced the reputation of the author as a dramatist.

We acknowledge with thanks a copy of *Promode Cānon*, which is written by Babu Gouri Chundra Burma. It spins out a very beautiful story in metrical verse of various kinds. We can say with confidence that the author possesses the gift of poesy, in as much as his ear has realised the natural rhythm of the Bengali language. He is sometimes bold and easy, sometimes sweet and sonorous : and, now and then, he discovers to the reader beautiful touches of original fancy.

The Proprietor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions for the "National Magazine."

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(To be Continued.)

THE
National Magazine.

FEBRUARY 1876.

LITERARY.

Politicians rather than poets are laboring to dissipate the cloud that shrouds the memory of Lamartine. In this age of historical rehabilitations, the step is very laudable, and no person was better calculated for that delicate duty than his old friend, Ernest Legouvé, who has delivered one of his incomparable *causeries* at the Porte Saint Martin theatre, to inaugurate a national subscription to raise a monument to Lamartine. It is no easy task to undertake the defence of Lamartine who was once so popular but almost forgotten during his old age. Yet few could in justice refuse him an obolus as a poet, and it is as such the subscription is destined to do honor. The author of *Méditations*, the *Harmonies*, the *Recueils*, and *Jocelyn*, merits a statue. His first poetical productions were his best, where inspiration is mixed with that freshness which springs from youth, and that strength which is the offspring of maturity. The dream of Lamartine unluckily was not to be a poet but a statesman; "to be a Napoleon without a sword." This preoccupation can be traced in his earliest letters. He was a visionary, but he had a presentiment of the 1848 Revolution, and of the role therein reserved for him to play. After his brilliant *début* and stormy life, his death

was sadness itself; his health was undermined by a laborious old age, and his mind darkened by bitter souvenirs. He desired that no discourse be pronounced over his tomb—a tomb next to hidden in a sinuosity of one of those valleys celebrated in his poetry. The eclipse made around his name is disappearing. Divested of political associations, France begins to remember the poet who charmed the beginning of this century, and will still delight its decline. One has to search for the orator, historian, and statesman in Lamartine; there was in him after all only a poet, yet the grandest of the age and the greatest in his language. But ambition, ennui, pride, and the thirst of power, become so many caprices of his genius. During three months, by the influence of his eloquence he governed as he pleased, a people, a prey to the most violent passions, to the blind excitations of parties, and the terrible counsels of hunger. The *Girondins*, respecting which there is such difference of opinion, M. Legouvé describes to be simply the work of a poet who sees the grand days of the Revolution through his imagination. The *Girondins* is not an apology for the Reign of Terror, but a vindication of the Republic, presented under a poetic form, purified in being detached from the atrocities of which it has been the victim, and that many labor to make it the accomplice. On the other hand the book has been described “as gilding the guillotine, and poetising the executioner.” As a man, Lamartine was all contrast and harmony; with aristocratic elegance was associated “princely negligences”; his eloquence in the tribune was full of words struck as some medals, and his ideas were translated into sparkling pictures. His enormous debts and the humiliations he had consequently to undergo have told on his reputation. Strange, these debts cannot be explained altogether by his extravagance; he had no wants; he was as sober as an Arab; he possessed no luxurious tastes; had a weakness only for carriage horses and was devoid of

vice. There was profusion in his charities, the proceeds of loans, but as M. de Saint-Marc Girardin observes of Lamartine's debts, "I know a great many persons who have made as much, but who have not made the *Meditations*."

One of the most prominent facts connected with the resurrection of Italy, is the revival of her literature, and the struggle between the French and German Schools for supremacy in the Peninsula. Now there was a time when Italy lived almost uniquely on the literature of France; when she devoured in secret the romances of Sue and Dumas, and interpreted in her theatres, only the pieces of Scribe. Her new poets imitated Lamartine; her patriots translated Beranger in petty seditious strophes, and Paul de Kock was to be found on every night table, and it was through the transparent prose of M. Cousin that serious Italian readers became acquainted with the philosophy of Hegel. M. Marc Mounier admits, that the occupation of Rome led to the Italians transferring their sympathy from France to Germany. While the Chassepots were waving marvels at Mentana, and the Corps Legislatif was indulging in 'Nevers,' Italian youths were talking about phenomenology and quoting Schopenhauer; explaining to their muse, at the age when they only quit her, how being and non-being are exactly the same thing, and the point where the objective and the subjective absorb each other and become identical. Italian sympathies are more instinctively French than German, and commence to return to their "Latin sister." Italy like France is only moderately occupied with religious questions, and the absence of connections is said to encourage toleration. Both nations will never be protestant, because those who believe dispense with reason, and those who reason waive faith. Italian and French society have much in common; neither would place a *militaire* above a man not in uniform, nor a baron above a man of wit; the greater part of French dramas and romances might, after a few changes, be adapted to Italian tastes. The first of Italy's contemporary writers, Manzoni, avows his

predilection for France in unmistakable terms, as also the popular writer, Edmondo de Amicis. There is a marked tendency at present in Italy for poetry and the foundation of Reviews; the latter count the ablest men in the nation among their contributors. After the Ten Thousand of Xenophon, we have the *I mille* of Garibaldi, which every Italian makes it a point to read, never to criticize. Garibaldi loves liberty, but Italy is his dominant passion.

It is to M. Rasch, a Prussian of the Hereditary class, that we are indebted for reliable information on the present condition of Montenegro—a principality or rather a republic destined to play an important role in the civilization of the East. So little is Montenegro regarded, that the “*Annuaire de Diplomacy*” which registers the most petty state in Germany, ignores the existence of Prince Nicolas M. Lasc. He has also, as is as severe in his judgments on Montenegro as he is ignorant of its condition, for he draws his information from exploded authorities. For the majority of readers, Montenegro is synonymous with brigandage, sanguinary combats, and a weakness for lolling off Turk’s noses, and decorating public edifices with Turk’s head just as traitors were once similarly honored in Temple Bar. Communications are being rapidly opened up between Cetina, the capital of Montenegro, and the world; roads are replacing bridle and foot paths. The absence of costume, or its extreme refinement, are with publicists the proof of inferior civilizations and the Montenegrins fare better when judged by their streets and their houses. Thirty years ago life was perhaps feudal and patriarchal at once; the council of the nation was composed of chiefs armed to the teeth, who met in a chamber where a stone was the only seat. All is now changed; the palace and senate are according to modern ideas of comfort and luxury; the telegraph is an institution, and the country is a member of the postal union. Primary schools are rapidly springing up, and the normal schools afford a first and a high class training for

teachers. M. Rasch avows some of the village schools might serve as models for similar establishments in Prussia and Austria. Physical and military exercises keep pace with the acquisition of mental knowledge, and hatred of the Turk is almost an element in the national religion. The army is trained according to modern principles, and its armament embraces the latest improvements. The central prison contains only 67 criminals, not one of whom is undergoing a punishment for robbery; theft is viewed as the most shameful of crimes, and is repressed by the most degrading of sentences, the *bastinado*. The amerciations are the natural consequence of the reigning Prince Nicolas having been educated in Paris and at Frieste.

M. Gustave Hubbard in "The History of contemporary Literature in Spain," supplies a want. Son of a Spanish lady and educated in Paris, he returned to Madrid and Seville after the completion of his very brilliant studies. He can thus not happily only appreciate the literature of Spain, but in addition, knows the language and genius of its people while being familiar with their habits, and sympathetic with national events. Every writer that Spain has produced since a century is appreciated with judgment—novelists, dramatists, poets, historians, economists, philosophers, and journalists; accompanied with exact and elegant citations from their works, displaying the majesty of Spanish prose, and the delicacy of its poetry. The author repudiates the method of investigating an author's private life, the better to fathom his genius; he aims to discover what the writer feels, wishes, and above all to what political party he belongs. In a short introduction M. Hubbard shows that Spanish literature is first a debtor to Latin sources, and was then nourished by national traditions and developed by contact with the East, the Arabs and the Jews. Yet the heroic and sumptuous Spain which dominated Europe was, from the sixteenth century, devoured by incurable poverty. Below a court which swallowed up the mines of Mexico and Peru, was a famished nation a world of

adventurers and beggars, fithly, covered with vermin, living on charity, the gaming table, and robberies. Hence the contrast so powerfully depicted by Murillo—a Virgin, a real queen of the world, with a head in heaven crowned with angels, while near her, seated on the steps of a cathedral, is a poor infant in squalid misery, and devoured by vermin. In 1808 Spain suffered much, but it was in a sense one of her most glorious dates. Europe had her eyes then on Cadiz, where orators and poets were refuged: Southey and Lord Holland then translated the *Cid* and Schlegel pronounced Calderon to be the Bible of romanticism. Since 1868 especially, the struggle in Spanish literature is between the ancient and the modern spirit, between traditions catholic and monarcal, and tendencies liberal and philosophic. The various political revolutions, by sending all statesmen and all *litterateurs* turn by turn into exile, have served to introduce into the country on their return, the ideas of modern progress so familiar to England and France, the republican theories of America and Switzerland, and even the philosophy of Germany. Ferdinand VII., like Napoleon III., killed true literature, but with the advent of liberty under Isabella it revived, and since her expulsion, its advance has been rapid and profound. The men produced since 1868 are especially studied, and towering proudly is Castelar—the poet, historian, above all, the orator—the Lamartine of Spain. M. Hubbard demonstrates in a remarkable manner, how great is the difference when genius obeys its untrammelled inspirations, and what it costs when sacrificed to the caprices of fashion, the impulses of ambition, and the obsequiousness of courts.

France presents a vast opening with the prospects of success, influence, glory and fortune, to a great novelist, to a *romancier* who would supply a numerous public surfeited and weary with mediocre works, with sterling talent. The place is vacant since a long time, either through deaths or abdications. The few survivors, as sometimes happened to Homer himself, are

slumbering in their glory and remake with less of vigor the works to which they owe their reputation. There are no successors to Alexander Dumas, Balzac, or George Sand, not that authors are wanting, but the field of discovery seems to be exhausted: the last ears have been gleaned after the harvest. Strange, the more the soil is exhausted, the greater is the number of laborers who appear. Yet these laborers are neither deficient in talent nor ability; they imitate, they copy, they invent; but they never observe. The subjects for romances are not exhausted, for the types of humanity are numberless and the infinite variety of moral and political revolutions incessantly appear in evidence. But it is requisite to observe nature, and seize, and fix her transformations. M. Hector Malot is a novelist of a class meeting to be read. He never departs from reality, observes patiently, and describes faithfully; his style is sober, exact. His writings are charming treatises on social philosophy and thus in his *L. Auberge du Monde*, he paints Parisian manners at the moment of the 1867 Exhibition, the most curious epoch in the contemporary history of France, being the culminating point in the deceptive prosperity of the Second Empire. The hero is one Colonel Chamberlain, an American, twenty times millionaire, as are all Americans in romances. He alights at the Grand Hotel—that *Auberge du Monde*, is confused, dazzled, disgusted, at the society he there encounters; intrigues women without manners, debauches, and dupes. He finds refuge, and morality in the home of an honest work man, admires his harangues on the rights of man, and finishes by marrying his daughter. Now the commune has caused many to change their opinion respecting the austerities of the working classes. A writer of fine and delicate talent who signs Th. Bentzon has published three excellent stories; where imagination is fresh and sentiment real: *Sous le masque*, the best, is a study of every day manners, sketched with a remarkable lightness of touch. *Armelle* is a simple touching history of love, and the *Viola*

de Job, an exquisite recital of Bretagne manners, recalling George Sand, full of grace, color, elegance. The most witty novel that has appeared since a long time, is *Des Grieux*, by Leonce Dupont full of fine observation and executed with art.

In Mme Armand's strange love there is a moral, a devotion befitting our age. Perhaps it is rather a psychological study than a romance, for the action is almost nil; but from the first line to the last, the author causes to pass before our eyes, a series of piquant pictures, of emotional scenes, of sparkling dialogues. From being a bad politician, M. Dapont has become an excellent and promising novelist. M. Alphonse Daudet's name alone is sufficient to recommend his *Contes du Lundi*, short *historiettes*, of four or five pages at most, full of charm and movement, of incidents connected with the siege winter 1870-71. The author has only a few lines to blot, his personal political views on that tragic event.

SCIENCE.

M. SIGNOREL, an experienced veterinary surgeon, calls attention to a fact having an important bearing upon the public health. He established by numerous experiments that cannot be questioned, that the blood of healthy animals, killed or asphyxiated, and taken in the deeply seated veins of the system sixteen hours after death, acquires poisonous properties of an extreme energy. Thus the blood of a healthy horse so killed and so taken, destroyed in some hours, sheep and goats which had been inoculated with it to the extent of eighty drops. Equally strange, this blood so toxic, presents none of the apparent characteristics of putrefaction, either in odor or aspect. The microscope fails to discern animalcules, at all times easy to recognize by their dimensions and their immobility, and that are present in the blood of animals dead from carbuncle. The conjecture may be raised, does the blood in the deep seated veins come in contact with the intestinal

gases in the course of sixteen hours.'? In any case the cause which renders the blood of a slain healthy animal poisonous is obscure. That of which yesterday we were ignorant, we know today, viz, the blood of the surface veins after death is inoffensive, that of the veins profoundly situated is mortal, when sheep and goats are inoculated with it ; also the blood of these animals so affected becomes only venomous after their death. What is true for sheep &c., may not be an error for other animals, or even for human beings. Surgeons and butchers run not a little danger, and may not also cooks especially during the season for game ; a few drops of blood from a hare or a pheasant falling on a slight puncture of the hand, might produce a grave accident. It is not uncommon for persons to suffer from an abscess, after preparing game a little high. In presence of this new virus, prudence is necessary.

The hospitals of Paris now administer quinine only in the new form—bromhydrate—and always as an injection under the skin, instead of internally. The new salt succeeds where sulphate of quinine has failed the injection takes place one hour before the access of fever, and the solution, if alcohol produces local irritation, can be varied with citric acid and water. The discovery of the extraordinary sudorific properties of the Brazilian plant, jaborandi, about twelve months ago, continues to be confirmed. Half a quarter of an ounce of the leaves, steeped in five ounces of boiling water, will produce in the course of thirty minutes, a profuse perspiration that will endure two hours, representing a loss in the weight of the body, from 10 to 18 ounces. Salivation increases at the same time as the perspiration, being forty times greater than when the body is in a state of repose. The ordinary secretion of saliva is only half an ounce per hour. The rejected saliva is very rich in alkaline salts, the carbonates and chlorides especially ; the secretions of the eyes and nose are also augmented. The curative properties of jaborandi are incontestable in the case of acute rheumatism and rheumatic gout ; bronchitis and asthma have also been sensibly ameliorated by this medi-

ment. The active principle of the leaves has been prepared, the alkaloid being called *pilocarpine*.

Dr. Tripiér, whose writings on medical electricity are esteemed, examines the affliction of the dumb. He states in his paper read before the Academy of Sciences, that he believed in children being deaf and dumb from their birth as a matter of course. On conversing with the Director of an asylum, he was astonished to learn that not more than one-fifth of the afflicted were so born, the remaining four-fifths becoming so, and suddenly, between the ages of two and three years; that the symptoms can be noted with exactitude, and which correspond with the disorder—rickets—principally of those infants really born blind. The inmates of the asylums for the deaf and dumb in Paris are rallied to their duties by sound of drum, which they “hear” by means of their stomach—the vibrating air making itself felt there. The same cause may explain, why in many schools the pupils are awakened by the practise of stamping on the floor of the dormitory. Tagliacozzi, a celebrated surgeon of the sixteenth century, is considered as the discoverer of the process of grafting a nose. When the executioner cut off the nose of a condemned, and so satisfied justice, a surgeon picked up the organ, readjusted it on the patient who subsequently appeared with only a slight scar. The University of Bologna, where Tagliacozzi taught, erected after his death in 1553, in the amphitheatre of anatomy, a statue representing him with a nose in his hand. Garangeot was not the less considered as an impostor, but unjustly so, for having in 1731, grafted the severed portion of a nose that had been bitten off in a fight or disappeared in a duel. Dr. Gillebertd Hercourt has just succeeded in grafting the severed part of a drunkard's nose, sixteen hours after the accident. A few years ago he was equally successful where the nose was lopped off in a duel.

French bread is famous for its excellence, as pleasing to the nose as it is grateful to the palate; yet M. Saccé of Neuchâtel, a

distinguished chemist, is of opinion, it is inferior to that made in the United States. In Europe the baking of bread is generally a very simple process. The dough would be too heavy for digestion if leaven were not added to induce fermentation. The fermentation transforms a portion of the starch of the wheat, that is, of the flour into alcohol and carbonic acid. When put into the oven, the fermentation of the dough is arrested, and the heat causes the bubbles of the carbonic acid to dilate; this gas distends in consequence of the dough producing all those little cavities which impart lightness to the bread. The elasticity of the bread is due to the gluten in the flour, and the more it contains of gluten, the more the bread will be digestive and nutritive. In France, the leaven employed is either darn or a portion of the old fermented dough, the latter most generally. It is essential to watch that the fermentation be not excessive, as in such cases the alcohol would be changed into vinegar and the bread spoiled. The action of dough leaven is slow, uncertain and capricious. The American leaven, is prepared from hops, and the fermentation is instantaneous. A handful of fresh hops is put into a quart of water, boiled, and strained through linen. In large bakeries, this solution is mixed with eleven pounds of flour and the latter wetted with lukewarm water to obtain the necessary consistency. In the case of households, the solution of hops is worked up with maize flour and potato fecula; when a thick paste is formed, it is slowly dried, then broken into small morsels placed in a paper bag, and suspended from the ceiling of a dry room. One handful of this mixture is added to five of flour, the dough to be thickened according to taste; the thinner the paste, the lighter the bread. The method appears most reasonable, simple, and as reliable as it is expeditious. M. Sacc states that there exists in the cones of the hop, an alcoholic ferment more energetic than what is to be found in barn; this ferment is soluble in water, and possesses the peculiarity

of resisting the action of boiling water. In the process of brewing, according to the same chemist, the hops do not act as an antiferment through their tannin and essential oil, but by rapidly transforming the sugar into alcohol and precipitating the ferment arising from the alteration of the gluten.

Since several years, the problems connected with the conditions of life at high altitudes have occupied much attention. Two physiologists, Messrs. Marcel and Loret, have studied the effects of mountain climbing on the temperature of the human body, at heights varying from 5 to 14 thousand feet. They found that the temperature of the body was diminished by nearly two degrees. This was explained by increased respiration necessitating a greater consumption of caloric, and the muscular exertion being augmented; so was also the production of caloric, the latter representing the transformation of force. Professor Forel of Lausanne takes a different view. Now the human body has a marvellous functional activity. Is it necessary to produce heat? It produces it. Fever patients plunged in cold baths, as Liebermeister has shown, develop greater heat; without movement, without muscular contraction, the body it may be said, defends itself. Haidenhain has demonstrated that by simple contraction, the muscle can normally produce more heat than if subjected to manual exercise. When not too fatigued, a muscle warms itself by simple contraction; hence why the body is able to resist, for a certain time, a cold bath; a shiver will indicate the moment when the body ceases to produce sufficient caloric to meet the loss of same. M. Forel compares a man during a mountain ascent to a machine lacking sufficient fuel: placing the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue and closing the mouth, an operation requiring ten minutes at least, he does not consider an exact measurement nor even the reading of a thermometer when strapped against the upper part of the forearm--it is too far from the central temperature of the body, and the more the surface of the body

be exposed, the more the blood recedes into the depths of the system. M. Forel has found from numerous experiments, that the temperature of the body increases with the ascending of a mountain, the more rapidly if that ascent be abrupt. A more or less long fast does not affect the result. In a word, animal heat is developed during the ascent as well as the descent of a mountain; also the animal body does not resemble a machine, where heat is synonymous with force, and the body draws not only on the food taken but also on itself, which explains why exercise diminishes the fatty matters of the system and consequently the weight of the individual.

M. Camille Flammarion does not admire the calendar, and astronomically speaking, the Christian era invented 532 years after the birth of Jesus Christ, the Jewish era which reckons from the creation of the world, the Nabonassar, to say nothing of numerous others—Chinese, Japanese, African, are not absolutely exact, and none will be durable throughout the history of the future ages of our planet. The least incorrect was the Republican Calendar, because the first day of each year the first of *Vendémiaire*, was the day of the autumnal equinox, and founded on precise knowledge of the earth's movement round the sun. But it had the international inconvenience of fixing the first Meridian at Paris, which no foreign nation liked. The difficulty of making a regular calendar is owing to the earth's annual rotation being accomplished in 365 days, six hours, less 11 minutes and $12\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. It is this fraction that is the cause of all the embarrassment; had it been the even six hours, there would have been no necessity in 1582, for calling the day following the fourth of October, the fifteenth, instead of the fifth, nor for the English people 170 years later, to demand of Lord Chesterfield, "give us back our three months!" as his bill fixed the commencement of the year, at the first of January instead of the 25th March. Despite the recurring Leap years, there will still be an accumulated error of 2 days and 10 hours in 10,000

years, which we can leave to our descendants to correct if they feel its inconvenience. Before 100 centuries, however, it is not impossible that the earth will be a little nearer to the sun, and its revolutions being more rapid, the year will be shorter. Had the Republican Calendar even been maintained, a difficulty would arise in the year 144 of its era, on the equinox arriving at midnight by the meridian of Paris; it would be perplexing to decide about new year's day. Under the Capetian Kings it was usual to commence the year at Easter, but it happened that in some years, 1347 for example, there were two Aprils. According to pure astronomy, neither the year nor the day commences anywhere on our globe. Were the earth composed of a single continent, inhabited by a uniform people, speaking the same language, one would be very embarrassed to fix the longitude where one day commences and another ends. The transition would be everywhere and nowhere. In travelling eastwards round the world, we gain a day, and lose one in the opposite direction. If the Calendar of our little planet be complicated, that of others is not less so. In the world of Jupiter, the year consists of 10,455 days, and four species of months: in Saturn, of 25,069 days and eight kinds of months. In Venus, the seasons are frightfully incongruous, and in the case of Mercury, they succeed with such rapidity, that one falls at each instant from the Dog days into the depths of winter.

M. Hebert, professor of geology, draws attention to his investigations on the chalk strata between Fecamp and Paris, which from its uniform thickness, pre-supposes an extension under the straits of Dover. Now these strata not being impervious, the success of the submarine tunnel may be compromised by infiltrations. What Engineers he states, ought to most consider is, not the discovery of a rock bed impervious to water, but means to combat leakage from the sea.

Professor Jobert, of the college of Dijon, now in Brazil, draws attention to the travelling crabs of that country, which have

terrestrial rather than an aquatic existence. They are provided with gills, which they make the duty for lungs; their respiratory chamber contains water in place of air, and they renew the latter by veritable movements of inspiration and expiration. They have also a special apparatus which permits the blood to return to the heart without passing by the gills.

M. Claude Bernard pursues his important investigations on the formation of sugar in the blood. In 1855 he demonstrated, that the liver after being extracted from the living animal, and repeatedly washed, continued to produce sugar for a certain time. He states a similar phenomenon takes place after fruits have been gathered. It was formerly maintained that the body could only form sugar after death, and diabetes was regarded as the commencement of death. Those who supported this view failed to show that the blood did not contain sugar. Claude Bernard affirms, that except in the embryonic stage, all blood contains sugar, and nearly all tissue has the property of forming it.

REFLECTIONS ON WATER.

Not much in childhood, it is true,
 Clear element, I courted you,
 For purpose of ablution.
 I held not (touching hands and face,) —
 "That dirt is matter out of place",
 A question worth solution.

Yet, though I did not care to dip,
 I loved you ! For I swam my ship
 Upon your bosom gaily.
 You'd frogs and tadpoles too : I felt
 That they were meant for boys to pelt—
 And you'd the tribe call'd scaly.

How oft, intent on roach and dace,
 Beside you have I ta'en by place,
 Your finny public vexing
 With lines :--not such as now I spin ;
They ended in a crooked pin,
 And not a rhyme perplexing.

How often did I peer and gaze,
 And search your depths for water-fays,
 In ripple and in dimple :
 Till fancy painted what I wished,
 And I beheld them, as I fished
 With gentle, being simple.

How oft with friends and play mates too,
 I've watched the tiny, impish crew
 Among the flag roots glide in !
 We saw them, those aquatic elves,
 As plainly as we saw ourselves
 Reversed the glassy tide in.

Alas ! now I am older grown,
 My childhood's quick belief has flown,
 Worn out in worldly scrimmage ;
 Reflection's altered for the worse,
 And hints at many a sad reverse,
 More strange than watery image.

Sunshine has given place to shade,
 My pleasant prospects quickly fade—
 * Each day they're getting duller.
 Life's landscape darkens. E'en my views
 On water lose their early hues—
 * Though done in water-colour.

It is a thing oft wet's my cheek—
 A thing that makes my spirits weak—
 A thing that damps my ardour—

A thing for which I have to pay
 On every other quarter day,
 (There's nothing to console in

The thought that if you're in arrear
 They'll cut it off) a thing, oh, dear !—
 A thing to make a hole in !

BENGAL LAND SETTLEMENT PROBLEM.

THE EDITOR

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DEAR SIR,

I have just received your Magazine for December last, and I would wish to say a few words with reference to your remarks on the Bengal land problem.

1. You attribute the comparative exemption of Bengal from famines, to the influence of the permanent settlement. I would be disposed to trace the exemption rather to the less liability of Bengal to be visited by drought. I do not seek to lay the sins of famines at the doors of the zamindars, but I do think it hard that the other provinces of India should be called upon to pay the cost of Bengal famines as well as of their own when one of the objects of the settlement was to avert famines or provide food for the relief of famine.

2. I regret you do not reply directly to my figures and facts. Is it equitable that Bengal should contribute so much less to the revenue in proportion to area and population than the other provinces—not to speak of the advantage on the side of Bengal in point of productiveness? Take for instance the area,

population and land revenue of the North-west and the Punjab, and compare them with those of Bengal.

	<i>Bengal</i>	<i>n. w. p.</i>	<i>Punjab</i>
Area	230,000 Sq : miles	80,000 P Sq : ms	101,000 Sq : ms
Pop:	64 millions	30 millions	9½ millions
Revenue	Rs. 3,65,00,000	Rs. 3,68,00,000	Rs. 1,76,00,000

Is this an equitable distribution ? I need hardly allude to the weakness which the above state of things imports into the country's system of finance. That alone would render necessary a revision of the terms of the Bengal land settlement were there no other reason for a reconsideration of them.

I have only one word more to say. You assume that I estimate the compensation to be paid to the zamindars at 265 millions. This is a mistake. I do not propose that Government should dispossess the zamindars, and take over their estates bodily, but only that Government should acquire *a greater share* of the rent and participate in any increase in the same way as in the other provinces. To acquire this share not more than a sum equal tax fourth of the whole value of the land might be needed—that is a fourth of 265 millions. The amount of compensation to be paid would of necessity depend on the extent of interest to be acquired.

I shall be glad if you will correct the impression produced by the remarks in your December Magazine, by giving this letter a place in your next number.

I am yours faithfully
J. HECTOR.

“EVILS OF KOOLINISM.

By a Koolin Brahman.”

Excuse me, dear reader, the space allowed to me in the Magazine is not ample : so exclaims the clever writer of an article measuring full ten pages of the Bengal Magazine, when his philosophical intelligence fails him just at the seventh line of the 267th page of the first number of 1876. The gentleman styles himself a Koolin Brahman, and no doubt very accurately states that the “third cause that has helped to do much mischief in this department (the Koolin Brahman ?) is the utter ignorance of the recent Koolins to the tenets of the Dharma shastras.” A Koolin Brahman ought to consider himself fortunate in not having a knowledge of the shastras, and being therefore able to express in *mleccha* language such an idea at least that he cannot write out all his thoughts on the degradation of the later Koolins because the periodical is not a bulky one. *O’ tempora ! O’ mores !* “Evils of Koolinism” by “A Koolin Brahman !” Certainly the want of a knowledge of the shastras has produced much mischief to the Koolin class, if it were only for the display of western civilization of which “A Koolin Brahman” has possessed himself.

But the bold defiance which the writer hurls at his class, and the audacious manner in which he attempts to deprecate certain fancied evils in Bengali society, lead us in a serious mood to suppose that there must be in the article in question facts or arguments, which would bear out the imputations that have been made. And therefore we shall examine the paper. The subject is “Evils of Koolinism,” and one would expect that they must have been set forth, and their remedy proposed. But the writer proceeds thus : “the absurdities, such as polygamy of males life-long celibacy of females, and the like, were innovations &c.” It is clear from this that the “absurdities” complained of are polygamy and celibacy, and a number of others which the writer

either does not know or is not willing to enlarge upon. But the discussions that have recently passed on this subject, conducted as they were by men whose knowledge of the *shastras*, and the customs of the province is exceptional, leaves very little room for a doubt that the number of "absurdities" is larger. The other alternative therefore dwindles into nothing. And when the shortcoming is unknown or not existing at all, people would consider him to be a maniac who would attempt to improve it.

Now Koolin-males prepare! you only will have to undergo the pain of the assault. Your females, haughty unmarried females, not submitting to the slightest degradation of their paternal line by unequal marriage, for some reason which your brother does not explain, have scared away the rude besieger. Did he see them as gorgons, and perceiving the thrill that precedes petrification, has fallen back; or did he feel a sensation as of burning at their fiery sight, and has withdrawn—we cannot say. Perhaps he might be afraid of offending his own family. Life-long celibacy, rare as such instances are, is, honestly speaking, proof of the consciousness of a Koolin female of the exalted position of her father's family in the Bengali community. Our opinion is that such females possess exemplary virtue, and that their pride is the chief supporter of that virtue. If celibacy is an "absurdity" it is much superior in its nature to widow-hood. But to speak against both those systems is not to speak as a Koolin Brahman even at this advanced state of society ought. We thank Vidyasagar—mahasaya for his labours, but we cannot conceal the fact that his (*nyavastha*) opinion, supported though it is with the authority of a Governor General's Act, finds little favour in Hindu society. If life-long widow-hood be a system all over India, if notwithstanding the liberty which the legislature has granted to all Hindu females in respect of marriage and succession—liberty never before enjoyed by them, at least not from after the regular formation of Hindu society which must have been before ages past—liberty which no believing and

pious Hindu thinks of without the greatest indignation, and without the most remorseful expressions of his helplessness at this advanced period of the Kaliyuga—if notwithstanding the progress which the Hindus are making in western civilization, under the protection of a paternal Government, in Bengal, the place where among the Hindus signs of *Mlecchasm* are most prominent, scarcely a man comes forward to give his widowed daughter in marriage, scarcely, a man is found willing to accept the hands of a woman, whose blood to Hindu ideas, has been polluted, and in every family, Brahman, Vaidya, Kaitika or Soodra, in every home either of a rich or a poor *paterfamilias*, every widow is doomed to live a solitary life, what can be said against a Koolin Brahman woman who will not marry because there is no bride-groom who can, the superiority of his rank considered, be a proper spouse for her. Celibacy is an exception, and a rare one too. There have been very few female sovereigns like Elizabeth, and her glory malicious suspicions have failed to stain. Such is the number, and as we believe that the Koolin Brahman woman in a state of celibacy is, as that most powerful lady was, liable to the same attacks, we believe also that there is no reason why we should consider her existence as a social evil. We fail to see why our Koolin Brahman man considers “life-long celibacy of females” such an “absurdity,” as he has been under the necessity of bringing it within the category of “evils of Koolinism.”

We are guilty of a digression. We meant to enquire into the misdeeds of Koolins, but levity to which we are so subject, took us to a different direction. Now we have come again to the memorable 267th page of the Bengal Magazine, and at that sentence in which the writer condescends to give us a definite idea of his thoughts. “Of the many evils” says he, which we may passingly observe have been most remarkably signified by him by the words “and the like” inserted after “polygamy of males, life-long celibacy of females”—“of the many evils which the

lapse of ages has ingrafted on Koolinism, there is perhaps none so prominent as polygamy." The charge against the Koolins, so far as we can understand the subject, is two-fold; the first count refers to their females not marrying at all, and the second to the license they enjoy to marry a plurality of wives. The former point has been examined above, although briefly, and the latter is one in respect of which A Koolin Brahman himself, not however being altogether silent as in the other case, gives us reasons for supposing that he means to say that polygamy is a custom among *Koolins*, and such a one as is described in the following quotation:

"What custom wills that should we do
In all things, though mountainous error
Be too highly heaped for truth to overpour"

Here we must confess that we cannot understand the writer. Our experience is indeed confined to places not very remote from Calcutta, but our information is that, *Koolins* as a body are not guilty of the offence. Koolins are in fact divided into several grades, and on different principles. The writer of "*Evils of Koolinism*" although he prides himself upon being a Brahman, cannot deny that certain classes of *Kayasthas* also are Koolins. Does he mean to include in his sweeping charge the Ghoses, Boses and Mitras of Bengal. Perhaps it was a little carelessness on the part a Koolin Brahman that occasioned the mistake. But Koolin Brahmans again, if we take the writer to be referring to them, are divided into *savabas*, *savabab-beerhardras*, *bhangas*, and other classes. Surely the writer does not mean to say that polygamy is a custom among all those classes? Then again what is a custom? Without pretending to define what it is, we may for our purpose simply notice that it has a binding influence. We generally say "such is the custom among ourselves and we must abide by it." The Hindu lady will not appear in public, not because she has not beauty to display, but because if she do so, she will lower herself in the estimation of the people. She is

under the necessity of avoiding the public gaze. Custom is of the nature of a rule ; and polygamy is a custom, we admit, not among the Koolins, but among the Hindus all over India. A Hindu marries a second wife, if his first wife prove barren or productive of female issue only ; and why, because he believes that unless he produce a son he cannot hope to obtain a place in paradise.* And in spite of Vidyasagar—mahasaya's explanation of texts pertinent to the point from Parasara and other authors, all the *Pundits* of Bengal are of opinion, as will be seen from a number of pamphlets published by them in reply to Vidyasagara—Maha-saya's brochures on *Vahu Vivaha*, that polygamy is not prohibited in the *shastras*,—and it is not obligatory except for the reasons above set forth. Any Hindu may marry any number of wives, but such is not the ordinance that he must. Nowhere in India in any respectable community, do people believe that they should lose their honor if they were not to have 365 wives for all the days of the year. Except in so far as the *shastras* direct a man to take more wives than one,—and that point we opine never suggested itself to A Koolin Brahman—polygamy is not a custom, and consequently any thing that has been said by him about polygamy on the belief that it is a custom, is quite unwarrantable and absurd. If instances of polygamy occur among the *Brhman bhanga Koolins*, polygamy must not be called a custom among *Koolins*. If as some say it was necessary for a *sabhava Koolin* to

* There are other reasons for which the *Shastras* enjoin polygamy, as the following *Sloka* will shew

স্বরাপি ব্যাধিতা খৃতি বন্ধার্থম্ প্রিয়ংবদা ।

জীপ্রস্থচাধিবৈবদ্য পুরুষদ্বৈবিণী তথা ॥

Gajnavaleya Sanhita.

"If the wife be addicted to drinking have an incurable malady, be unchaste, or barren, or if she squander away money, or talk in an unpleasant way produce female issue only, or have a hatred for the husband, during the life-time of such a wife another should be taken.

marry two wives, one that must be the daughter of a Koolin of equal rank with himself, and another the daughter of a *Srotiya*, this rule if it ever existed at all, has happily long ceased to be in operation. Perhaps we cannot deny that even in these days among a class of persons, whom the *Ghataks* (heralds) on whom devolves the solution of every problem regarding Koolinism, and whose opinions on the subject are acknowledged to be authentic and binding, do not recognize as Koolins—persons who have lost their *Kool*, who have ceased to be Koolins, *bhangas* we mean—cases of polygamy are observable; but we do not perceive the justice of the charge, which embraces all *Koolins* in an affair in which a large number of them, those in fact that are properly entitled to the name, are very little concerned. Although we can (considering the unimproved condition of the remote parts of Bengal) boldly affirm the negative universally, yet we are not in possession of any reports about any *sabhaba Koolin* who has recently married more wives than one. However may the fact stand, it must be acknowledged that polygamy has the sanction of the shastras, and has been practised in India from times out of memory. Many of the present Maharajahs are persons whom the poor husband of many wives looks upon with complacence, and in whom he finds sufficient justification for the disreputable act which he is guilty of. In the case of the Koolin Brahman polygamist, the necessity for the commission of the offence is manifold, and he ought we believe to be rather pitied than hated. In most cases he is placed under moral compulsion, and in some poverty propels him. We do not differ much from the writer of the Bengal Magazine article as to the nature of the fallacy: but we hope to be allowed to question the correctness of the implied assumption that Koolinism is the cause of polygamy, as much as, even supposing that he means to speak of those the *bhangas* only that are polygamists, motives other than the preservation of their *Kool* influence them to accept the hands of a number of unfortunate girls, who on account of their in-

mature age cannot, when their guardian prepares to cast them tied hand and foot into illimitable misery, understand what a sorrowful incident that last act of affliction is. Here our opponent will ask us to enquire the reason of the act of cruelty which the parents and guardians of girls do towards them. We hear him say "cursed Koolinism is at the bottom of the scandal." But let us proceed. And as close to our eyes as any thing can be distinctly seen, we perceive two persons, one a Brahman rather advanced in age, not meanly dressed, and in an imploring attitude touching the right knee of another, whose main the holy thread adorns, and who evidently is of manners not very polite. We see the one sheds tears, the other turns his face from him. We hear the one say "save me, my father," the other replies in thunder—we cannot catch him; we think he said that it was beyond his power to help him. Now lo! a number of other persons come, and whispering to the young man persuade him to accompany the other direct to his house, where a number of matrons proclaim a happy event by *wooloo wooloo* and the sound of the long-winded shell. It is evening; and we believe our readers understand that a wedding takes place between the young man, and the daughter of the old suppliant. The young man marries for the second time, under implied conditions that he will not have to look after his wife and children, because they will be endowed with *dewattar* or *brahmattar* lands, at any rate with property which would have a sufficient yield of corn to secure to the increasing family the necessaries of life. In the case before us the youth was no doubt placed under moral compulsion, though we admit that in most cases temptation is a more potent and easy working principle. But the acceptance of the hand of the second wife was not necessitated by *Koolinism*. The father of the girl on the other hand might be influenced by the desire for cheap disposal, and give greater attention to present advantages than to the happiness of his daughter, which he sincerely believes would follow her destiny. And facts considered

it does not generally occur that girls are given away to polygamists because the father does not find a proper bridegroom for her, his own position in Koolinism and that of the bridegroom being very unequal. Polygamy under such circumstances is defensible on the same grounds as celibacy of females, and may be said to be as excusable as allowable polygamy under special circumstances.

It may strike one as very peculiar—the several disabilities that women in India are subject to. In attempting to give satisfaction on the point we fear we should have to deviate very lengthily from the present subject. Suffice it for our purposes to remark that unless the entire constitution of Hindu Society be remodelled there is no probability of rendering the position of females as free as it is in European communities. It would doubtless be dangerous if the legislature were to interfere in bringing about the end towards which the present transition tends. In fact permissive ordinances might for their present practical uselessness remain unheeded, but interdictory acts or orders would prove positively injurious. And it is altogether unscientific to endeavour to force upon societies, edicts which would operate to the subversion of the existing state of things. The condition of the Hindu female is the result of ages of Shastric discipline ; and although the regulation putting a stop to *Suttee* practices—too possible and inhuman to be reckoned among *shastric* observances—has put a stop to a most dreadful evil, the law permitting widow-marriage has not even so late produced any marked improvement. The daughter protects a Brahman's *kool*, and the balance in which the herald weighs all Koolins is read according to her place, which must be the same as that of her husband : so the position of the daughter's husband on one side of the fulcrum determines the position on the other of the whole male progeny of the father. Hence so much importance attaches to a daughter's marriage ;—and if the principle be altered, facts will necessarily change. The legislature, however, we apprehend is not the proper authority to in-

augurate the reformation, and as we say so, we leave out of the question the desirability of the course. Perhaps we may be desired to notice that the English Government if memorialized on any social matter might with its wonted liberality lend us any assistance we might require ; but we do not think it will be high treason to say that it would prove sheer want of prudence in us, if we, representing that we are unable to control ourselves, were to ask the Government, who possess very little information about our usages, and whose interest it would be to give a different constitution to our present society—not to speak of the total abolition of all religious practices that may not appear to be based upon reason or the precepts of the Scriptures, to regulate our society according to the most approved ideas of the requirements of our *shastras*. Her Majesty is indeed a mother to all of us, the Government, a paternal government, but withal there is a wide difference between her relation and that of Bullal—a Hindu King that was—to Bengalis. Bullal was the defender of Hinduism but our gracious Queen is not, she is, and must remain passive in this respect. The rule that a “Brahman’s *Kool* follows the daughter” had the sanction of Bullal ; in the absence of such a person, a body whose opinions may be revered may now proclaim that that rule will cease to have operation ; they may proclaim that a Koolin-marrying more wives than one shall lose his *Kool*. But if the formation of such a body be impossible, we submit that any memorial sent up to Government soliciting interference in social matters will necessarily not come from any representative body, and will be opposed by others from different quarters, if in those quarters there be a little of energy, and means just sufficient for the purpose. The *Dharmasabha* of which Raja Kalikrishna Bahadoor was the president, could not after so much effort to further the movement for the suppression of polygamy, succeed in even sending up a petition to Government ; and with all his talents and argumentative powers the learned Vidyasagara could not convince the recognized pandits among the Hindus that polygamy was forbidden in

Kaliyuga. What then does lead the writer in the Bengal Magazine to hold out assurances to Government that if it proceeds to suppress polygamy—that description of it, which a certain section of the Bengali community believes, is not contemplated in the shastras as indispensibly necessary—there will arise no opposition? The writer is of course right if he means that no outbreak or revolt need be apprehended, but the liberal English Government does not, we believe, consider that only as opposition. We are little afraid of political and less of moral tyranny under the present regime.

But why think of marshalling the strength of Government against the evil? Why think of transplanting the Himalayas for a bridge across the Hughly? The number of polygamists is small; and smaller it becomes every day. For many reasons people in Bengal are abandoning the privilege of polygamy themselves. If a stimulus ought to be given to nature, let us not betray our weaknesses by asking for help; let us not vainly endeavour to set to work the gigantic machinery of Government whose shock may possibly shake Hindu society to the bottom, or may bring down the whole fabric against our desire; let us on the other hand simply shew by our own acts that we talk sincerely, when we are not jesting; let us not charge—as enlightened *babus* in particular do—high fees for offering to oblige the father of a daughter by marrying her; let us prove that public opinion in Bengal on the point under consideration demands obedience, and that it goes against the practice—and we have done what is necessary under the circumstances, and have brought about the wished for result. Who would call us sane if we were to impute malice or ignorance to the High Court Judges for ruling that a widow who has polluted her husband's bed shall not be deprived of the enjoyment of his property? Yet what Hindu does not feel his blood-boiling, when he sees a woman in the happy enjoyment of her husband's property reclining on the arms of her new lover on the couch on which

she did not permit her husband to breathe his last ? What Hindu does not think that the ruling acts entirely against his conscience ? The High Court proceeded upon legislative enactments—and now we vainly regret the passing thereof. After this, do you ask the legislature to set us to rights ? Rather petition the council to repeal all laws which in any way affect our *shastras*, or our usages, than ask them to pass new acts to render confusion worse confounded.

BHARADWAJA.

ON THE DEATH OF MADAME LOUIS BLANC.

Victor Hugo, thy words proclaim
The faithful poet's ardent breast,
And glow of love and friendship's claim
In peace and light for ever rest.

Oh ! could thy sweet angelic lyre
Now charm for once the demons drear,
The soul would not above aspire,
And Madame Blanc would re-appear.

The wise, the good, the brave, the fair
Must die alike and turn to dust.
The surly monster none will spare,
His awful scythe will never rust.

And pity e'er doth Death disdain,
Relentless foe to human kind
Else lifeless thus she wouldn't have lain,
Her like again we ne'er shall find.

Renown, and glory, beauty, all
A moment blaze, then fade away ;
And man from heights sublime must fall,
And Death must come, though scorn he may.

But she is dead—she is no more,
Her gentle sprite is on the wing ;
The dirge is sung—all, all is o'er,
That beauteous frame a senseless thing.

Eternal life, eternal light
Her soul must have beyond the grave,
And angels, robed in colours bright,
With gold for her the path shall pave.

Now softly breathe ye sighing winds,
The sister, mother, wife is dead.
No earthly bond her soul now binds,
It springs aloft, and ah ! is fled.

The exile's best and sweetest friend
Is snatched away in all her pride.
No more a helping hand to lend
The lady lingers by his side.

His mighty heart now feels alone,
He finds no rest in earthly strife.
His long-loved spouse is dead—is gone—
But "peace and light ;—herein is life"—

NARENDRALAL DEY.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

OR

BEWARE OF DODGES.

"Walk into my parlour" spider requests the fly,
 "Tis the pleasant parlour which you cannot deny :—
 "Solely once put in your head and peep at the door,
 "It would exhibit curi'us scenes unseen before :—
 "No fear, walk in, my promise take, nice pretty fly,
 "Fancy flourish, never beyond the parlour spy :—
 "Tho' starvation reigns in my sing'lar domain,
 "Mark, how I keep my games long-live for my own gain ;
 "Try no insight into my mechanical scheme,
 "Or repent and sing your whole life a magic theme ;
 "Mind, no struggle to get off, or you pant in vain,
 "The flimsy net threads entwine you with dreadful pain.—
 "First lull to sleep my do'ble guards, their own spells apply,
 "Then try to pass the environs, deluded fly ;
 "For, the shaggy lords now usurp my unique throne
 "Lost in their maze, they sting, I die an idle drone.—
 "Sorry not able to store you for my sole play,
 "Breathless now roam about and your own art display.—
 "Tria junta in uno we begun our course free,
 "Suaviter in modo but fortiter in re ;
 "Suum cuique I cared not the least but my own,
 "Lost totum proh puder ! I bewail and I groan—
 "How my bloatings pass, where my parlour, where my fame,
 "Betray'd I fall a victim to a hateful name.—
 "This is the end for seeking self-motived gain,
 "To abuse a trust and to use false hopes in vain.—
 "Seek now your prospect far from my great parlour door,
 "For such is its virtue, learn well, come near no more.—
 "Let caution and care prevail in native mind,
 "Advancing in worldly life oft to look behind :—

" Call to mind Sher-wood's glory as their vivid lore,
 " For Robin-Lackland now visit our Inu'an shore :—
 " Centuries past, so facts past for legends of yore,
 " Yet now appear in timorous aspect once more :
 " Huntingdon transferred into Nottinghamshire,
 " An Earl's pursuit now adopted by a Esquire.—
 " Mighty England drove a Lord to pave honor's way ;
 " Mild India forsook a Esquire with great dismay,—
 " Knight Templars vigilant watch the Indian soil,
 " No place, run fast in Sidon's track for sylvan toil :
 " But if time would incline to old pursuits again ;
 Smith field fires revive to relieve, from earthly pain.

JOINTY CHUNDER SEIN.

MONEY AND LEARNING.

The subject upon which I desire to engage my reader's attention for a few moments is old as the hills, and nothing new can be said regarding it, but all great truths, though long since handed to the universe with the Ruler's stamp impressed, lose so much from the unintentional wear of currency that a continual repassing through the mint becomes needful, after careful reweighing and testing. They are too carefully hidden away by the designing or unthinking, under heaps of the vilest rubbish, that the least endeavour to induce a search beneath the foul mass cannot be time misspent, however unsuccessful the result. Both money and learning are great curses to those unacquainted with their due employment, but though they may be, and too frequently are, blights to their original possessors, they must necessarily produce some final benefit to the world at large, unless absolutely destroyed. Learning, acquired by a silent book-worm who may die before its publication is of course a dead loss and money, gone down in a ship say, is equally wasted but as

knowledge, though it may be grossly misapplied, must if published, effect some good in time, if only that of a warning; so money, though it may be hopelessly squandered or uselessly hoarded, must yet be in circulation amongst, or pass into the hands of, those who may turn it to more beneficial account. The mere acquirement of learning already known is identical with the preservation of money handed down and not put out at interest; but every iota of fresh thought, and every farthing secured by industry, may be looked upon as something gained for the world which can never be lost. It may be remarked that those who do good to the world in one way rarely do so in the other, for writers of books, members of the professions, and followers of any art or science simply effect or affect the flow of coin already in existence, and their quota to the world's progress lies in knowledge; while those devoted to money-making pursuits simply pay their tax to the universe in hard cash, or in other words, work performed for its benefit. The good derivable from knowledge and money sometimes, however, become almost of necessity, conjoined in the same workman, such being most noticeably the case in connection with the opening up of new countries or discovery of fresh resources in old ones. Money-making pursuits should be regarded only as means of enabling the world to become physically, mentally, and morally better than it is, while all learning should be viewed solely as a means of raising its physical, mental, and moral calibre, when the possibility of improvement may have been afforded.

Members of professions who simply march in their predecessors' footsteps and have no disposition to acquire more knowledge than living necessities, are in a similar position to men of business who may be satisfied to jog on in their primary groove with no idea beyond immediate £. s. d. They would keep the world on her legs but would not advance her one step. It may, however, be observed that the struggle for existence generally compels the most apathetic follower of any pursuit, learned or

monetary, to give Atlas a push behind, and though the said push may render him somewhat unsteady, it gives a forward inclination. Both money and learning, though useless without careful application, as before noted, may be rendered immensely valuable tools for the world's advancement. The man being owner of either, without thought or knowledge of its handling, is like one who may spend his life-time in securing a good workshop and may then rest satisfied with the arranging, re-arranging, and gloating over his appliances, or may stand at the door, laughing at the "poor devil" outside trying to perform honest work with the roughest implements, or again, of one uselessly chipping away at a piece of wood to the detriment of his own fingers. So long, however, as the workshop may exist there is a chance of its becoming duly advantageous. Money and knowledge may also be resembled to stepping stones, enabling their possessors to walk across life's stream dry shod, so attaining an easy footing upon that opposite shore where full choice is afforded for the satisfaction of ambitious good or bad; when, however, the owner may fall in love with his stepping stone, and clinging desperately thereto till worn out may be sucked in by the surrounding current, he has not only placed himself in an absurd and contemptible plight and temporarily deprived many strugglers in the rushing stream of a means of security, but has also ruined himself most effectually. Still the stepping stone remains and one more block has been added to the complete pavement to be secured in time. How often must the truth of that Christian precept "the love of money is the root of all evil" be impressed upon the mind of every thinking mortal, but in regarding "money" as the cause of all evil (an alteration in the passage too commonly made) the main point of the text is overlooked.—It is the "love" of money which perverts. When either money or learning become perverted (as they frequently are) then means to ends, from servants to masters, from creatures to Gods, their effects are terribly destructive. All, however, need

ful to reconvert them from curses to blessings is the realization of that truth which must appeal to believers in any religion, to all thinking beings, indeed, who must necessarily perceive the world beyond themselves,—“the fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom;” let them conceive that LORD to be whom they please. Of what use to its possessor can be either learning or money without that acknowledgment? Of what good the knowledge of 10 languages if fully only can be spoken in each, or what benefit may be derived from a purse of Croesus if its owner know not how to use it? In short, “what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” Mere learning and original thought stand in the same relation to one another as money passing to its owner by descent and by independant earning or, in other words, of living upon ancestral industry and personal exertion. Early teaching has too often consisted of

“Get money ; still get money, boy ;
No matter by what means.”

The object of life being sacrificed for its subject. Those who laugh at money, only betray their ignorance of the grand uses to which it may be applied, and so far as the value of their existence to the world may be concerned, stand in an infinitely worse position than those eagerly and “industriously” pursuing it, or than those who may hoard their honest earnings. Hoarding is now-a-days, probably, scarcely known, or, at least, is very uncommon, for the term cannot, of course, be applied to non-expenditure and investment inasmuch as investment means circulation, and employment, while investment with re-investment of interest simply amounts to the owner’s self-denial of the good in currency. In England, there may be an occasional old woman *secretly* oddling pence in a stocking, or, now-and-then, a miser gloating over his coin in a dust heap, but, as a very general rule, the maxim of money making money is fully impressed. Out here, the habit

of hiding away possessions may be more common, for it certainly comes more under notice; but all natives with the least approach to education are quite as conscious, as we may be, of the benefit derivable from their funds' employment. This, indeed, may be viewed as a minor instance of knowledge and money working together for the world's advancement before the owner of either may have learned to secure any personal benefit therefrom. "Money" and "learning" symbolize the proper or improper use of industry, enterprise, intelligence, intellect, genius,—standing in precisely the same relation to those qualities as bank notes do to bullion, all value becoming lost when the funds represented may be exhausted. The person, therefore, desirous of the world's progress, and yet regarding gold as dross, would be in a similar position to that of a money-lover viewing Bank of England notes as valueless pieces of paper, a very imaginary case. On the contrary, the man attempting to secure more than a fair return for any of the qualities named, stands in the same relative position to the universe as the picking his neighbour's pocket of a bank note would place him to its owner.

Money with luxury and correlative immorality as attendants, has caused the ruin of all ancient civilizations, and will cause the ruin of all modern civilizations also, if the attendants be not replaced by unselfishness and a desire of moral improvement. Each expired civilization has, however, afforded foundation for the construction of a better one; enabling the new comer to commence almost where itself ended by handing down its arts, scientific discoveries, writings and inventions; while the cause of non-success acts (or should act) as a most powerful deterrent from similar blunders.

"Ninevah, Babylon and ancient Rome,
 Speak to the present times, and times to come;
 They cry aloud in every careless ear,
 Stop while ye may, suspend your mad career;

O learn, from our example and our fate,
Learn wisdom and repentance ere too late."

Learning and money have always acted and reacted upon one another so nearly that it is difficult to divide them. Thought, in the forms of ambition or necessity, has been their primary motive, but, as that ambition or necessity may have been appeased, thought has been compelled to take a higher flight, and art has resulted. Art attaining perfection and not satisfying man's god-like intellect, a further flight was compelled, and science eventuated. Observing the immeasurable distance between his own creations and those existent in nature around, he desired to dip into the method of the latter's construction, and, by this means, a childlike faith will be finally arrived at. When he may become convinced that the origin of things is beyond discovery, then will he be compelled to trust implicitly to the Higher power he may be forced to recognise; but he will be no better off than the scattered few who have, throughout time, believed because they believed. Nothing can be more true than Bacon's statement:

"A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth of philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

The deeper you may go, the more will you be out of your depth, and be forced to admit the unfathomable.

Individual possession of either money or learning bespeaks simply nothing, national possession indicates more but need mean nothing beyond "self;" and when the point may be reached that national possession resolves itself into the employment of ancestral gains, within the radius of a distinct class or territory, then you may rest convinced that "Babylon is falling." Ancestral gains may, however, be used in the noble work of enlightening the ignorant and relieving the distressed, not merely by charitable donations (though we are far yet from being able to despise even bodily succour as needless) but by opening out new paths of enterprise whereby their mental and moral status may be raised, and by the widest spread of education. The advance of a

civilization cannot be judged from the standard of a privileged class, and though England may, perhaps not unfairly, congratulate herself upon having executed her highest duties more conscientiously than the majority of civilizations to which, not equal but, *similar* facilities have been granted, she has yet a long long way to go ere the highest measure will be attained. The seething chaldron of demoralization and ignorance, so sadly noticeable in her cities and agricultural districts, indeed, needs cleansing. It may be hoped, however that noble measures recently adopted, (notably the Education Act so much derided by devotees of *self* and adherents to maxims applicable possibly to a *bygone* age) by her conscientious citizens will effect a reformation, though generations, doubtless, must elapse ere it can be accomplished. "Self" with its accompaniment of "animal triumphant over moral," is the mutual cause both of money and learning being rendered valueless. The man who squanders his money on bestiality is no better, and no worse, than he who debases his learning by catering to impure tastes. The man wasting his wealth upon "dissipation," the artist consigning his canvas to pruriency, the theatrical Manager defying immorality, the newspaper Editor permitting allusive distillations from the Divorce Court, and last, but foulest of all, the Servant of *any* religion distorting his precepts to accord with a servitude to the 5 senses, are all similarly placed; but though their own cases are certainly discouraging, still they cannot fail to add some ingredient to Truth's mixture. Public taste has, however, been sufficiently raised (though heaven knows, it is immeasurably distant from the summit) to render such extreme and flagrant cases, as those above described, few and far between, but there still remains a considerable class hovering round the outskirts of impunity, and clearly shewing that prudence, not disinclination, *prevents* further progress. When, however, "*prudence*" restrains, clear evidence is afforded of a sensible rise in the general moral standard. One not uncommonly hears such

remarks as the following. "I do hate those whited sepulchres, so clean without, so foul within. I much prefer a man who knowing he's a beast is not afraid of saying so."—Possibly the speaker may be tolerably correct in his judgement regarding the said whited sepulchres, so far as they themselves may be concerned, for the mere fact of their considering the whitening process advisable clearly proves that tincture to be not uncommon, or, at least, not unpopular, consequently, fewer hindrances to purity have been contended against by themselves than their progenitors. It must not be overlooked however, that though the necessity may speak worse for the individual, it does not for the public. I will conclude somewhat abruptly by wishing that my readers would but gather the full sense of the following quotation supposing, that is, they may not already have done so.

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll deserve it."

REVIEWS.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a copy of *Sapna prayán*, by Babu Dejender Nath Tagore. We seldom find a poetical work of such dimensions in the Bengalee language. It is an 8vo demy consisting of 243 pages and is an allegorical description of the different feelings and emotions of mankind and it is the object of the author to bring them clearly before our mind's eye. We find several works of this description in the English language but we had none like it in our own language, and Babu Dejender Nath Tagore has supplied a gap which was long felt.

In the work under review the author has shewn that he possesses considerable poetical powers and a thoughtful mind, and that he has spared no pains to adorn and beautify his work.

His work is good but we do not know in what light it

would be regarded by the lovers of Bengalee literature, if we are to judge by the state of society as it now is.

Nowadays slipshod English used generally is regarded more than pure Bengalee. We cannot avoid mixing English in our conversation, and Bengalee literature is not much cared for.

Notwithstanding all this, it must be admitted that this work is a gem of value. The poet is a well known writer, and promises to be an ornament in the poetical world soon.

We offer a hearty welcome to a new book, entitled "*Cashmere Cusam*," the author of which is Babu Rajendra Nath Bose. It is, indeed, a good work full of graphic descriptions. It is a book from the pen of an able writer, who is not only familiar with the manners and customs of the people of Cashmere, amongst whom he dwelt for a considerable portion of his life ; but who has also the rare gift of conveying in pure and graceful style, much valuable information and portraying beautiful scenes of nature. The excellence of the style imparts fresh force to the descriptions of the scenes and incidents with which the book abounds.

Jeypal, by Babu Promotha Nath Mitra, Albert Press. The plot of the drama chiefly rests upon the first expedition of Mahmood of Ghuzni to India, in which he met his father's old antagonist, Jeypal, who was completely routed and taken prisoner. A short time after, he effected his escape from the prison but deemed himself unworthy to reign. He, therefore, resigned the throne to his son, Anungpal, and closed the misfortunes of his reign by ascending the funeral pyre in regal state.

Such is the plot of *Jeypal*. It seems, the author has a command over a clear style. He has produced a work whose literary merits any educated native cannot but approve. The use of poetry, especially those exhortatives to the soldiers, are, indeed, lively and vigorous, and reflect much credit to the author.



THE

National Magazine.

APRIL, 1876.

OURSELVES.

WITH the April number, the *National Magazine* ushers itself into the second year of its existence. The conductors of the journal take this opportunity to return thanks to their numerous friends and patrons for the steady support accorded to them during the past twelve months. Periodical literature in this country labours under a peculiar difficulty. Those difficulties, always formidable, are at times overwhelming. It would be impossible fully to analyse the nature of those difficulties or to trace them to their source; but the fact of their existence will be patent when it is remembered that upto this time not a single journal in this country has reached the standard of a second-rate periodical in England. Baskets-ful of them spring into existence every year, but not a single one can be pointed out which has survived a decade and continues to flourish in health and vigor. Most of them die in their infancy, and the few that survive merely linger. Talents to conduct such journals are not wanting, nor is public spirit either to support them, yet there seems to hang a blight upon journalism in this country. It is not that the Native periodicals alone are exposed to it, but the journals of higher pretensions and conducted solely and supported mainly by the European community seriously suffer from its effects. In the midst of this blight, so detrimental to projects that start under more favorable auspices, the conductors of the *National Magazine* cannot be sanguine of success. But that the blight

has not already come upon their project is a matter of congratulation. The magazine has its shortcomings, and those shortcomings are owing as much to the difficulties inherent to periodical journalism in this country as to other causes which are peculiar to the *National*. But in spite of those shortcomings, the Magazine has struggled successfully for existence and that success is due entirely to the generosity of its friends and patrons. Its shortcomings are many and none are more painfully conscious of them than the conductors of the Magazine themselves. But in spite of them the support of the generous public to the undertaking may be said to have been unflinching. The steadily swelling list of subscribers testifies to this fact.

The *National Magazine* does not acknowledge itself to be the recognized organ of any particular shade of opinion, or of any particular clique or community. It seeks the dissemination of truth and eclecticism is its chief motto. A rigid adherence to this principle during the past twelve months, has found its supporters whose number is steadily increasing and its conductors hope to persevere in that line of policy and to maintain it as their guide. Such a venture finds but little support in the world. All the great communities have their respective standards which they rigidly maintain even at the sacrifice of truth and honesty. No undertaking which goes forth to the world without the impress of any particular standard has any chance of success. What is every body's business is scouted as nobody's, and no body would lend its support to any undertaking that does not bear its impress upon it. There is a sort of intolerance of each other's thoughts and partyism may be said to be rampant in the world. But it happens to be the peculiar feature of the state of society in this country that rampant partyism has no place in it. The Indian community is certainly divided into many sections, and each section has its own way of thinking. But in all these sections there prevails a spirit of toleration for each others' views and sentiments. It is thus that journals founded upon eclectic principles have any chance of success in this country, which seldom attends those which are founded upon sectarian principles, and it is thus that the *National Magazine* hopes for success.

LITERARY.

The internal management of the journal has not been quite so satisfactory as its conductors would wish. In fact, it has been very annoying to its subscribers, and were it not for the generous forbearance of the latter, the journal would have ceased to exist. Arrangements are however in progress and are expected soon to come into operation which might remove all causes of dissatisfaction and reduce the present arrear of four months.

LITERARY.

It is very difficult to know the true position of woman in Athenian life. Was she a slave and her home a prison; was the spouse of a noble, on a par with a legitimate wife of a pacha? These are some of the questions that M. Lallier raises, but does not answer, in his volume, "The condition of woman in the Athenian family." It is impossible to fix this condition with precision. The religious, so intimately tied with the civil law of Greece, is in contradiction with the latter respecting the position of woman. Documents are wanting to settle the question; the fragments of Attic law that exist, enable a kind of reconstruction to be made, such as Cuvier effected for the ante-diluvian world. The tragedies represent manners very differently, and underneath the brutal masks of ancient comedy, we cannot find woman. Respecting new Comedy, our authority is, "dust of broken marbles," according to M. Villemain. The philosophers and moralists give but little help. Xenophon points only an ideal portrait of woman, and treats her disdainfully; Plato is more gallant, but Aristotle roundly declares woman is a being inferior to man, and maintained that "a slave, a woman, and a child had need to be governed," and a state of tutelage was really the condition in which an Athenian woman lived. Her father disposed of her, and she married the husband he selected, she had no choice; if the father died without naming a husband for her in his will, his nearest of kin performed that duty, and an orphan without fortune and friends, became the ward of the public Treasury. When married woman exchanged the tutelage of home for that of a husband, who had not the power of life and death over her, however, as among the Romans:

LITERARY.

he had the control of her fortune, but which in case of divorce had to be restored to the donor. She could not possess property in her own right, nor sign any deed, &c., nor defend herself before a Tribunal if accused; it is thus Pericles spoke for Aspasia, and Hyperides for Phryne. The husband could repudiate his wife on a very slight pretext, and marry again where wealth or ambition were the attractions, or if he believed his wife would be happier with a husband richer and younger. He could also compel his wife to abandon her new-born, if it were a girl, in case he had no dowry to give the little stranger; he could marry his daughter without consulting his wife, and designate in his will, the husband his widow ought to select. If the husband as tutor failed to protect his wife, the law replaced him. As her husband, the wife could demand a divorce. The home-life of the young Athenian girl was very secluded; her occupations were general reading, writing, music, singing, needlework, and spinning; she assisted her mother in house-keeping and distributed work to the servants; she took part in the public religious processions, and wove the sacred Veil of Athena; she was educated "to see nothing, to hear nothing, and to ask no questions"—all the contrary of a girl's education to-day. Between the ages of 15 and 17 the Athenian girl was married; often she never saw her husband till the wedding day, and he may only have seen her in one of the sacred public processions; the object to attain was, that the young couple were equal in point of fortune and social standing. Marriage was, in fact, a duty as the law declared bachelors ineligible for public functions. "I pay my taxes in bearing children for the state," exclaims one of Aristophane's heroines. Man and wife were not to lead an idle life; he was the bread-winner; the wife was sovereign mistress of the home, and was expected to wisely expend her husband's earnings. She was, as Xenophon remarks, "the queen bee sitting in the hive and sending the others out to work, and what each brought back, she conserved and administered." The Athenian wife bestowed much attention on her toilette; she painted her face—and with a thick coat too; she colored her eyes and eye-brows, took several baths daily; wore what we might call very high-heeled slippers; she was a coquette; her head-dress was a little scaffolding, she had a

weakness for rich tissues, scarves and veils woven with gold or embroidered with flowers; though living retired she was not a prisoner; she could pay visits; go to see tragedies performed; she was prohibited to witness comedies, as severely as ladies to-day are refused admittance to the secret museum of Naples. She took part in the religious processions, and could give parties in the absence of her husband. In proportion as the household was poor—woman was more free—as in the fourth category of citizens, because she might not be able to have a slave, and so had to market for herself. Athens erected in the middle of the Acropolis, statues to distinguished women, just as Rome honored Lucretia, Virginia, &c. Many wives often left home clandestinely, and Plutarch suggested the best means to prevent them, was to lock up their embroidered slippers, their jewels, and rich purple robes. The laws of Egypt prohibited woman from wearing shoes, in order to force her to keep within doors. M. Lallier rejects the sophism, that it was Christianity emancipated woman; some maintain that after 1876 years of the Christian era something remains yet to be done for her complete emancipation; she complains alike of legal and social shackles still. The enfranchisement of woman dates from the first ages of antique civilisation, from the day when she ceased to be slave to become the companion of man as in the Hellenic monogamy, Cato Major deplored this influence of woman; what would he have thought of that old German chivalry which described woman as, “sitting on a throne of gold, with twelve stars for crown, and the head of man for a foot-stool!” Paganism peopled Olympus with goddesses, equal, and often superior to powerful gods. After Zeus, the great divinities are goddesses. Per contra, M. Menard remarks, “the feminine has no place in the Trinity,” and “Catholicism has no priestesses.”

There is no eminent writer more complex than Alexandre Dumas *filz*, and his admirers and detractors form two equal camps, and it may be said with truth, he deserves all the evil as well as he merits all the good expressed respecting him. He pleases and irritates, attracts and repels: he has such immense natural talent that one is inclined to pardon him, and he makes such use of it, that one regrets his ability.

He is a dramatist, and it is to the theatre he owes his popularity; his romances are but dramas, and he himself has discovered, that romance writing was not his peculiar gift. While other accomplished authors have failed at the theatre, Dumas has never descended lower than a demi-success. M. Charles Bigot, who has made a masterly examination of Dumas as a writer, states, Dumas has received from nature the gift of composing an action; he has also the art of disguising difficulties and causing spectators to accept improbabilities. His wit is unquestionable, and so profuse, that he confers it on all his characters; it is eminently Parisian also, which accounts at the same time for its want of variety; his lyre has but one cord. Of all the passions that agitate the world, he can only paint one, and this one only in special conditions. He cannot depict young guls, honest men, or aged individuals; such as he has given are but 'manikins; he portrays only the woman of thirty years, she who has suffered by men, or caused men to suffer; the courtesan and her surroundings are all that he can give with fidelity; the best female portrait he has made, is that of the *Princesse George*. In addition to being an artiste, Dumas has the weakness to claim to be a moralist. His earliest theory was that of pardoning fallen woman, as in the *Dame aux Camelias*, this he has long since relinquished; instead of being the judge, he now is the executioner of the *Demi-monde*; he shows the hideous creature of the Apocalypse in all her horror. "The perverse woman has no right to exist, and it is the duty of man to crush her; the harem is the best place to confine her; man is the instrument of God; woman is the instrument of man. The ideas of Dumas are not common-place, but uncouth; this is the consequence of his not being educated; he has read but little, and he belongs to that class of people who discover America every three months; he likes social questions, but has never studied a treatise on political economy, and considers graphology, phirromancy, and spiritism, as real sciences, as chemistry and physics; he claims to be a professor though he has never been a student. Dumas was thrown all young on the world, and had to make his way in all worlds; he knows nothing of the virtues of middle-class life, and the salons of the aristocracy have been closed temples for him.

One redeeming quality Dumas possesses and preaches—the love of work and the hatred of idle pleasures; it was the choice made by Hercules also. Had Dumas received an education and a direction commensurate with his natural gifts, he would have produced works that posterity would not willingly let die.

Italy like France, is devoting much attention to literature, as one of the most efficacious means for making good politics in the largest sense of the word. But Italians trust to Reviews as the vehicles of literature, while the French rely on the daily press. There is strictly speaking but one review in France, and it is humorously said, to have fewer readers than subscribers; the French prefer to have their literature, as well as their science, and philosophy served up in a newspaper form, and hence, why the journals have the most eminent men in the country for contributors. In publishing the *Revista Europea* in Paris, in French, simultaneously with the Italian editors at Florence, the conductors have made a mistake in counting upon French support. The *Revista* is largely devoted to the scientific study of facts, and the establishing of experience in the place of imagination; to encouraging the science of things and not of words, and recognising reason as the sole authority.

A new edition of the "Works La Bruyere" has appeared, by M. Chassang. There is nothing fresh to be said respecting La Bruyere as a writer; he composed only one book, that he was occupied during his whole life revising and retouching, so that finally it acquired such perfection as to become one of the *chefs-d'œuvre*, the most original and polished in the French language. As a moralist and a philosopher he is open to discussion; he was Christian as he was the adulator of monarchy; he knew when to practise his devotions and to make his genuflections—he obeyed the usage. Boileau said, La Bruyere was a very honest man, and would not have been wanting in anything, had nature only made him as amiable as he himself wished to be. Despite the most minute investigations we know very little that is reliable respecting his private life; his position of tutor, or "domestic" as the Princes described him, in the house of the Condé, was not calculated to give him an exalted opinion of the great; the father of his pupil

was a fool, if not worse, so the preceptor was but too justified in writing; "how many men there are whose name only is of value; seen very near, they are less than nothing—they impose by distance." La Bruyere possessed ability rather than vigor and courage; but after strength, and perhaps sometimes before it, ability is the queen of the world. M. Chassang gives fifteen new letters from La Bruyere to the Prince de Conde, but they contain no decisive fact, nothing which lays bear the man, and permits us to discover those causes that produced his manner of seeing and judging humanity. As a critic then, La Bruyere only can be estimated. The two volumes are beautifully printed and the notes instructive.

Don Jose del Perojo of Madrid has published an interesting volume, and in excellent and easy Spanish, on the result of a tour beyond the Rhine, to study the intellectual movement in Germany. All the recent phases of German thought are scrupulously examined. The chapter on Henri Heine is enriched by several hitherto unpublished letters from that cynical son of Fatherland and pensioner of Louis Philippe. The work is written to meet the new order of things in Spain; it is very reliable and can be thus very profitable. In the collection Rivadeneyra, and forming volume 65, Don Adolfo de Castro recalls the titles of Spain to count in the history of European Philosophy; in tracing them to Seneca, he perhaps goes a little too far, but some allowance must be made for castilian pride. However, Spain can feel proud of Raymond Lulle, Vivés, Valdes and Huarte. "*Across Spain*" is a readable and amusing scamper by M. Meylan, being a series of daily sketches of men, manners and scenery. In Andalusia the plains are as fertile as they are gay; according to the local muse, the soil is so rich, that if you tickle it with a rake it will respond by a harvest. Sydney Smith must have remembered this Spanish gasconade when he observed of the soil of Australia, that if one tickled it with a straw, it laughed a harvest.

M. de Saint Amant, in his *Femmes de cour de la Louis XV.*, enables us to obtain a closer insight into the life, and to better comprehend the monarch who was the incarnation of despotic power, and invested with absolute authority from his cradle. The book commences with the

year 1715, and terminates with the death, in 1768, of Marie Leckainska—the last queen who had finished her days on the throne of France. During the first years of his reign, the pious pupil of Cardinal de Fleury was a model of domestic virtue and conjugal fidelity; then succeeded the domination of the favorites; the three Neales-sisters, became in turn the mistresses of the king; later succeeded Madame de Pompadour, and then that last shame of all, la Du Barry—"the portress of the Revolution." The volume though dealing with scandals, is not a book of scandal; the author respects himself and his readers. The only questionable parts of the book are the religious tendencies of the writer. Louis XV. was a Sardanapalus who consumed himself, but who had not the misfortune to finish in the apotheosis of a grand catastrophe. M. Klaczko, ex-member of the Austrian Parliament, has published his contributions to a French serial—"The two Chancellors," in one volume. These remarkable papers treat of Princes Bismarck and Orschakoff. The author does not illustrate Lucian's theory, that an historian ought to be without country, without altar. In the astonishing fortune of Bismarck, the strongest and most happy event for him, has been the constant fidelity of Prince Gortchakoff, and it is the common hatred of Austria, which has made them such fast friends. The author says it is difficult to decide whether France or Russia has lost the most by the success of Prussia. It was the influence of the Cezar that prevented Austria and Denmark from aiding France in 1870, but sooner or later Germany and Russia are destined to engage in a mortal combat for the supremacy of Europe.

Two safe novels—*Méline*, by Mme Siefert, written in an excellent tone, full of generous life, and elegant delicacies of style, where man counselled to make woman what he wishes her to be, by education; *La Fortune d'Angèle* is an agreeable story, where a poor young girl prefers the love of a provincial attorney's clerk, to that of a Parisian poet. The moral is not new; the young Charlottes have been over and over again cautioned not listen to Werther, but to marry the honest working Albert. Readers will experience a solid pleasure in perusing the "*Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve*," which are the daily notes and epigrams,

recorded by that eminent and ever youthful critic, on men and passing events ; the wit and maxims are either his own or what he has heard—
in either case excellent.

INDIAN FAMINE OF 1874.

DELIGHTFUL Ind whose fertile soil,
Source of gain for all strangers' toil ,
Whose lands abound with wholesome food,
Forests full with rich Sandal wood ,
Craggy rocks store of healthy air,
Display above a glitter fair ,—
Streams infuse a contin'al flow,
Of liquid gold with yellow glow ,—
Sweet is the charm in open plain,
Thrice a-year to view the grow'ng grain,
Fruits of sorts in every part,
Mingled view of nature and art ,—
To suit the seasons whole year round,
Hang fruits on trees over the ground ,
Of vari'us type and colour fair,
Pleasant aspect with no despair ,—
Fabled apples rare Ibra's boast,
Are but trifles in Ind'an coast ;—
No want was dreamt for future store,
All fertil'd in time more and more ;
So abundant grew all the best,
That the nations of the West,
All who aim'd to be rich and great,
Ne'er failed its wealth to covet ;
By plunder, loan or earn or gain,
Reaped their wealth with toil and pain ;

Betook to flight their native way,
Each at home grand'un to display ;
Enrich'd they ran their native shore ,
Ungrateful then Great India bore ,
When wheel of fortune took bett'r course,
England for commerce had recourse,
It wisely chose this golden land,
Serv'd its purpose with able hand ,
Possess'd the soil, remov'd the curse,
Improv'd its sons, as well its purse ,—
Both nations in harm'ny past,
Long and wide in bliss, till at last
The great blast of locust—like swarm,
Poured from North to create a harm
Land near and nigh as Otto's throne,
Shown thus devastation prone
It prov'd the fact as thought by all,
India's harvest it gave a call ,—
Unknown its store past Cashmere tract,
Full their supply found out a fact ,—
In little time vanish'd the corn,
Cry of want heard every morn ,—
Fragments of distress here and there,
Form'd harmon'us whole ev'ry where ;—
The grim panic with dreadful pace,
Walk'd o'er the land from place to place ;
With long legged steps pushing down
The victims of the surround'ng town ,—
Its mighty grasp with torments full,
Gave life to life a heavy pull ,—
Shrunk'n mis'able show'd their looks,
Such haps we never read in books ,—
The weight of bones they could not bear,
Emaciate fall here and there —
The lamp of life to flicker in,

Seldom thought of, or felt within ;—
 Yet scramble snarl and scratch pice thrown,
 With reviv'ng hope to buy their corn ;
 To save their lives, to work for gain,
 Each t'feed his wife and child again ,
 While such horror seen hover'd here,
 It reach'd a philanthropic ear ;
 Brook-like swift s'rene from further North,
 Approach'd our North-Brook full of muth ;
 With vigour of mind and belief,
 He past to and fro for relief ;
 To save the poor he bent his whole,
 True in his heart 'ts no cajole :—
 His'wn temples found a Temple more,
 • Thus Temple cub'd the people 'dore ;
 Canals and brooks on ev'ry land,
 Alms and bounty pour ev'ry hand ;
 Famine flies, Great Brooke turns his course,
 Leaving Ind'a in great remorse.

JOINTY CHUNDER SEIN.

THE CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL CONSOLIDATION ACT, 1876.

THE Act IV of 1876 B. C. purports to give to Calcutta an elective Municipality. This concession persistently demanded for a long time by a certain section of the Calcutta community, has come at last, but not to the fullest extent to which it was demanded. Nearly seven years ago, Mr. James Wilson, the Editor of the *Indian Daily News* and a Member of the Municipal Corporation of Calcutta which has just been abolished, in an elaborate pamphlet broached a scheme for the muni-

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cial self-government of the Town. Although that scheme in the abstract was not an unpractical one, yet the time when it was broached, not being very propitious it produced no practical result. The Justices' corporation which the corporation of 1876 supersedes, was then in its middle age. Causes which latterly made it detestable to the rate-payers had not then accumulated so thickly. Abuses had begun to crop out, but the people did not despair. There were yet hopes of reform. People never expected nor wished for a radical change, such as has now taken place, and there were ample reasons to believe that it was possible to maintain the principles of the constitution of the corporation, yet at the same time so to amend its details as to prevent all possibilities of abuse. Hence Mr Wilson's scheme which contemplated a radical change failed to create much impression. But abuses latterly thickened and the cry arose for a new constitution. In an evil hour Sir Stuart Hogg proposed a scheme for the consolidation of the municipal law of Calcutta. The people taking advantage of the opportunity pressed hard their demand and the Government of Sir Richard Temple yielding to that cry granted the concession but charily. It is not the object of the following pages to discuss upon the principles of the municipal self-government which has now been accorded to the people. Taking all circumstances into consideration the new constitution may or may not be superior to the old. But the concession has been granted and a law passed purporting to substitute an elective municipality for the Town of Calcutta in the place of the Justices' corporation. Apart from any consideration of the main principles, upon which it has been founded, the law is defective in the extreme. The details appear to have been settled in a very perfunctory manner and the phraseology in some places are obscure beyond all powers of comprehension. To point out some of these defects is the object of the present paper.

The Calcutta Municipality henceforward to be termed "the Corporation for the Town of Calcutta" is to be composed of seventy-two members, forty-eight to be elected by the rate-payers and tax-payers after the manner prescribed in the Act and twenty-four to be appointed by the local Government. Certain qualifications have been

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prescribed for the elective members, but none in respect to those who are to be appointed by Government, except as in the case of elective members that they shall be male persons above the age of twenty one years and residents within the Town or the Suburbs. It is certainly very necessary that there should be some restrictions upon the choice of the electors, and that Government should appoint a certain number of members upon some equitable principles of proportion, but the choice of the latter has in effect been left entirely unfettered. It is not likely that this freedom of choice would ever come to be abused, but it gives an advantage to Government which has been withheld from the rate payers. It might be urged that that advantage on the side of the Government is counterbalanced by the advantage of number which has been conceded to the latter, but that consideration does not weigh much when it is remembered that Government is not entitled to send more representatives than it has been empowered to send, and strictly speaking not even quite so many. If the Government were rated according to the qualifications of the general body of voters, the number of representatives which it would be entitled to send, would be considerably less and hardly exceed what an individual rate payer whatever might be the value of his property above the minimum which entails the payment of an annual rate of rupees twenty five in any one ward, is not entitled to give more votes than the number of commissioners assigned to the ward in respect to which he chooses to vote, and the largest number of commissioners assigned to any one ward is three. Taking this fact into consideration and assuming the Government as holding properties in six wards only, it would appear to have the benefit of four Commissioners for each of the six wards independent of the Commissioners to be elected by the rate payers. If it be urged that Government does not base its claims upon its property qualification like the rest of the rate and tax payers, but upon other considerations, the number twenty-four and that number in addition to the power granted to it of appointing the Chairman, would appear to be more than sufficient for all legitimate purposes. The assumed disadvantage therefore of number is counterbalanced by these advantages, and the advantage of the free-

dom of the choice of representatives irrespective of the qualifications which are prescribed in the case of the rate and tax-payers, would appear to be one too many. The evil of this restriction of choice imposed upon the rate-payers is that the field for their selection becomes limited. Property and intellectual qualifications are not always combined in one and the same individual, and where the both are not so combined, the people would have to elect for their representative a person whom otherwise they would perhaps have least thought of, and the inevitable result would be that dummies on the part of the people would be set against the intellectually-gifted representatives of the Government; and the influence of the *apkarwastes* would prevail.

Section 8 of the Act prescribes qualifications for voters. Any male resident within the Town or the Suburbs who is above the age of twenty-one years, and who has paid on his own behalf and not otherwise any of the rates mentioned in Chapter IV. or taxes mentioned in Parts I and II of Chapter III or any of the said rates and taxes to the aggregate amount of rupees twenty-five in a year, shall be entitled to vote either in the ward in which he resides, or in that in which his place of business is situated. The extent of the application of this Section is not clear enough, or if it be taken to mean what its words import, a large number of *defacto* rate-payers, who are otherwise fully qualified according to the terms of the Act would be debarred from the privilege of giving votes or of presenting themselves as candidates for election as the case may be. It is a known fact that a large number of holdings in the Town of Calcutta stand registered in other names than of those who pay the rates in respect thereof—names of persons long since dead,—whilst the ownership of the present proprietors is not disputed. Whatever might be the cause, it is a common practice with the proprietors of houses to continue to pay rates, though in their own behalf, yet in the names of the original proprietors from whom their title to the properties descend. Seldom it is that change of proprietorships is registered in the books of the Municipality or in those of the Collectorate. Sometimes properties stand registered in the names of women and pass on from hands to hands the registered names continuing the same.

In most cases the registered proprietors are no where or being females have no *locus standi*, whilst in the terms of the Act the proprietors *defacto* are barred from the privilege of proprietorship. Then again in some cases the law as it stands might be interpreted to favor the claims of the registered proprietors who have no interest whatever in the properties in respect of which they claim, except that the properties stand in their names, to the prejudice of the claims of the *defacto* owners. This uncertainty as to the intention of the law would lead to much confusion. The rate-payers would not know exactly what their position would be, and the executives, to take a charitable view of the case, would meet with much difficulty in successfully setting the schemes agoing. The same remarks apply to Section 11 which prescribe qualifications for the candidates for election.

Section 9 declares the title of the voters who possess qualifying properties in more than one ward. A voter having his qualifying property partly in one ward and partly in another, is at liberty to choose one ward or the other for the purpose of giving votes. But the law does not seem to deal fairly with those persons who possess properties in more than the ward, and in respect of each of the property the rates, &c., which they pay exceed the minimum. It is fair that a person should not be allowed to give more votes in any one ward than the number of Commissioners assigned to that ward whatever might be the value of his property in that ward. It is nothing but fair also that if he possesses qualifying properties in more than one ward, he should be entitled to vote in all the wards in which he possesses the properties. But it is unfair to restrict to him the privilege of voting in more than one ward in respect only to the properties paying rates under Chapter iv. and to refuse it to him in respect to those for which he pay taxes under Parts I and II of Chapter III. A person possesses land or masonry building in five wards and he is therefore entitled to vote in all the five wards. In the sixth and seventh wards he has his places of business. If he chooses to vote in the wards in which he owns land and masonry buildings, he is barred from voting in the wards in which his places of business are situated. The reason of this restriction is not apparent. If it is

intended to limit the number of votes which an individual voter might give, that purpose is not served by the restriction imposed. The maximum number of votes which an individual might give, has not been fixed. There are forty-eight elective members in the corporation in all the eighteen wards into which the Town is divided. There is nothing in the law as it now stands to prevent a person from giving forty-eight votes in all the eighteen wards, if he is fortunate enough to possess a house or two in each of the wards. But it is an anomaly, that possessing landed properties in five of the wards and having places of business in two others, he should not be allowed to vote in all the seven wards, simply because as a rate-payer he chooses to vote in more than one ward. It is not only an anomaly but a gross inconsistency, which does utter discredit to any body of legislators. The inconsistency is apparent on the very face of the scheme. A person is equally entitled to vote whether the amount payable by him to the commissioners is made up wholly of rates payable under Chapter IV. or of taxes under parts I and II of Chapter III or of the aggregate both. If he owns no landed property in Calcutta and therefore not liable to the payment of rates under Chapter IV., there is nothing to prevent his appearing as a voter if he keeps a place of business in the town and pays taxes under Chapter III. If he keeps more than one place of business and in more than one ward, would he be denied the privilege of voting in more than one ward? If so, the phraseology of the law loose enough. If not, the restriction put upon his privilege of voting in respect of his landed property in several wards and of his business-places in several others is unaccountable.

Sections 10 and 12 provide law for the joint stock companies and joint undivided families being represented in the Corporation. The former of these Sections prescribe that any Company registered under the "Indian Companies Act, 1866," which has paid any of the prescribed rates or taxes up to the prescribed amount and on the prescribed date shall be entitled to one vote in the ward in which the place of business of the said Company is situated, and such vote shall be given by the Secretary of the Company or some other person duly authorized in

that behalf, and Section 12 provides that members of a joint-family or firm paying the aggregate of the prescribed rates and taxes to an amount not less than Rupees hundred a year, any one member of such family or firm shall be eligible as a candidate for election. Here we have the qualifications prescribed for joint stock companies and joint undivided families being represented in the corporation, the former as voters and Commissioners, and the latter as Commissioners only. The specific mention of the Joint Stock Companies as voters and the omission of all mention of the latter as such favor the supposition that the omission is deliberate. If no mention whatever had been made of the joint stock companies, the eligibility of such companies as also that of the joint families would have been inferred, and Section 5 of the Act held applicable to them. But as it is that inference is absolutely impossible and the supposition gains strength from the fact of the qualifications of the latter for commissionership having been specifically laid down. Certainly the scheme for the elective municipality such as has been conceded to the residents of Calcutta could not have contemplated the exclusion of the joint-families especially when members of such families have been deemed qualified to be Commissioners. The omission apparently is an oversight, but it is an oversight that leads to a serious injustice. The joint-family system happens to be one of the principal features of the Hindu society. Isolated living is an isolated instance, and if such families, because of the system, are excluded from the privilege of voting for the election of Commissioners, three-fourths of the rate payers of Calcutta would be debarred from that privilege. Then again the property qualification of a joint firm as also of a joint family has been laid down at rupees one hundred whilst an individual rate payer on the payment of fifty rupees is considered eligible to be a Commissioner. The rationale of this distinction in respect to joint families is not apparent, more especially when not more than any one member out of every such family is to have the privilege of presenting himself as a candidate for election.

Section 23 refers to the personal qualifications of the members, and it lays down that a person who is absent from Calcutta for six months consecutively shall not be qualified to be a Commissioner. It is certainly

very proper that a person absent for six months should sacrifice his right to be a Commissioner, but what about those who being qualified to vote remain absent for any length of time, or in other words, nothing has been said in respect to the absent proprietors or those at least who remain absent from the town during an election.

These are some of the defects which strike a hurried reader of the Act. Nor does any careful study of it rectify the impressions thus formed. It needs be mentioned that the defects pointed above occur mostly in the second Chapter of the Act. Other Chapters yet remain to be gone through, but from the specimen of the second Chapter, they do not promise to be more free from similar defects.

A DEFENCE OF THE BENGALI MIDDLE CLASSES.

(Communicated.)

IN these days of hymning the glory and beauty of the aristocracy, the task of awarding due mead of praise to the middle classes does not sit lightly on any one, and I should have shrunk from it, for fear of offending 'ears polite,' had I more minded praise or blame, than the sacred call of duty. Being thus actuated, I raise my voice, which may be humble but not the less potent for that, in behalf of the most important member of the social organism; and shall not fail to give battle to any that may take the opposite side, and fight for the kingdom of darkness. Such an exposition ought to have been a superfluity; but the Evil One is continuously scattering dust on our eyes and thus preventing us from seeing many palpable things.

The middle classes are the most important section of every community. They are the most intelligent and educated. Intellect like the body improves by exercise. And the poor need must work as they have to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. A motive is thus

brought to bear on them the result which is irresistible, which is a primal necessity of our nature. Take then, the oft-recurring emergencies the attendant hope and fear, the attitude of the mind on such occasions being on the alert and trying to find out means to get over the impediments which obstruct their course. Then again, the need that exists of a middle-class man's receiving an education to enable him to assert his rights. A rich man has a thing which dispenses with intellectual labor—riches; and being thus circumstanced, he avoids as much straining of the intellect as he possibly can; and thus grows up a puppet pulled to and fro by leading strings. The management of the estate or the capital is placed on the shoulders of middle-class people; and he has only to examine their doings. The superficial varnish of intelligence displayed by the aristocracy is the outcome of the very many means at their command of doing substantial good to their intelligence; and the superficial varnish tricks them out as sensible creatures, while there is nothing but 'rank corruption, within. If an accurate statistics were taken of the number of the really intelligent among them, how many would be included in the category? Again the middle classes are happily beyond the reach of many a noxious influence which acts upon the rich. Most of those by whom rich people are surrounded, are flatterers, who contribute in no small degree to obscure their minds, representing them as they do, as the heirs of creation, and everything else as made for them. Thus wealth is looked upon as the chief blessing of life, and virtue as subordinate to it; inflated with this idea, the rich man thinks patriotism, courage, benevolence, &c., as below wealth. When we consider the good many temptations attendant on wealth and from which the man placed between the two extremes is exempt, the balance on the side of the latter gains in weight. Regarding education, it is found that the rich are badly off. Consult the history of whatever country you like, you will find that education is higher and wider among the middle classes than among the aristocracy. To what class did Shakespere and Milton—two of the master spirits that graced this planet of ours—belong? And Kalidās and Jayadeva—what were they? Then, Newton and Laplace,

Hegel and Kant, Luther and Melancthon and Erasmus and our own Chaitanya, Spinoza and David Hume, Locke and Hobbes, Adam Smith and Ricardo and Bentham and James Mill and John Stuart Mill and Auguste Comte? Take, again, the living *savants*—Max-Muher and Whitney and Welgewood, Huxley and Carpenter and Mivart, Tyndal and Balfour Stewart, Professor Bam and Reverend Martineau, Herbert Spencer and Gladstone. As extreme instances in point, the names of Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd, Otway and Collins and Savage and the antique blind harper, Homer, need to be alluded to. Indeed, with the exceptions of Lords Bacon and Byron and several others, it may be, it would be difficult to find many distinguished names in literature and science, belonging to the aristocracy.

Respecting character, the middle classes are in advance of the aristocracy when possessed of sufficient means of enjoyment, the human mind naturally turns to selfish pleasures, if its moral education has not been of a substantial nature. Now, sympathy is one of the elements, and the most sacred element, of the moral sense. The position of the rich places them far from the sight of the dark side of nature, and as a consequence their sympathetic development is not complete. This being so, their moral sense being defective in the disinterested element, the elements of prudence and fear of authority, belonging as the latter most generally does, to obligatory acts of morality, and being as the former, is, of circumscribed sphere, and of weak force, cannot do anything in the way of leading men to good actions or actions of optional morality. In this case the psychological analysis is so satisfactory, and the rest of the facts rests so much on good evidence as almost to dispense with verdict of history. But history ought to be appealed to and I would perhaps have succeeded in making history verify my proposition, had I had the requisite space in respect of this subject.

Concerning courage, perseverance, industry, and hardihood, precedents must also be accorded to the middle classes. Those who are subject to the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' who suffer 'alike from physical and mental uneasiness, who are often called on to meet emergencies and to face dangers, must from the very law of their condition acquire a good deal of courage. As to perseverance, industry as

hardhood, their position creating the necessity of constant and intense labor, brings about the thorough development of these sterling qualities.

Who are the main pillars of government, that is it who rule the bar and the bench, who try their best to ameliorate the social and political condition of their fellow-creatures? Look at the Legislature, or the Executive, and you will find that the middle classes are the real props. Having thus taken a general view of the position of the middle classes, I will examine the state of the Bengali middle class men, and try to hit off the importance of this class, its then economic position.

Let us first take the intellect. Those who are aware of the intellectual character of the middle classes of the Bengali society, cannot hesitate to give them precedence before the native aristocracy. The middle class Bengali is gifted with no common share of intelligence. His clear notions contrast strongly with the obtuse vision of the Zemindar Chaitanya and Jayadeva, Matilal Sil and Ramgopal Ghosh, Harish Chandra Mukerji and Gurish Chandra Ghosh, Jagannath Tanka Panchanan and Bharat Chandra, Iswar Chandra Gupta and Madhu Sudan Dutt, Dwarkanath Mitra and Onukul Chandra Mukerji belonged to the middle classes. Keshub Chandra Sen and Ishwara Chandra Vidya-sagar, the Hon'ble Kisto Das Pal and Ananda Mohan Bose, Bankim Chandra Chatterji—a great luminary, Bamesh Chunder Mitter and Ashutosh Mukerji, Káli Mohan Dás and Surendra Nath Banerji belong to the middle classes. I challenge any body to point out as many intelligent men among the aristocracy. Here and there a solitary flower of rare beauty and fragrance—like Ram Mohan Ráya—may be found, but most of the rest is a dreary waste of sand. Indeed, the rich classes of the Bengalis are conservatives to the backbone; they consider any change as bad, and would have the present state of things crystallized into an adamantine mass. All attempts at reform are looked upon with a perfectly evil eye; the widow marriage movement fares no better at their hands than protests against idolatry and castism. It is found that most of those who have made any real strides in the direction of reform, pertains to the middle classes. Hinduism with its ninety-nine millions of gods and goddesses

its hierarchy of tyrannical and fraudulent priests, and its mighty system of caste, holds its own among the aristocracy.

Concerning education, it is an undoubted fact that by far the greatest portion of those who are educated in the wisdom of the West, belongs to the middle classes. The saying is proverbial that a rich man's son is doomed to be ignorant. Our notion of education is thoroughly pecuniary; we value education not because of its power of searching purification, but because of the money to be acquired through its means. This being the case, the aristocracy, who are not actuated by the prevalent motive, are practically without any motive; and grow up practically ignorant. Not to speak of the Mufussil Zemindars, many of those who dwell in Calcutta, and who figure in levees and public meetings, when sifted with due care, will be found to be full of 'sound and fury,' which, if it signifies anything, signifies their utter worthlessness so far as education goes.

Regarding worth of character, the Bengali middle classes are not an exception to the general rule. If they have an intellect to apprehend, they have also a heart to feel, if not intensely, at any rate with sufficient force. If discontent with the doings of Government prevails, it prevails among the middle classes. The arbitrary rule of the English affects them in a very particular way; revering, as they do, the English sceptre, and feeling, as they must, that England is doing much good to the country, they do not take to the despotic way in which things are done -- they clamour for a voice in political matters; and are they, after all, so unreasonable? They in a like manner feel the great social ills -- the inequalities, the tyrannies, and the prejudices that infest their social existence; and the protests of such men as Vidyasagar and Keshub Chunder Sen are typical of this tendency. The love which the British Indian Association feels for the masses, has been evidenced many a time, and notably in its conduct in the affair of illegal cesses; while Bankim Chandra and Ramesh Chandra have testified in an equally unequivocal way to their love for the suffering millions.

As respects courage, perseverance, industry and hardihood, who will deny that the Bengali middle classes are superior to the aristocracy

What has been achieved in regard to religious reform or social amelioration,—what has been recovered from the region of tyranny and darkness, in the presence of great difficulties, is due to the noble exertions of the middle classes. If there is a being who more faithfully personifies timidity, indolence, milk-soppism—if I may use the term—than another, it is the Bengali aristocrat. Of pride, he has enough, and more than enough, but it is not Miltonic pride, which contemns danger in the discharge of duty, but it is the pride of wealth, pride which exults at the sight of misery and ruin, pride which feeds on the prostrate millions. It is quite probable that the contempt with which the English cherish us, and which makes them shun our company when they possibly can—is due to the impression made on them by our aristocrats with their flaunting *chogas*, and fawning looks.

Let me cast a glance at the economic position of the middle classes. Were the Zemindars to be swept off the face of the earth, the country would not be a jot poorer for that. What do they contribute to the production of the national wealth? Simply *nil*. The higher functionaries of Government belong to the middle classes; from the Deputy Magistrate to the pigmy *kerani*—all belong to the middle class people. Lawyers, tradesmen, schoolmasters, &c., pertain to the middle class men. All who are acquainted with the elementary principles of Political Economy must be aware that these contribute *indirectly* to the production of wealth; but for them production would be greatly hampered. But what is done by the Zemindar, or the rich man? The former squeezes the *ryat* with might and main, and the poor fellow being half-fed and ill-dressed, cannot produce what he under better circumstances might have produced. Thus the production of wealth is interfered with. Let us take the case of the capitalist. What does he do? He lends money to Government and gets securities. If the Government employs the money productively, *i. e.*, in the production of wealth, such as Public Works—the wealth of the country is increased, but if the sum be spent in carrying on war, in buying gun-powder and instruments of war the capital is destroyed, ‘virtually’ to quote Mill ‘thrown into the sea.’ So far as the capitalist is con-

cerned, he is of no service to the public. But superficial men may argue, that it is the money of the capitalist, lent to Government which, in the former case, causes the production of wealth, and that, if he had withheld the money, no such thing could have taken place. Such an objection is simply irrelevant; the dependence of the production of wealth on capital is a necessary law of production, but the possession of the capital by a particular individual not so—it is simply an accident; had the money belonged to Government, instead of to the capitalist, the result—the ultimate product—would not have varied. So the capitalist cannot be considered in the same light as cultivators, traders, judges and Government—production does not *necessarily* depend on him.

I have thus pointed out the social, political and economic position of the Bengali middle classes. I have pointed out their superior intelligence, and moral worth; and have set forth their economic importance.

Now, evident as it is that the future of our great country is intimately bound up with the condition of the middle classes, evident as it is that the future of Bengal depends on the progress or the retrogression made by them, that the social and economic prospects of the community rest vitally on the condition of the middle class people, evident as all this is, who will say that free play should not be given to their mind to develop itself; that Government should not encourage them to form themselves into associations, where they may discuss their social and political position, should not encourage them to make the appeals that they may constitutionally and loyally make to the Government? Who will say that such a member of the social body, should be at the mercy of a 'self-seeking plutocracy?' If any will, I shall much admire his obtuseness or dishonesty, as the case may be, but think very meanly of his judgment or candour.

C. C. M.

BENGAL AND THE ADMINISTRATION OF SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

(By OMESH CHUNDER MITTER.)

ONE of the principal features of the East India Charter of 1853 was the creation of the Lower Provinces of Bengal into a separate administration. Before that year the affairs of those provinces used to be administered by the Governor-General as Governor of Bengal, the charge devolving on a Deputy Governor during the absence of the former on official tours. But the growing importance of the provinces on one hand and the gradual expansion of the British territories in the East on the other, rendered the charge one too many to be continued to be administered in the manner it had hitherto been done and a change in some direction or other was imperatively called for. It was therefore proposed, and the proposition found favor with the Parliament, to relieve the Governor-General of the immediate charge of those provinces and to entrust it to a separate officer to be designated "Lieutenant-Governor" in the same manner as a similar officer placed in charge of the Upper Provinces in a previous year, was designated. The designation imports an extent of power not quite so large as that of a Governor nor quite so circumscribed as that of a Chief Commissioner. That power nevertheless is considerable and the delegation of it to a Lieutenant-Governor has certainly afforded an appreciable relief to the Governor-General. The importance of the newly-created charge but dimly realized when it was proposed and adopted, has now fully developed itself. The result has outgrown the most sanguinary expectations of the framers of the scheme and it has now come to be considered whether it is not expedient again to revise the constitution of Bengal and to substitute a Governor for a Lieutenant-Governor, with the addition of an Executive Council of three numbers as at Madras and Bombay. Perhaps this talked of innovation would be in accordance with the altered circumstances of the times; but there cannot be any doubt that in 1854 it would have been premature and that what was then determined upon was justified by the existing state of affairs and by so much of the future as could then be foreseen. As yet the scheme has worked

well and that it has done so is owing more to the character of the scheme itself than to any special merit on the part of the officers who have successively worked it. We do not deny that the Lieutenant-Governors who have successively ruled over Bengal, were possessed of superior abilities. They were certainly men of first-class administrative abilities and were possessed of talents which, if employed in any other sphere, would have undoubtedly made them distinguished. It is nevertheless a fact that those of our Lieutenant-Governors who did not fail from sheer incapacity, did not at least realize the magnitude of the task that devolved upon them. They were content to leave things pretty much in the same state in which they found them without seeking to improve upon them or to introduce innovations. They barely left the vessel afloat, stopping the leaks whenever and wherever they sprung, and the best that could be said of the best of them is that they did not misgovern the country.

The first appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal was conferred upon Sir Frederick Halliday. His extensive knowledge of the country acquired by a long residence in it, and by years of service in the different departments of Government pointed him out as the most eligible person for the appointment. Indeed a better officer could not at the time have been obtained for the post. He inaugurated the new system, but nothing beyond a mere change of forms, was felt by the people. Lord Dalhousie undoubtedly felt some relief, but were it not for the forms the people of Bengal would scarcely have perceived the change. He was certainly in a position to improve the state of the country, but beyond lending an helping hand to the development of the changes brought on by the progress of the times, he did but little for the country and that little instead of producing any good, sowed the seeds of mischief that had to be dug up and cast away root and branch by the next succeeding administration. He threw his entire weight in the scale of the European population. To propitiate the good opinion of that population, he armed the Indigo Planters with magisterial powers, a position which they had earnestly longed after and which enabled them to establish a reign of terror in the mofussil. The planters found it difficult to maintain their own against the

reminders. The cultivating ryots upon whose labour materially depended the success of their speculation sought the protection of the latter who were, as a class more, than *ma bap* to them. Those who did not seek this protection maintained their own battles against their oppressors. Persuasion on the part of the planters failed to bring them over to their side. It was thought that actual violence alone, or at least threats of tyrannous coercion would intimidate them to subjection. Means to do so were ready at hand. Sir Frederick Halliday came to the help of the planters and forthwith they were invested with magisterial powers which produced the desired effect and the ryots were subjected to scandalous oppressions and lawless violence. This was the one prominent feature of the administration of Sir Frederick Halliday. His successor Sir John Peter Grant did not succeed better. His policy was just the reverse of that of his predecessor. He came to office, sworn, as if it were, to wage war against the non-official Europeans, and the Indigo Planters, among others, whom his predecessor petted most and whom alone he was in a position to touch, were the first to fall victims to his wrath.

It will be remembered that in 1857, when order in the North-Western Provinces was completely overthrown and had given way to anarchy, a sort of provisional government was improvised for such of the provinces as had been rescued from the rebels and in which order was but partially restored. The Hon'ble Sir John Peter Grant, then a Member of the Governor General's Council, was called upon to organise this Government, and was deputed to the spot with an adequate staff of officers. At this time the feelings between the official and non-official Europeans were none of the best. The proceedings of the former were closely and maliciously watched by the latter, and the least irregularity or the shadow of it, which at any other time would have passed unnoticed, was magnified into a gigantic mistake and proclaimed to their prejudice not only throughout the length and breadth of the country, but over the world at large. In those days of bad feelings and malicious excitements it was reported of Sir John Peter Grant that in his capacity as a Provisional Lieutenant Governor he had released one hundred and thirteen rebel prisoners without put-

ting them upon their trial and meeting out to them condign punishment. This rumour was trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the land, and Sir John Peter Grant was assailed by the non-official Europeans or as they had come to be styled "Independent Britons," with no end of vituperations. This agitation he ever after bore in mind and he only watched an opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon his traducers. That opportunity soon presented itself and when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor he determined to pay off the old grudge. He was not in a position to reach the European community at large, and the Indigo Planters, therefore over whom his sway extended, and who at that time formed an integral portion of that community, had to bear the entire brunt of his wrath. They lived in a glass house and afforded ample scope for the play of his vengeance. It must be admitted that he did a vast amount of good to the country, but he was so entirely taken up with this one cause—a righteous cause no doubt, although not quite completely righteous, considering the motives by which he was actuated—that he neglected everything else. Except the deserved ruin of the Indigo interest and the relief of the ryots from its oppressions, his administration present nothing worthy of commemoration. He widened the breach between the Natives and the Europeans, and by his official conduct fostered ill-feelings between them. His successor Sir Cecil Beadon was an utter failure. And if he is at all to be commemorated he is to be commemorated for his Agricultural Exhibition and Orissa blunder. The former an useful undertaking, no doubt, does no positive credit to his administrative abilities, whilst the latter point him out as an administrator of a very inferior rank. The interval between these two land-marks of his administration was made of idle and unsuccessful projects for the promotion of native female education and of projects which usually follow in the wake of the deficiency of talents for practical purposes and of the love of popularity.

Sir William Grey on coming into office in succession to Sir Cecil Beadon had a mass of work thrown into his hands. He found the country strewn with the dead and the dying, the officers sunk into lethargy and unnerved and many great and important questions wanton

ly deferred. He had not only to remove the dead, but to find food for the living, not only to rescue the administration from the vortex of dissipation into which it had got entangled, but to infuse vigor and energy into all the departments. The beginning of his administration was occupied in rectifying the errors of the past, in making up for the deficiencies of Sir Cecil Beadon and in preventing business from falling into arrears. When these were effected and the entire machinery was restored to its original working order, the injudicious interference of the Supreme Government with his measures of reform and the still more injudicious and unpractical schemes thrust upon him by that Government for adoption, drove him into a position at once irritating to his feelings as an individual and unconstitutional as regards his office as the head of a Government—subordinate though it is to the supreme Government of India. He did not find it repugnant to his sense of duty to give up office, and he did give it up in sheer disgust. He was succeeded by Sir George Campbell, a man of versatile talents, innured to business and possessing an indomitable energy. But the combination of these good qualities failed to make him a successful Lieutenant-Governor. He very much wanted the ballast of discretion to keep him in balance and his good qualities were outbalanced by a headstrong impulsiveness which not only neutralised their effects but produced mischievous consequences. Sir George Campbell by the dint of his undoubted superior talents was enabled fully to realize the magnitude of the task that awaited him as the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, but his zeal outran his discretion and he demolished the fabric before he could conceive and mature a plan for building it up. If his predecessors failed to effect any material improvement they left things pretty much in the same state in which they found them. But revolutionary measures of Sir G. Campbell disorganized every department and landed the administration into chaos. A sort of uneasy discontent pervaded the country from one end to the other, communities were set against communities, the people were estranged from Government, the officers felt themselves all at ease at their respective posts; those who could, availed themselves of the furlough rules, and the supreme Government itself was

placed in a constant state of restless anxiety for the safety of the empire. As if these were not sufficient to complete the measure of the worst, a famine prevailed which paralysed the administrative machinery and which, were it not that Sir George Campbell had early forfeited the confidence of Lord Northbrook, threatened to draw into its vortex some of the fairest districts of Bengal. The Governor-General hastened to meet the visitation whilst it was yet at a distance and in succession of Sir George Campbell deputed one of his own ministers to look into the affairs on the spot and to adopt remedial measures. That minister was no other personage than Sir Richard Temple who was destined before long to have the entire administration of the country lodged into his hands. His general merits as an administrator and the apprenticeship which he served in the famine districts peculiarly qualified him for this position. Sir Richard Temple rose from the ranks and file like his predecessors, but he had so improved his opportunities as to render him in every respect a superior administrator. As Sir George Campbell did, Sir Richard Temple has succeeded in grasping the magnitude of the task, but being better balanced he bids fair to leave an undying reputation of a successful administrator behind him. He has already given an abundant evidence of his possessing a master mind and it would not be too much to say that with his administration, Bengal has entered into a new era of progress. It would be unnatural if it were otherwise. We fear that Bengal does not afford an ample field for the display of his talents. That connoisseur of talents Lord Dalhousie, when he organised the Punjab Administration, discerning the merits that lurked in Sir Richard Temple, dragged him out of obscurity and gave him an important post in the administration. And he was not disappointed. His advice and active co-operation had materially helped to the success of the administration, and Sir John Lawrence, as Chief Commissioner of those Provinces and afterwards their Lieutenant-Governor, owed not little to that advice. So great was his success in the Punjab that in every important affair his advice was sought by the Supreme Government of India. On every question he had his say and on ever

difficulty he was called upon for help. He was ready at all times and his advice was always of material assistance. When the finances of India were thrown into a state of hopeless disorder, insolvency stared the state by the face, and Mr. James Wilson was sent out from England to avert the calamity, he picked out Sir Richard Temple as his principal adviser. Sir Richard forthwith came down to Calcutta and with Mr. Wilson applied himself to the Herculean task of cleaning the Augean stable of the Indian Treasury. He rendered important services in every department of finance. He helped to the revision of the Account system, advised judicious retrenchments in the civil and military expenditure, laid the plans of an improved system of currency and was in every way the right hand of Mr. Wilson. Nor were his services confined to the department of finance alone. Other administrative departments also had their due shares of the benefit of his advice. Those were the days of Commissions of enquiry, and there was not a single Commission in which this man of extraordinary administrative genius and of eminently practical abilities did not take a prominent part. He sat in the Indigo Commission and his scathing examination of the witnesses who appeared before the Commission, his recorded dissent from the conclusions arrived at by the Commissioners, his views on the condition of the ryots and the relation that ought to subsist between them and the Indigo Planters, afford a practical solution of one of the most important and difficult economical problems of the times that were, and future statesmen would derive no little benefit by adopting Sir Richard Temple's contribution to the records of the Indigo Commission as their constant companion and by keeping up a perpetual study of them? His report on the Police Commission of 1860 and that on British Burmah are admirable state papers in their own way, and afford very valuable contributions to the official literature of British India. He rendered distinguished services in the Central Provinces as Chief Commissioner, and then in the Foreign Department, first as Resident at Hyderabad and then as Secretary to the Government of India. What could be a greater compliment to his services than his appointment as Financial Member of the Governor General's

Council. This appointment carries a great deal of prestige with it. Since Mr. Wilson's time it was reserved for European statesmen, and Sir Richard Temple was the first of the Indian administrators to whom, the portfolio, which was successively entrusted to such men as Wilson, Laing, Trevelyan and Massey, was handed over. He did not betray the trust. He proved himself in every respect a worthy successor to those distinguished statesmen who preceded him. The success of the financial administration of Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo was owing entirely to his skill and judicious management.

This man is now the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. His past career had drilled him for the office and his discharge of duties during the three years he has been in it has justified the selection. The administration of Bengal, of itself involves difficulties of no mean magnitude. Those difficulties were greatly aggravated by the mismanagement of the past, and when Sir Richard came to office he succeeded to no bed of roses. Sir George Campbell had left the affairs of the country quite in a state of chaos, and his successor in addition to the ordinary work of Government, had to repair the wrecks of the past and to evoke order out of chaos, and his success in so short a time is indeed marvellous and was possible only, because the affairs lay in his hands. The restless discontent which prevailed during the days of Sir George Campbell has given way to a peace of mind, and a sense of security now pervades the country. Our space would not permit us to go into details of the measures of reform initiated by him, but judged from the result, conviction of the superiority of Sir Richard's administration over those of his predecessors is irresistible. The evils of the revolutionary measures of Sir George Campbell have rolled back and the good planted by his successor are bearing fruit. For the first time since Bengal has had a separate Government a feeling of cordiality has sprung up between the governor and the governed, and the latter although feeling the influence of a powerful hand that sways over them are far from being discontented and morose. The good intentions of the former are appreciated, and an amount of cheerfulness hitherto unknown in this country now pervades throughout. On the other hand, Sir Richard Temple maintaining his own has a kind word for every one. His personal bearing towards every section of the community disarms hostility, and although all his measures do not meet

with the approbation of the people, their oppositions are less acrimonious than they used to be before. The conviction is irremovable that he seeks the interest of the people and what could better strengthen that conviction than some of his recent legislative measures. He is not dogmatic and is not disposed to rest his honor and position on the maintenance of his own views of things against the remonstrances of the people whose opinions he courts and with whom he takes a delight to consult. Every suggestion finds favor at his hands and every order of men finds a ready access to his presence. He governs for the people, and he feels as if he were a servant for them. The reputation of the unrivalled success of his administration has preceded him in England, and so strong is the opinion of that success that the Empress of India could not defer bestowing deserved honors upon him. Whilst yet in office he has been raised to the Baronetcy, an honor never before conferred upon any of the Lieutenant-Governors, either of Bengal, Punjab or of the North Western Provinces, whether in office or out of office. The honor was fully deserved and it is yet possible that more would come upon him. It is now to be earnestly wished and that wish proceeds from selfish considerations that Sir Richard Temple's tenure of office as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal were greatly extended. He could have been spared from Bengal at the end of his allotted term of five years if it were easy to obtain a successor as competent and as well-intentioned as he has been. Such men are rare in the Indian Civil Service, and nothing would be a more popular measure of the supreme authorities that appoint our Governors than to retain Sir Richard Temple for an indefinite term in the post he now so worthily fills.

CONCERNING KALI.

(A Fragment.)

KALI, like the other Hindu deities, was an incarnation of the Supreme Being sent to earth for a special purpose. Her mission was to destroy two brother giants, Shumboo and Nishumboo, who were under the command of Rucktobheej. The three gave the peace-loving gods a great deal of trouble, and at the request of the latter, Kali was incarnated.

Rucktobheej who in this respect reminds one of the Lernean Hydra destroyed by Hercules, was a monster who "died hard" From each drop of his blood which fell to the earth, innumerable monsters sprung. It will be remembered that when Hercules fought with the Hydra of Lerne, he was forced to lift the Hydra up bodily, and to strangle it as he held it off the ground. Whatever may be the true interpretation of the myth, it was the offspring of the manly Greek race. Kali in her turn had to resort to stratagem, for even the footstep of the gods, do not appear to set themselves in smoothly paved ways, and they have difficulties to contend against which call for the exercise of politic ingenuity. Kali spread out her tongue, and by receiving on it the blood which streamed from the wounds she inflicted on Rucktobheej, she overcame her enemy. The deep red colour of her tongue is due to the blood which stained it on this memorable occasion. It is considered that most of her sex are endowed with well developed lingual organs. It is needless to enter on any consideration of the subject, but Kali's tongue was of surprising dimensions, it covered the whole earth! Without going learnedly into the meaning of this portion of the myth, it may well have been that Kali was one of those ladies who succeed in making themselves heard, and that her voice reached to the ends of the world.

Rucktobheej was tough work, and Kali had some difficulty in conquering him. She, however, was victorious, but worked her feelings up in the effort to such a dreadful pitch, that after the monster was slain, and all apprehension on that score was at an end, she continued to slash her sword about her to the imminent danger of the very gods whom she was sent to aid. As there seemed every probability of the remedy in the case proving to be worse than the disease, the gods again cried out for help, and this time against their deliverer. Shiva, the husband of Kali, and husband general of the Hindu pantheon, was delegated to perform the not altogether pleasant task of endeavoring to calm the lady's disturbed feelings. Shiva approached with caution; but the excited goddess was unmindful of presence of him who is popularly adored as the chief of all the gods. The narrative at this stage is not very clear. It however was not until Kali flushed with victory, stood on the prostrate, but unwounded form of Shiva, that she fully recognized her situation. She expressed her surprise in orthodox Hindu style, by putting her tongue out of her mouth. Un-

fortunately while she yet stood in this unpicturesque attitude, her historical portrait was painted, and so has she been handed down to fame. Guido, a Christian painter, had once to depict an immortal nature in a moment of victory. We all know what Hawthorne has said of the great picture; how he thinks that Guido should have drawn Michael as he came out of the terrible struggle with Satan, marked and scarred, and not as he has depicted him, with his wing plumes unruffled, and serene peace beaming uncloudedly on his youthful countenance which is radiant with the light of invincible hope. The Hindu genius strangely enough has passed over the spirituality of Kali's conflict and the divine triumph over evil on which alone Guido fixed his gaze, but which existed in Kali's case not less than in Michael's; and that which has attracted the Hindu mind seems to have been the startled sense of surprise and humiliation which sprung up in the goddess when the ecstasy of victory had left her.

There the history of Kali ends. Her work on earth done, she was re-absorbed into the divine nature, of which she was but one of many manifestations. When the festival commemorating her stay among mortals draws to a close, her well-known image is thrown into some sacred river, and thus is she symbolically borne back to the place from which she came. Surely we too blend at last with the great ocean of being, in whose far surging waves, the ripples of all the troubled time streams fall and sink to rest.

NOTE.—Only the current popular tradition of the Kali myth has been adopted in the above paper.

CONCERNING NEBULAR LIGHT.

AN admitted difficulty is experienced in determining the era of "the beginning," and the enormous interval while separates it from us; and though I can scarcely hope that the views I am about to advance will bear severe criticism, they may still be worth some degree of attention as being so far as I am aware, a novel method of dealing with certain ascertained facts. I seek to employ some of the irresolvable nebular as guides to the approximate ascertainment of the time when according to the nebular theory this earth became a separate planet. The physical history of the earth as revealed in the rocks of which it is composed carries us back a vast way into the past, but it does not bring

to that terrible convulsion which detached it from its parent sun. That fact itself can only be inferred from a few scraps of evidence.

The nebulae consist as is well known of the resolvable and the irresolvable, or those which the telescope separates into immense numbers of distinct stars, and those which baffle the highest powers of the instrument, and remain clouds of light swimming in the pure ether of space. From the earliest ages these distant objects have attracted attention, and by one of those happy guesses of which the history of science furnishes other examples, the ancient philosophers regarded the nebular clouds as matter in a diffused and chaotic state, or as a cosmical self-luminous vapour. When the nebulae were submitted to the telescope, it was discovered that some of them certainly were built up of distant star-systems, the rays of light from which, after a long journey into cloudlets of uncertain haze, which only the searching power of the telescope could resolve into radiant points. Others, however, even under the telescope remained mere luminous patches, but these too it was believed would burst into clusters of stars, whenever a glass of sufficient power was brought to bear on them. Their resolvability, in a word, was only a question of time. Doubtless the increased powers would themselves bring into view systems which were beyond their own defining range, but with regard to these, too, their eventual disintegration would be but an incentive to still further progress.

The powers of the telescope have in modern times been immensely increased. Lord Rosse's giant instrument was constructed with special reference to the resolution of nebulae; and yet some of the best and longest known groups still hold out against the most formidable batteries of lenses and reflectors that are brought to bear on them. What the telescope failed to do in this respect, has been accomplished by the spectroscope, and the results are so marvellous and unexpected that they alone should make physicists cautious in propounding their theories, and in the reliance they place on inferences drawn from observations made with only the instruments now at their disposal. Some of the nebulae are not resolvable because they are not clusters of stars, as some of the earlier investigators with the telescope sweepingly asserted they must be, but are actually what still earlier physi-

cists who had no telescopes to mislead them happily guessed they were: some of the irresolvable nebulae are simply luminous matter from which it is surmised that star systems, aye, and even the minds which contemplate them, are alike evolved under the operation of natural and immutable laws acting through a long course of ages.

The way in which the spectroscope has led to this great discovery may be best explained by giving the substance of what a recent writer says on the subject. It was observed by Dr. Huggins that the luminous portion of the spectrum of a nebula in the constellation Draco consisted only of *three bright lines seen on a dark ground*. Now if the nebula had been a cluster of stars giving out light like our sun from a white hot nucleus enveloped in an atmosphere, the absorptive power of the atmosphere would have converted the bright lines into dark ones, and the spectrum like that of our sun, or a single star, would have been continuous. Now bright lines on a dark ground in the spectrum indicate—so far of course as modern scientists have been able to ascertain by researches conducted among known objects—that the light in which they are found proceeds from elements in a gaseous and luminous condition. Sodium, magnesium, iron, and other metals in a state of incandescent vapour project bright lines on a dark ground. Dr. Huggins did not confine his observations to one nebula, and the conclusion he drew from the examination of several of these interesting objects was that they were in a gaseous, or vapoury condition, because they gave the characteristic bright-line spectrum. But Dr. Huggins's investigations led to further results. The bright lines in the spectrum of the nebula of Draco, shew that at least hydrogen and nitrogen are existent there, and constitute one proof more, if such were needed, that difference is not to be inferred from distance, and that the universe is one in all its remotely existing parts. Light as is well known requires time for its transmission. Romer, a Danish astronomer, who is credited with this discovery, is said to have made it on a consideration of certain irregularities in the computed times of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. The eclipses were always later than their computed times when Jupiter was furthest from the earth, and the error diminished as the planet approached us. Bacon in the second book of the *Novum Organum* says significantly "the flight of a musket ball is too swift to allow an impression of its figure to be conveyed to the sight."

"This last instance, and others of a like nature, have sometimes excited in us a most marvellous doubt, no less than whether the image of the sky and stars is perceived as at the actual moment of its existence, or rather a little after. It appeared so incredible to us that the images or radiations of heavenly bodies could suddenly be conveyed through such immense spaces to the sight, and it seemed that they ought rather to be transmitted in a definite time." Bacon died about twenty years before Romer was born. The credit of the discovery that light travels at an ascertainable rate must however, rest with Romer for Bacon let it slip through his fingers.

To return, to the subject before us, and to connect the known laws governing the transmission of light with the observation at the present moment of the chaotic matter of the irresolvable nebulae. It is clear that the nebulae as we now see them do not reveal themselves to us *as they are*, but *as they were* when the light-rays which are now reaching us left them. While those light-rays have been on their journey physical changes of a startling nature may have taken place in the nebulous matter itself. It may not now be what it was when those rays winged their flight earthwards; indeed it may not be at all. The nitrogen and hydrogen which Huggins and his brother spectroscopists see in the nebula of Draco, were once undeniably there, but it does not necessarily follow because they literally see them there still, that the two incandescent gases are still there in the condition in which Huggins finds them at the present moment. If a star from which light takes one thousand years to reach the earth, were suddenly and instantaneously to cease to exist *now*, we should still for one thousand years see the star, and we could in that interval drawn perfectly legitimate and accurate conclusions regarding its nature and apparent motions although it had really ceased to exist.* Now the light from some of the more distant nebulae has been speeding on its unwearying flight to us for very much more than a thousand years. In speaking of certain stars which have either suddenly appeared in the heavens, or suddenly increased in brightness, Humboldt says, "these events in the universe belong with reference to their historical reality, to other periods of time than those in which the phenomena of light are first

* A paper on this subject, by Professor Leitch which well deserves careful study, appeared some years ago, and was entitled A Journey through Space.

"revealed to the inhabitants of the earth they reach us like the voices of the past The elder Herschel was of opinion that light required almost two millions of years to pass to the earth from the remotest luminous vapour reached by his 40 foot reflector. Much therefore has vanished long before it is rendered visible—much that we see was once differently arranged from what it now appears. The aspect of the starry heavens presents us with the spectacle of that which is only apparently simultaneous ...It still remains more than probable, from the knowledge we possess of the velocity of the transmission of luminous rays, that the light of remote heavenly bodies presents us with the most ancient perceptible evidence of the existence of matter " (Cosmos Vol 1, p. 141 Bohn's edition.)

It is only possible to conjecture what has occurred in the nebula itself in that tremendous interval of two million years, but during the same interval what has occurred on earth? Geology tells us something about it, and tracking its course backwards it eventually pauses to point to a nebulous beginning, a chaos when the earth was formless and void. Was the earth two millions of years ago what the nebula referred to by Humboldt was at the same period as revealed by light-rays which are only now reaching us from it? Are we sure that our sixty-four elements, *are* elements, and that further analysis will not prove some of them to be reducible to simpler forms? We shall know hereafter whether in the course of ages the nebula of Draco has been developed into worlds like ours. Can we, in the meantime, by carefully observing (and carefully preserving our records of) the appearances presented by nebulae, use the light we have even in our day, though it may come from the seething chaos of inglobate worlds, as a time-measurer, a creation-era standard, for the past history of our own earth?

Our histories of the Cosmos *as it is* are then verily made up of fragments of ancient and not even contemporaneously dated histories. We live in the light of perished worlds, and base our theories of the universe and its laws *as they are*, on the long vanished and perhaps even the non-existent. Viewed in this aspect what an incongruous thing *all* is our modern science!



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THE ANGLO-SAXON.

I ATTRIBUTE to the fact of the Anglo-Saxon being a compound race of nearly all varieties of the most highly favored human family, its being fated to become the principal agent in the world's reformation; and, I must premise, in speaking of the Anglo-Saxon I wish entirely to drop all nationality, merely desiring to convey that conjunction of races most readily expressed by the term. In a very interesting article, entitled "The Eurasian Future," in the January, 1871, number of the "Indian Annals of Medical Science," written by Surgeon Major J. Moore, W.R.C.P.; a start being made with the proposition the blending of races is essential to progress," cases are cited from ancient and modern history—in the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Jews, Spaniards, Irish, and even French—where degeneration is clearly traceable to absence of commixture. In the ancient cases we know that full depreciation has been accomplished, and we are, moreover, shewn that downfall commenced when foreign intermixture ceased; though whether that more immediate degrading influence—the union wealth and luxury—should be regarded as cause or effect of the condition previously noted, the writer will not venture an opinion. With reference to the modern instances, however, full depreciation is not attained, and we trust never will be; but it may, perhaps, be not unfairly contended that existing mental, physical, and moral standing varies with the degree in which admixture may occur with neighbours.

thus the Irish have, if anything, bestowed upon their nation a more than fair proportion of its noblest intellects, but few of the said intellects have been purely Celtic. The intermixture of Celt and Teuton has been productive of the finest results—an improvement upon either, having, indeed, been a natural consequence—but, so long as the vast majority of those comprising either race may be satisfied in remaining pure and unmingled, so long will mental and bodily status be unimproved. A glance at the history of nations must, however, satisfy the reader of the general truth of the given proposition; so we will not run into a minute consideration of the past and present Powers alluded to. In proof of the Anglo-Saxon being a partial return to a common type, and in substantiation of the foregone assurance of the widest possible intermixture being advantageous, we may remark, in America, that starting with a few Anglo-Saxons, and receiving incessant contributions from all European nations, the result is a large increase to the Anglo-Saxon race; so that, indeed, Anglo-Saxondom may be regarded as a mill in which the grain of all nations becomes powdered and coalesced. Were Europe to lay down its arms and combine, a further addition would be made to the same heap, but, so far as human foresight will carry one, the contingency is not immediately probable, and the existing process—emigration of young blood, to avoid conscription and secure means of livelihood, to England, America, and Anglo-Saxon colonies—seems likely to continue; till continental nations shall, by weakening themselves and rendering invincible the race they so busily feed, enable it to render them peaceful and united in spite of their own wishes; should not their concentration by automatic agency be a prior result. As I said before, all spirit of nationality is disclaimed in the utterance of these opinions. I simply wish to express a firm belief in the Bible promise attaining fulfilment, of all nations upon earth becoming as one people; and I cannot help thinking, we may see that climax inevitably coming to pass, whether we will or not.

It has often been remarked that "war has caused the union of races," and, so far as union has at present extended, the statement

carries an unquestionable fact well worth pondering over. War after war produced that happy accident, the Anglo-Saxon; and in conjunction with a mighty successor, "Commerce," the same means will doubtless be employed for the re-union of mankind, till man may learn to complete his destiny peacefully. As an Anglo-Saxon I cannot help thinking with great seriousness over the noble work with which the race I claim as parent has been entrusted, and wishing that all its members could induce themselves to remove those stumbling blocks, "self-interest," and "personal pride" which so much impede its progress? Impede its progress? You may say, perhaps—has it not been the compound of "self interest," "dissatisfaction," and "personal pride" which has placed the race where it is? It has been so, undoubtedly, in a great measure, but, such being the case, only proves that man's worst qualities turn to the attainment of his Master's wishes, in spite of his own feeling of distinct opposition; and I cannot harbour the least doubt that "unselfishness" and a simple desire to perform his highest duties would tend to the same result with greater quickness, benefit to himself, and satisfaction to his Maker; besides, I am glad to think, a minority of nobler minds has most frequently succeeded in guiding the actions of the many, while, even among the worst, a strong feeling of justice has generally prevented the accomplishment of anything flagrantly wrong, or, at least, the continuance in any course clearly opposed to the right. Perceptions have often been dim, but, so far as they may have conveyed to their possessors the senses of right and wrong, the latter has more often than not been subject to the former.

The Anglo-Saxon has been defined as the only exterminating race which has existed, and certainly one cannot recall, in connection with past or present civilizations, a similar natural extinction of inferior races as so frequently has followed Anglo-Saxon advance: military and tributary holding being, of course, in a very distinct position to colonization, in which members of resident and settling races meet one another on an individual footing. I have applied the adjective "natural" to "extinction;" for, though Anglo-Saxons have reason to blush at many acts of savagery in the first settlements of

America, Australia, &c., supremacy has, in the main, been effected by civilization. The precursors of that civilization, too often themselves uncivilized, conceiving "enlightenment" to be synonymous with "brandy," have brought to their new places of abode the most powerful exterminative agent; which, in course of time, has been assisted by other attendants on the "physique" of civilization equally beyond the "moral encounterment" of barbarism. It may be asserted, that when civilization comes into contact with savage life one of them must inevitably perish, either by absorption or extinction, unless the former should be ready to sink, or the latter capable of spontaneous rising, prior to the lapse of that trying interval lying between first conquest and conscientious training. Absorption of the conquering race, with degradation of morale as a corollary, happened in the case of the Portuguese, while extinction of the conquered has occurred with sad frequency in that of Anglo-Saxon. Inflexibility of character, with continual immigration from the mother country, has preserved the latter from a degeneration into which the former sank, but care must be taken that inflexibility of character lead it not adrift, to a confusion of "physique" and "morale," an impression of the former being an insurmountable obstacle to combination, when, in reality, it lies solely in the latter.

The Anglo-Saxon being merely a first step to a general intermixture, we see how mysteriously it has been placed for continuance of the work to which its own formation formed a starting point. Conquest of India; Colony in America, converted into a great independent nation; settlements in Australia, Africa, New Zealand, &c., rendered possible only by security of position, have brought them into neighbourhood with still more alien races, and were matters viewed in a completely proper light, as, on the whole, they may be perhaps a more extended conjunction, when possible, would be regarded as a duty to the universe and a self-protective measure. It must come my friends whether you may like or not! Would it not be better, therefore, to complete the task pleasantly? Negroes and Chinese in the West, where, notwithstanding much fretting and fuming, the former are being gradually "drawn in," while the latter comprise an existing difficulty to be

* solved, but will be so; Hindoos in the East, gradually assuming western civilization; Chinese in the South, imported to the Australian labor market; Japanese in their own country, fairly started on a road along which they must now necessarily progress unrestrained, though deterred doubtless, by inevitable, yet unforeseen hindrances; Turks and Egyptians, on the most easterly borders of Europe, existing problems upon which the immediate fate of the world is dependant; Maories in New Zealand on the painful balance of extirpation and civilization, but inclining to the latter probably; races of all descriptions, in every portion of the globe, proclaim the same truth. The Anglo-Saxon must not, however, run into the belief, he is somewhat too ready to do, that he is a pre-eminently noble being fairly claiming precedence in all things. He is simply a living proof of the advantages derived from "physical mongrelism;" and should regard it as his cause of existence to place all mankind on the same happy footing.

The Russians are working to the same end as ourselves, but whether, when our separate works shall be completed, a "friendly" junction will ensue, it is difficult to surmise. That a union will take place, though, I am certain, and we may, perhaps, regard it as the great and final instance to come of "war uniting nations." This question, indeed, brings us to a difficulty of present moment—the Turkish complication. The rotten power we have endeavoured to sustain is beyond assistance, and the "sick man" is about to be gathered to his fathers. Mahomedan will soon cease to be numbered amongst ruling races or religions; and the rupture of existing Governments, which each has endeavoured so strenuously to avert, must quickly come to pass. The blood-hounds of war may be again muzzled for a time, but delay will not improve their tempers; while a permanent quieting is beyond hope. Whether we may be prepared for a "war to the knife" statesmen must answer, but, I am glad to feel assured, the life struggle must eventuate happily. Manchester (I do not wish to stigmatise the city of that name, but to express the large class understood by it). Manchester, I say, will be drawn from its balance sheets, and broad minds in embryo, extracted from a narrow radius. The war will not be "England against Russia" but "Despotism versus the World." Par-

liament will be occupied with more important topics than royal titles or liquor licenses, but I am glad to feel assured, will be capable of rising to the occasion. Should England not withdraw her mind from the deification of a small island in the Atlantic, or, in other words, should Britannia be unable to retract her attention from self-interest, she will be inevitably swamped, as many of her sons are cheerfully and sadly cheerful in predicting, but whether her first efforts may be successful or the reverse (and the latter is more likely,) she has a sufficiency of healthy life to enable her rising from the ashes, like a Phoenix, with a greater and better vitality.

May we all do our best to realize Milton's grand vision. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation roasting herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her a an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

In that "noble and puissant nation" let us behold the Universe, undazzled in the glorious lustre of Christianity, and, to that end, let Anglo-Saxondom mew her mighty youth in the full mid-day beam.

TRUST MISPLACED.

MANKIND, is blind, towards all of his kind,
Depend, pretend, his benefit to find;
By mood, hope good, quick faith and trust repose,
Lament, regret, at last themselves expose.
Mind and thought individually free:
Two brains in unison cannot agree:
Much less the two different color and creed;
Each to other should take special heed:
Motives differ so lastly results show;
Comes ruin or gain for both the above two.
A "*Clever Hand*" who past over the main
With special motive to reap his own gain,

By hook and crook adopts his rapid course ;
 Attempts to root out his own profit *source* .
 While in the act, the strokes doubly redound
 On his own self and throw him to the ground.
 Ha ! Ha ! he cries loud, but deseries no friend,
 His treachery drives all, no help to lend ;
 Then the leg'ons of his own stuff and make,
 Sooner the better his policy break ;
 Pretend him aid, but serve own purpose bad,
 Concentrate in themselves, so base, so sad.
 The *Clever Hand* gazes and finds his error clear,
 No chance to recover and — none to hear .
 Amaz'd, confus'd, disturb'd with busy mind,
 He seeks his primary *source* where to find.
 The *source* well taught a lesson for his act,
 *Caution takes t'come with him in contact ;
Clever then his fate to God must resign ;
 Doom'd to obscurity creates his own ruin :
 While the good *source* for his generous trust,
 Suffers for a time with awe and disgust ;
 Mindful then of speedy faith, but no more ;
 He learns friends and foes for self *rigid* lore.

JOINTY CHUNDER SEIN.

SCIENCE.

It is not uncommon to find in meadows, especially at this season of the year, and in the neighbourhood of hedges, tufts of grass distinguished by their luxuriousness ; the stems are thicker and taller, their color is of a deeper green. These little islands of rank vegetation are called by the peasantry "fairy rings." M. Cailletet has investigated the cause of this difference of growth, and in an interesting paper, read before the Academy of Science, states, that if the soil of

these rings be examined, it will be found to contain hundreds of mushrooms, which assimilate with a rare energy the mineral matters of the soil, and having but an ephemeral existence, form on dying a layer of fertilizing matter. These mushrooms belong to five different species—containing, not as ordinary plants, silica, iron, and magnesia, but phosphates of potash and lime in a very concentrated form. It is to these phosphates that the rings owe their exceptional luxuriance.

Much attention continues to be given to the principle of the continuity of nature, as opposed to the revolutionary hypothesis of Cuvier, but which is now exploded. The startling question,—what is the difference between a rabbit and a cabbage—is not yet definitely solved. Naturalists never found the answer to be simplicity itself; the essential differences between two natures was difficult to indicate. Cuvier devoted a very long chapter to this delicate subject, but he only deduced a series of differences, or privileges, reserved to animals, by which they could be recognised at a glance. Animals possessed sensibility and movement; plants were inanimate and vegetated, but modern science was not contented with these generalities. The increasing powers of microscopes enabled the constitution of matter to be profoundly examined, and destroyed the superficial distinctions between plants and animals. Many animals relatively superior, have no digestive cavity or stomach, and there are certain infusoria that do not eat at all—their whole existence being devoted to love. Plants require nitrogen as well as animals, but the latter obtain their supply of this indispensable agent from the protein prepared by plants. After the experience of Messrs. Dallinger, Huxley, &c., it would be difficult to deny spontaneous movement to plants. There are some Cacterice that swim with the agility of a perfect animal, that reproduce their kind and in the course of a few seconds; in the space of an hour they will breed one thousand-fold, and three hours suffice to develop a progeny surpassing the total population of our globe. Yet we are not certain that these nomads be not *vegetables. The famous parasite that causes the well-known potato blight, is a fungus resembling the common green rust or mould; it reproduces by means of spores, and not dissimilar.

Cacterice, yet it appropriates the protein matters of the potato

tuber, and so resembles an animal, such being the sole distinctive sign physiologically existing between a plant and an animal, which thus differ, not by any essential function, but in the exercise of these functions according to a higher or lesser degree.

Two German *savants*, Doctors Traube and Briesfeld, denied the theory of M. Pasteur on fermentation, *viz.*, that in the case of the leaven of beer, fermentation can proceed by means of the sugar and in the absence of free oxygen gas. They have just now admitted their error, caused by imperfect experiments. M. Pasteur's theory, denying spontaneous generation, thus remains sound. M. Alphonse de Candolle, of Geneva, studies vegetable physiology from its popular side, but rarely draws conclusions. He has carefully studied the budding of trees; does old age which diminishes the power of animals, act upon the precocity of buds, or upon their activity? To solve this question he has travelled over Europe, from Ostend to Pisa, to study the most renowned old trees; he asserts that in some cases old age advances the tree's coming into leaf, sometimes retards it, and more often, does not affect it at all. We do not yet exactly know how mushrooms grow, but we are aware how they are made to do so. M^{me} Petitjean devotes much attention to the cultivation of the mushroom, and her crops are admitted to be abundant and savoury; her beds are composed not only of horse manure, but of the refuse of oats and barely from a brewery, with the addition of cow and sheep manure. She has raised excellent mushrooms from farm-yard manure alone.

M. Claude Bernard's lectures on general physiology increase every session in importance and attractiveness. He claims for his department of science, not only to know and explain the phenomena proper to life, but to regulate and govern them. Experiment, Claude Bernard says, is only observation pushed more forward by the aid of precise processes. He asserts, that life is no longer the characteristic of the living being considered in its totality, nor the result of special properties of the living tissue; life is now lodged in each organic cell. When an animal is deprived of its lung, its brain, or its heart, no principle of life is removed as dwelling in one or other of these organs, for life continues in simpler organised being after such have been taken

away; the amputation dislocates the mechanism and renders cell-life impossible. Life is not concentrated in a particular organ, it is the appanage of the being all entire. When poison is administered, a series of cells indispensable to the mechanism of life is destroyed. The conditions of those myriads of little existences—cellular life, form the study of physiology. The necessities of this life are water, air, heat, azotized compounds, and mineral salts; now nature deals with these substances just as the chemist does in his laboratory; for many simple organic products, which by combination produce tissue, are not exclusively the creation of vital forces. Fibrine, albumen, sugar, alkaloids, fatty matters and essential oils, are not exclusively the characteristics of living organisms. Berthelot has remade a crowd of organic substances, such as, camphor, without camphor, essence of bitter almonds and cinnamon, without almonds and cinnamon. Also, the cells or atoms of life must have their peculiar medium in order to exist. For example, bones reform and renew by means of the internal layer of the membrane enveloping the bone. Remove a portion of fractured or diseased bone, but touch not the membrane, the bone will become regenerated; it grows in its medium. But if a portion of that membrane be grafted on another part of the body, the membrane will develop bony tissue. Such has taken place in the case of rabbits. However, this new tissue neither lives long, nor does it take any form. There is always an impenetrable mystery in the laws which unite the cells into tissues, tissues into organs, and harmonizing in functions to form individual life.

Medical practitioners are of late devoting great attention to the methodical study of the blood. There are many things in a drop of blood; it contains a world of little organs, and only those who have taken the trouble to study in the foot of a frog or in the membrane of the wing of a bat, the mechanism of circulation, can alone comprehend what is blood. Examined under the microscope, the blood is seen to wend its way through a net-work of routes, the little flattened globules pressing or knocking against each other, every one in a hurry, endeavoring to be first, and to arrive at a common rendezvous. These millions of tiny globules appear to possess not only life, but

instinct Their business is serious; they carry with them life and action; they are charged with the dissemination of the oxygen inhaled by the lungs, and which they carry to every point of the organism: to the brain, to excite thought; to the muscles, to impart the conditions of movement, and to the viscera to aid the play of all the machines which work in that great manufactory of the system. When the globules are not numerous, the organs go slower, when in sufficient number, the organs become animated. The thousandth part of a cubic yard of blood contains from 5 to 6 millions of red globules, while the thirteenth of the weight of the human body is blood, and the latter is a little denser than water. Besides the red, there are white globules; the latter are present during inflammations, they separate the tissue, twinge the nerves, and when they accumulate, form abscesses. M. Graucher counted from 8 to 9,000 of these white globules, as easy to be enumerated as the red, in the thousandth part of a cubic yard. The regularity and activity of the circulation of the blood exercise an important influence on our sensations and upon the lucidity of the intellectual operations. A drop of blood in excess in the brain, can exalt the qualities of that organ, just as a slight diminution can depress them. Modifications in the circulation of the blood are reflected in modifications of brain work. Man is in a different psychologic state in the morning as compared with the evening; before as after his meals; before as after exercise. The judgment varies after a repast as after a sleep. The proverbs are expressive which state, that 'an empty stomach has no ears,' and that 'the night brings sagacity. There are some persons whom it is not desirable to visit till they have dined, and the melancholy after a douche become momentarily gay. The loss of memory, the perversion of the sensations, have for origin a modification in the supply of blood to the brain; an increase in this circulation tends to develop superior intellectual faculties; an excess will suddenly extinguish them. It appears to be true then, that nothing approaches so near to genius—as madness.

M. de Baisbaudran who discovered the new metal gallium—before seeing it—by means of spectral analysis, has now produced a first

sample of that new simple body; the sample weighs less than two grains, and has been extracted from 9 cwt. of various ores. Truly it is not a common metal and belongs to the rare ones; it is when pure, white and resisting; it can be cut, and possesses a certain malleability; it melts in the handlike butter, and is the most fusible of all metals; taken between the fingers, it liquifies; if converted in a coin, it would practically melt in the pocket; it readily adheres to glass, and forms a more beautiful mirror than mercury. It is more curious than useful.

Lead is less curious but more useful, but it is necessary to regard it with suspicion, especially in the form of rice powder, red wafers, and boxes of catechu. Cases of lead poisoning have just come to light in connection with these three articles. Dr. Gibert of Havre has had under his care two editors and a clerk, slowly poisoned by keeping red wafers where minium is an ingredient, constantly in their mouths to attach slips of paper; the same Doctor treated a university professor for saturnine poisoning caused by his consuming two boxes of Bologna Catechu daily, each box containing three grains of lead. He did not believe he had eaten lead, till the latter was presented to him, precipitated from the urine.

M. Berthelot announces two important facts, that ozone is formed in absorbing heat, and dissolves by emitting this heat with greater rapidity than oxygen, and which may explain its greater oxidising powers. He has also found, contrary to the conclusions of Schloesing, that free nitrogen can be absorbed by organic matters at ordinary temperatures.

Dr. Decaisne has since ten years devoted his attention to the subject of liqueurs and their effects upon health; he concludes that nearly all are prepared from the same family of plants as absinthe, producing the same physiological effects, but only differing in point of taste; the essential oils contained in the liqueurs are equally dangerous, and produce all the fatal effects of what is denominated "alcoholism." If therefore, the liqueur Grand-Chartreuse, and, what in addition passes for a medicine, the Carmes honey water, have not excited so much attention as absinthe, the reason is simply owing to their more limited consumption consequent on superior price.

Whooping cough is rarely fatal in Paris, a circumstance attributed to the climate. The treatment has also its share in the cure. Two objects are to be aimed at calming the convulsions, and assisting the expectorations. For the first, chloral is in favor, and for the second, resinous preparation, to diminish the production of glauc, sojourning in the open air is only resorted to when that air is pure and vivifying. Being a disease whose seat is in the bronchia, the efficacy of open air is not over-estimated, if the weather be cold, humid, and above all windy, children liable to catch colds are ever kept within doors, and this enables them to tide over the three months that the cough endures. In addition, much attention is given to fortifying the system to resist prolonged paroxysms.

The Paris Municipality is about adopting the system of fire signals in operation at Amsterdam and Frankfort. In every place where men most congregate—theatres, workshops, public libraries, news rooms, tobacconists, and apothecaries' shops, a simple telegraphic apparatus is placed under a glass case, on a fire being signalled, the glass is broken and a cord pulled which is in communication with the central station, the signal is answered, assistance is at once dispatched, and the central station telegraphs to the other depots to forward help. The person who gives the alarm, must remain till his information be controlled.

A Mecklenbourg engineer economises one-fifth of the strength of horses, by attaching a kind of buffer, one foot long, to unite the traces to the vehicle, this buffer is composed of alternate rings of India rubber and metal, with a curtain rod running through, and all enclosed in an iron envelope. Though applied to artillery, it ought to hold good for general draughting purposes.

M. Gaston Plantes' new theory of the sun is this. "The sun is a hollow electrified globe, full of gas and vapors, covered by a liquid envelope, of melted incandescent matter, the "spots" are formed by the escape of gas and vapor from the interior, the "protuberances" being gas of higher temperature and hence, luminous. He adds, "the incandescence of the sun, prolonged during ages, is but a spark of short duration in the infinity of time and space."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

It should not be overlooked that the above oft-repeated and deservedly popular maxim is, like most other short proverbs, but the half expression of a great truth. Knowledge is like the bones and muscles of a body, useless when deprived of life; but when spiritual vitality has been secured every fresh addition of knowledge to knowledge is an unquestionable increase of power; fresh acquirement being similar to a clear addition to muscular strength, and thoughtful re-weighing of learning already gained being at least the equivalent of a turn at the dumb-bells. It need scarcely be noted that spiritual life may be of two kinds—beneficial or injurious—but little thought can be needful to convince any one; who may be induced to think: that, balancing respective advantages and disadvantages, the former motive power is immeasurably the better. A dead body is a mass of marvellous but inert mechanism, so, knowledge, without spiritual vitality resembles a hospital specimen: good for teaching conscientious learners the ailment from which its original owner may have suffered, but useless in itself. However diseased and defunct it may be, spiritual life may be so readily gained, that one help regretting people's frequent persistence in placing their mental acquirements aside as museum-specimens. It must not be conceived that the writer has any desire to run down learning, far from it, but he does wish to protest against its acquirement without trouble being taken for procurement of the motive power essential to its application.

AN UNREPORTED SPEECH (delivered in the Northbrook Memorial Meeting at the Town-Hall of Calcutta, in reply to the motion of the Rev Dr K M Banerjee, to the effect that the sense of the meeting should be taken before Mr Mullick Barrister-at-Law, who was desirous of proposing an amendment to the first Resolution, could be put down)*

MR CHAIRMAN,

I rise to object to the motion of the Rev Dr K M Banerjee that the sense of this meeting should be taken as to whether this meeting is prepared to listen to the Gentleman who wishes to propose the amendment in question. The ground, sir, upon which I would object to Dr Banerjee's motion is certainly peculiar as you will perceive. But, nevertheless, I am bound to state explicitly what that ground is when I actually object to the motion itself. When you, Mr Chairman, have been kind, and let me add, candid enough, to assure me that this meeting is not really a meeting open to individuals of all shades of political opinion, you have necessarily given me to understand that this is only a hole and corner meeting, consisting only, as you say, of the *admirers* of Lord Northbrook. Now, as such, I conceive, the only course left open to independent gentlemen like Mr Mullick and others who have come here by *mistake* (as I will temporarily assume) is to leave this Hall, allowing *laureate* speakers to pass what resolutions they please and do what they like. Sir Richard Temple, if it had been open to me to argue the question as to whether the language of the advertisement convening this meeting has been such as to justify independent Gentlemen to come here, I think, I could show, even to your satisfaction, that nobody has any

*We do not know whether this speech was actually delivered. Indeed, considering the latitude of discretion allowed to the reporters of our Dailies, now-a-days, in expurgating passages from the speeches actually delivered it is very likely that this speech was sought to be suppressed. The gentleman who has sent us this speech is one upon whom we entirely rely and although we ourselves were present at the meeting referred to and do not remember to have heard anything of the kind still we will not doubt the integrity of our correspondent for all that — Ed., N. M.

right to put a gag into the lips of anybody here, as long as any body in discussing the merits of Lord Northbrook's Indian career chooses to confine himself within the limits of honest discussion, even though an opinion to the contrary has been expressed by the learned Legal Remembrancer to the Government, Mr. Bell, or rather, *Citizen* Bell, for Mr. Bell does not come here in his official capacity, but only as a *private citizen*, just as your Honor, laying aside your official robes (happy consummation of official condescension!) has temporarily mixed with private citizens like ourselves to do honor to your late chief, the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. (*Cheers and hisses.*) I am persuaded, sir, it would have looked happier and better still if His Excellency Lord Northbrook himself had graced this Hall with his presence this afternoon in His Lordship's capacity of a *private* nobleman to do honor to Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy and Governor-General, (*oh—oh—hisses*) just to demonstrate to official India that there could be no scandal, if officials were to temporarily mix with the people for helping them to honor their departing chiefs. Rumours have been afloat, sir, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has observed with feelings of pain the coldness with which the natives of this country are treated on all occasions by the ruling class, (*No, No, not true*) and is not this, therefore, the most fitting time when Anglo-India—official Anglo India—should condescendingly take Native India by the hand and inaugurate that happy change which is so nearly connected with the stability of Britain's Eastern rule? Why sir, if Commissioners and Judges, Magistrates and Deputy Magistrates of Districts and Subdivisions were to descend from their lofty pedestals and temporarily laying aside their covenanted dignities that scare inferior mortals away, mix with the latter on the same platform, especially on such occasions as the present, when the question is how best to shew our gratitude to departing Viceroys, I am persuaded, that the Anglo-Indian and the English papers would soon be the vehicles of communicating the very flattering (however astounding) intelligence that the people of India have fasted for three whole days in sorrow for Lord Northbrook's departure, (*cries of India is really sorry*) although we know, sir, that His Lordship's enemies are never tired of repeating that His

Lordship violated the fundamental principles of the Indian constitution by arresting one of India's proudest chieftains on bare suspicion and degraded Native India, insulted its best feelings, by causing that chief to be tried as an ordinary felon, and grudged him his means of defence, and although His Lordship shewed himself to be an enemy of Indian progress and Indian enlightenment by republishing a dead circular of by-gone ages prohibiting Government servants all connections with the public Press and finally constituted Police Magistrates the unpaid patrons of Native Literature. (Deafening cries of "*silence him,*" "*silence him.*" "*All false,*" "*Yes, Yes.*" "*He is right.*" "*Do*" "*No.*")

I am not to be put down by such cries, deafening though they be, for I have addressed meetings more stormier still, let those gentle men know.

Sir, all this solicitude to put down honest criticism can only point to one thing. Do the *admirers* of Lord Northbrook, really fear that His Lordship's cause is so weak that even with the eloquence of a Kristodoss, and a Rajendra Lala, a Degumber and a Jotinder, and the galaxy of British Indian orators who have mustered strong on the platform with their carefully conned speeches to back it, that cause is incapable of being tided over a little opposition set up by Mr. Mullick who is only a newly-arrived barrister, Mr. Ghose, (I have not certainly his authority to use his name, but I think, I have smelt his political opinions not wrongly) who is only the Principal of a Private College, myself an obscure old man, and possibly a few other nameless knights, slightly, if at all, more favorably circumstanced? (Cries of "*there, there.*") At any rate, if, as is indeed, evident, our Bengallee Burkes and Bengallee Sheridans, really entertain such fears, it is not perhaps, altogether wise of them to betray those fears in public. Either our Burkes are *not* real Burkes and our Sheridans *not* real Sheridans, or their cause is *not* so strong as they would wish us to understand. Even now, sir, the tall and gigantic form of a Deputy Magistrate whose reputation is ludicrously connected with Seragunj jute, and who like his noted prototype the chivalrous Mr. Winkle, cannot possibly be expected to succumb under the immediate eyes of his chief,—inspired with a noble enthusiasm to honor him who is fought

to be honored by his chief himself, is endeavouring to make up for his want of words by shaking his fists at me, doubtless for convincing me, only symbolically that the cause of Lord Northbrook in this Hall shall triumph, if it triumphs, with the help of force other than that of Reason and Logic. (Cries of "who is he?" "No," "No," &c.) Gentlemen, if I do not give you the name of the Deputy, it is because constructive Battery is not a felony, and I think I may compound with him.

And now, sir, I come to the serious part of my argument. We Bengalees are never tired of boasting that in the path of intellectual progress, we have outstripped the other races of India. If, sir, as is not very unlikely, that we have erred in this estimate of ourselves, it is not wholly *our* fault. The *Hindu Patriot*, sir, has every week encouraged us, in that notion. Believing as we do, sir, that we *are* so, we have always been very loud in our protestations that we value all those privileges that nations more intellectual do value, although we are not ready to lay down our lives, sir, for protecting them from aggression or interference. One of these privileges, is the LIBERTY OF SPEECH. And you have seen, Sir Richard, how when that is threatened, ourselves go mad, and that madness is reflected in the columns of our organs—monthly, weekly, and daily. You have no right, Sir Richard, to *assume* that all these our protestations, so oft repeated and so vehemently too, are hollow and hosh. You would be adding insult to injury. I am sure, if under these circumstances you ask this auditory, as you have been desired to do by Mr. Banerjee, as to whether it is really prepared to strangle liberty of expression in this Hall; in other words, whether these Gentlemen are hypocrites when they say that they value Liberty of Speech! Such is precisely the effect, Sir Richard Temple, of the question you are desired to ask, viz, whether Mr. Mulick is, or is not, to be allowed to move an amendment to the 1st Resolution. If it had been the feelings of ordinary gentlemen only that you would insult by asking such a question, I would not have warned you so strongly, sir. But you would insult the best feelings of *some* persons with whom, if you are wise, you would make a bridge of gold. There is the honest Editor of the *Hindu Patriot* whose frowning countenance is becoming more frowning yet at the thought

of what you are going to do, and I am sure, Sir, it would not clear, until his feelings have found a vent next Monday. Remember, Sir, he is the Junius of the day, though only a weak and unfledged Junius, a Junius still. His scorpion fangs are not always harmless. And though you might console yourself with the thought that you can, by a hit or two in public Reports, make him once more walk up to the gates of Belvedere, "weeping and disconsolate, with a humble petition under his arms," but he may have grown wiser, Sir, with time. On possibly, Sir Richard, you do not entertain serious apprehensions in that quarter, encouraged as it seems, by the *Patrot's* harmless tone towards Government, since his election to the Bengal Council. I forbear from me, Mr Chairman, to cast the slightest imputation on Lord Northbrook, of inconsistency for sanctioning the translation of so worthy a gentleman from No. 18, British Indian Street to the Provincial Legislature, even though his Lordship, only the year before, was bound in conscience to veto the nomination of another gentleman of the fourth estate to the same office whose predecessors had rendered yeoman's service to the Government of India in the darkest days of yore. *(Hear, Hear, Hisses)*

There is that other old man, Sir, who is not always an Uriah Heep with officials, but who can denounce with the coldness of a Derby and the independence of a Fawcett. There are others, Sir, in this Hall, yet more powerful and implacable and unforgiving, and my last words to you are 'Beware how you tread on the Lion's tail' *(Hisses and cheers)*.

THE TAJ MEHAL

In the cool stillness of this marble shrine,
 My thoughts are carried to that peerless one
 Whose last sleep passeth here and hence they run
 Into dim ages and an earlier line
 Of history where the Roman ways decline
 Towards the marshes, under other skies,

"The lady of the dead," Cecilia, lies
 Her tomb like this recording love divine
 Whence then the difference? Hers "a stern round tower,"
 A beacon frowning o'er the waste of years;
 This softly beautiful, beyond the power
 Of words, and walking sympathizing tears;
 Is each symbolic of a mourner's mood?
 The Moslem too was brave, the Roman was not rude

THE KOOTOOB MINAR

TAPFING to heaven, the lofty tower spins
 Into the deep sky with its lines of red
 Leaving below a doad world of the dead,
 And soaring up to higher, holier things,
 It looks away beyond the tombs of kings,
 Beyond the iron pillar and ruined arch,
 Watching some buried hero's stately march
 Or hearkening to the rush of spirit-wings
 Listen No voices save the fickle winds
 Sweep o'er the column at its giddy height
 Is it forsaken? Nay, the dreamer finds
 Nature is ruler here, and her calm light
 Lovingly gilds it it is now a part
 Of her, so hath she dealt with all old human art.

THE MEMORIAL WELL.

PEACE, nor disturb the marble angel's dream.
 Even while I look, she seems a sainted seer
 Ready for heaven, but lingering spell-bound here,
 Her white wings drooped above their rest; a stream
 Of purest sunshine poured on her; a beam
 Of spiritual glory on her brow

Dazzling the mortal watcher's eye ; and now
 She fades away into the blue. I seem
 To stand upon the margin of that lake
 Which Milton saw bearing the rebel host ;
 Pale fearful faces, blood and carnage break
 Upon my gaze, and infant forms are tost
 On the keen bayonet's point, and I refrain
 To look,—and lo ! the angel face shines out again.

A. D.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

"Two things," says the memorable Kant, deepest and most logical of Metaphysical Thinkers, "Two things strike me dumb the infinite Starry Heaven ; and the sense of Right and Wrong in man." *Visible* Infinities, both ; *say* nothing of them ; don't try to "account for them ;" for you can say nothing wise.—CARLYLE.

My treatment of the relationship of Morality with Religion will consist only of a few notes taken in course of perusal of "Introduction to Anthropology, by Dr. Theodor Waitz, edited by J. F. Collingwood, 1863." All the major portion of that work, bearing upon man's physical origin or Creation, I will pass over ; resting satisfied with the Christian assurance that God made of one blood all nations upon earth : while as to scientific theories started to explain man's formation without God, I am not in position to judge how much of truth there may be in grounds of surmise to the extent of natural laws observed, but am very satisfied that endeavours to dispense with a Power beyond nature, must, like all prior attempts of the same description, vanish into thin air, and form only items of wonder to descendants. The final results of such endeavours would seem to me sufficiently summed up by Topsy's surmise, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, — spec's I growed—and are, I think, quite undeserving of consideration beside that inner consciousness, existant in all peoples without distinction of creed, of a creative or, at least, ruling Supernature.

The following extract will serve as introduction to the first point for consideration

"Moral ideas appear not originally allied with religious views. Thus, we find that the Kamsehatdies consider only the transgression of their superstitious customs a sin, to pierce coal with a knife, to scrape off the snow from their shoes, &c., they consider very wrong, and attribute to it diseases, whilst the coarsest vices appear to them venial"

This would appear to me no reason for disconnecting moral from religious conceptions, but the contrary, for, we see, in the case given, that, though both moral and religious views were sadly distorted, they were immediately dependant one on the other. No fixed line can be established of the form morality must assume, any more than religious feeling can be confined to a special dogma. Moral sense is quite as much indicated by adherence to superstitious practices as religion is proved by the superstitious practices themselves, and though morality shown may be at most utter variance with that professed by more highly favored beings, still, it cannot be more so than superstitious, childish, or destructive practice is with the formula of an enlightened religion. Certainly, the foregoing extract would not justify the following continuation—"Moral ideas flow from an essential different source than religion, but both are associated when man reaches a higher degree of civilization;" for it is only then, on the contrary, that the senses can become disunited. In the barbarous stage, conception of morality is part and parcel of religious practice, they stand or fall together, only in comparatively small degree can quasi moral sense be favored by self interest, as it may be, and is in measure, when cultivation may have opened a more extended vision of causes and effects. It must be noted, however, that moral sense to those in a savage state may be grossly immoral to higher culture—Morality, I take it, being a clear or garbled dictate (as the case may be) from a Supernatural Power, of laws requiring observance in this life, and Religion, a sense of future reward or punishment to emanate from the same source, and to depend upon attention to laws given or conceived. The two senses are necessarily united, and might, indeed, be more accu-

rately described as one, so that, in the case just given of their possible disunion, it must be remarked that, though the practice of high morality may be copied by self-interest, Morality itself is beyond reach. The savage who may be deterred from scraping snow from his shoes from respect to a Power Beyond Nature is more moral, really, than a reputed Christian who may as a general rule regard the ten Commandments, because, he finds, "they pay best." The savage's conception of reward does not, perhaps, pass beyond this world, but his conception of the rewarder does; whereas, in case of the reputed Christian, both reward and means of reward are confined within nature's limits. Only when high civilization may have been reached does "worship" of god principle become needless, for then, what before must have been blindly though reverently, followed as the command of a Power beyond Nature, becomes revealed as the highest worldly wisdom. When, however, this point may be attained, disbelief in that High Power cannot reasonably result; seeing that only by His influence can the conception be induced. Cause only is afforded for a fuller perception of Him, and worship, no longer being of necessity confined to the seedling of a noble fruit tree, may, in greater measure, be directed above ground.

Morality and Religion are, I have said, the dictates of a Power Beyond Nature—of God in short, and I will, hereafter, use the time honored word to express the Power under reference, or, at least, most generally. What is the Biblical account of man's creation:—

1st.—That he was brought into being by God's institution of natural laws in common with the animal kingdom, and partook, in an equivalent degree with the said kingdom, of God's special emanation,—vitality and sense, it may be supposed.

2nd.—That he, alone was endowed in further degree with God's own element, to afford capacity for universal dominion under the guidance of moral purity.

This account, I feel sure, cannot be affected unfavorably by scientific discovery, (supposing, that is, my reading be accurate) while it supplies full information at the point where science must necessarily stop—"the world." Religion, Morality, Ambition, and Sense of the abstract are token undying, but awfully deformed in more or less degree, of God within us.

but it must be remarked that imperfection of the conception as named arises only from inevitable super-addition of lower senses. Their origin cannot be attributed to any combination of natural laws, because nature could only have fitted man to meet natural requirements, as it was done with the animal world. The struggle for existence would undoubtedly cause variations of cranial capacity,* but only in sufficient degree for procurement of livelihood, and then only within confined limits for a glance at the animal world must assure us that extinction was invariably resulted, when a sense beyond the immediate may have become essential to that end. Animals are capable, by man's domestication and training, of attaining disinterested conception, and he therefore, stands to them in position of God, from being gifted with a greater proportion of God's own element. In the same way that an animal's disinterested conception can emanate alone from direct communication with the Higher Nature of man; so, in man, contemplation of the Infinite can be derived solely from God Himself. The next point for discussion may be conveyed by the following :

"We must not conclude that the natural state of man is the ideal of Paradise, the loss of which we have to regret; for it is only in proportion as man is removed from the primitive state that his physical intellectual, and moral development is accomplished."

I would remark, in the first place, that a strong definition should be drawn between the adjectives "natural" and "primitive," and that their position in the above should be reversed; for ideals (so called) of Paradise do not conceive man's "primitive" state to have been 'natural,' but to have existed prior to a conquest by nature; while it will at once be admitted by believers in primeval innocence, that, only in portion of man being removed from the "natural" state, can bodily, mental and moral progress be secured. No doubt can exist that man's "natural condition would be one of simple animalism, were that condition altogether possible. When, however, he was endowed with a sense beyond nature, when, in short, man was created in God's own image, complete purity must have been the condition existing; unless we conceive the endowment to have been imperfect.

Man's progress and conception of a better life could not have arisen from "natural" agency, for abandonment to the animal portion of his senses causes entire stagnation ; as I will convey by the following from Mr Waitz —

"Indolence and thoughtlessness, in an incredible degree, and characteristics of perfectly uneducated human beings, and it requires but little knowledge of the lower classes, even in Europe, to perceive that indolence is enjoyment to man in his natural state, and not merely in consequence of moral degeneracy. If we could for a time remove the motives of vanity and ambition from the civilized world, even he who has the most exalted ideas of human nature, would soon find that indolence is the ideal of most people.

It is nothing but poetical fancy which endows the primitive man with a desire for intellectual progress, the habit of indolence induces him to remain in his actual condition. He, never from internal impulse, and without any external agency, desires to become civilized just as the lower classes in Europe abandoned to themselves desire nothing of the kind so long as their material interests are not suffering and yet they have before their eyes the results of a higher civilization hence the comparatively slow progress of humanity."

When man reached the "natural" state, moral degeneracy must have been already accomplished. Ambition being, as I said before the more or less deformed representative of God in man, to conceive its removal would be impossible to any one with a lofty idea of human nature. Could we imagine its loss (the mere imagination would prove its non-departure) then we should certainly be compelled to allow not that "indolence is the ideal of most people," but that it would immediately become the "ideal of all people." Agreeing with Mr Waitz, that man never desires to become civilized from internal impulse (of a natural description, that is) how can the needful external agency be explained ; unless by acceptance of Biblical record and consequent belief in a primeval direct communication with God. Would it not be unreasonable to suppose that man when first endowed with a moral sense could have been unconscious of its existence, or that his position

then could be adequately compared with that occupied by savages, in whom the sense has become almost (though not quite) dormant, and altogether unshapely. Would it not be far more reasonable to credit a short duration of innocence and reverential moral perception, than to conceive all sense beyond nature latent from its birth; in which latter case its presence could never have been known. It is needless to suppose "high culture" the original condition of mankind; it would, indeed, be absurd to do so, but it would certainly seem to me that he must have been mentally perfect and morally pure, and so fitted for the highest conceivable culture when time should have been afforded for its origination and development. Savages of the present may, perhaps, be fairly compared with primitive man, so far as absence of culture may be concerned, but moral and mental conditions must be immeasurably distinct and the former's existing state must be attributed to degeneracy, to an almost complete conquest by the animal. We have too much reason to know that culture and moral sense are not necessarily united; but, since man's moral perception succumbed to natural temptation, it can only be by perfect and universal culture that primitive innocence, so dead to all of a worldly nature, but so fully alive to the Creator's grandeur and goodness, can be regained. It must not, however, be conceived, from the manner in which I have spoken of man's subjection by nature, that I regard the latter as an Independent Power. This I do not, but view it only as so much property entrusted to us, and capable of being employed by man's intelligence to good or bad purpose. Man's unpolluted moral sense being granted as primary (and I have tried to give reasons for believing such to have been the case) no conception of its improper use could have dawned upon him, except by influence of an external agent, and, it would certainly appear to me, that the only way of reasonably accounting for the world's history is by granting the existence of two rival Powers Beyond nature; of which the Better was, at first, pre-eminent, became subjected, and gradually resuming the ascendant. Mr. Waitz adduces many instances showing that the distorted moral perceptions of savage life prevent any desire for improvement, but can yet write as follows:—

"If, on the one hand, the savage does not take freely to civilization, though surrounded by it, we find, on the other hand, that the civilized man living among savages, relapses after a short time into a state of barbarism, which, on the account, we must regard as the primitive state of man."

Is it not a somewhat shortsighted view, after allowing that savage life induces nothing beyond satisfaction of sensual appetite, to regard it as man's first condition; seeing that he has been ever improving, by fits and starts, it is true, but always progressively? Man could never have risen from the state of barbarism had that condition been primitive; and I cannot conceive that a desire for progress could have arisen from any but a first entire sense of purity, vanquished but partially retained.

Having now expressed firm belief, and, in a small measure, grounds of belief in the following positions —

1st.—That moral and religious senses are necessarily united.

2nd.—That their mutual origin must be attributed to God.

3rd.—That their perfect combination must be allowed as existing in man's primitive condition.

I will now proceed to point out as well as I can, but doubtless very imperfectly, that all worldly progress is traceable to their united influence; and that duration of resulting civilizations has depended entirely upon the extent of their relationship in a perfected form.

There can be no doubt that climate, with its attendant difficulties or facilities of living, much regulate man's mental and physical calibre, so fitting him for retention or loss of that true incentive to all progress, "moral strength," when secured: but it has never been till moral strength may have been attained that he has been capable of occupying a prominent position, and the prominent position has moreover, been lost so soon as moral strength has departed, as a glance at ancient civilizations must assure us.

"Guyot observes, that, with regard to the effect of surrounding nature on man, the native of the tropics may be compared with the son of a princely house; and he of the North, with the son of a beggar; he of the temperate zone, as belonging to the middle classes;

which state alone experiences all the impulses for labor and civilization."

Where nature has been richest in her bounties, and the fullest play has consequently been afforded both for the play of man's dominative endowment, and his sensual indulgence, the animal within him, so hard to quell, has rendered those bounties worse than useless; and, until his moral nature may be sufficiently powerful to keep his physical nature in subjection, the easy means of living, prevalent in warmer and more fertile regions, will, enhancing immorality, lead to idleness and consequent degradation. When, however, the "animal" shall be overcome, the riches of the East will be turned to beneficial account, and becoming no longer a source of deterioration, will be simply a large item of universal property for universal benefit. Nature being vanquished altogether as she is at present in part only, the requirements of, and supplies to, all regions will become equalized; and the distinct productions of each country will be merely general stores to be drawn upon at need. In the coldest and least fruitful climates no incentive to labor (the first essential to improvement) has been afforded, because, surrounding nature being so poor, the hardest struggle must necessarily have passed unrewarded, and bettering of condition could not advance with such a heavy drag. We have, thus, to observe that men in these two named conditions are tempted to descend to an equally low status, though from precisely opposite causes. In temperate regions, however, where nature has been moderate, and has afforded only sufficient in return for man's careful management, Higher faculties, if not requisite for sustenance of life, have been fairly, but not lavishly, rewarded; and they have, in consequence, been less subjected. Toil needful for support has been enough only to induce strength and activity of body and mind. As foundation for these inferences, it has to be observed that civilization first sprang into existence in Asia, where natural means were readily at hand. The very richness of those natural means, however, were soon too powerful for man's moral resistance, and birth was in consequence given only to material civilizations, rapidly passing away, or sinking merely into a continued but slowly depreciated material existence. In Europe, on the contrary, civilization

was rooted very much later; but, owing to the condition previously noted, better sustenance was afforded to pure morale, and civilization has, therefore, become much more firmly and progressively established. This fact, however, does not justify an opinion that Europe has been the birthplace of all greatness. Such a conclusion will not, indeed, bear a moment's thought, and "when Foissac points out that all great men excepting Mahomet, belonged to the temperate zone, and ascribes this phenomenon to the effect of the European climate," one has great difficulty in conceiving the ground for such a false belief being entertained. Mr. Foissac's attention must, I suppose, have been directed solely to European history since the Greeks, and putting aside all the greater names in Scripture history; which, without any question of religious belief, undoubtedly belonged to men since un-surpassed; an oversight has equally been made of the great leaders of Eastern civilizations, by whom we have been supplied, in great measure, with groundwork of modern arts, sciences, manufactures, laws and modes of government.

Agriculture may, perhaps, as Mr. Waitz points out, be fairly taken as the first condition of life inducing improvement. It compels fixed habitation, steady application, observation of nature's laws with capacity for turning them to man's benefit; it induces a sense of the rights of property, also the formation of communal laws for their intact preservation; in short, it is man's first attempt to assume his rightful position, "lord of nature," and not merely to rest contented with what nature may have been kind enough to bestow. When agriculture may become the mode of life adopted, benefit is derived from war with neighbours; for, instead of the utter destruction favored only by a hunting existence, inducement is afforded for the application of the conquered to industrial purposes. War leads to combination of forces, discipline, and full exercise of mental and bodily strength; while subjection of the conquered to slavery gives undisturbed play to conqueror's ambition. Ambition being an integral part of man's High character (though in sad deformity) and conquest fully engendering it, unchecked, though unguided, influence is first gained by morale. Conquest also necessitates, in course of time, combination of races affording

physical benefit to either, while, prior to that condition, it must at least establish a rivalry between dominant and subjected tending to progression

When civilization may have cut its first teeth, another powerful agent, "Commerce," is brought into force, and, with regard to it I will take the following —

"Commerce," observes Falconet, "renders the people more industrious than agriculture, but they become very selfish, they now overestimate the value of wealth, everything is for sale, they are sober and honest, not from virtue but from interest, and they become timid and unwarlike"

Like every other agent, commerce is dependant for its effects upon the moral power by which it may be overruled or to which it may administer, when healthy morale causes a material prosperity only can result forerunning degradation or extinction. It must be noted, however, that even the contemptible motive cause, 'self,' tends, by aid of commerce, to introduction of desire beyond immediate self indulgence, and so favors, in measure, emancipation from nature's sway, which is further favored by a necessary observance of its laws, and their increased subjection to man's control. Before, however, any really effective good can be secured by means of commerce, a Ruling Power infinitely beyond "self" must be gained

Mr. Waitz remarks, "however great the influence of the arts may be on the forms of life which a high civilization presents, they must, in the inferior stages of development, be rather considered as the products than as the springs of culture, and are hardly capable of effecting the elevation of a people, because the really beautiful can be neither produced nor enjoyed by rude nations, and since the formation of taste becomes only important for the masses in proportion as the sense for the beautiful is already developed."

The rousing of a true sense of art is a partial enfranchisement of man's supernature; and, when he may be in a state of utter degradation, it can only be raised by powerful moral influence. When it may have been raised, however, its civilizing effect is most powerful; as we must observe to have been most noticeably the case in

connection with the ancient Greeks. In more or less distorted form, equivalent to that noticeable with regard to moral and religious senses, a sense of the beautiful must be esteemed an innate portion of man's Higher endowment. The sense of beauty, in becoming depraved, finds vent only in artistic efforts to be viewed as hideousities by superior cultivation, but the same sense which induces tattooing or the most savage ornamentation common to savage life, produced, also, an Apollo. When Art assumed the latter form a partial release was secured of man's spiritual element, and when perfection may be reached—art, science, religion, morality and then modes of expression will all rest upon the same perfected basis.

"The first steps to civilization can neither be taken nor maintained by primitive nations without the intervention of an energetic despotism for all liberty which is to benefit social development must be directly proportioned to the moral restraint which society imposes upon itself, be it the power of public opinion, feeling of honor, education or religious conceptions."

There can be no doubt that despotism is essential to the first development of civilization, because enlightened government of the many must arise from supremacy of the few who may have succeeded in raising themselves in measure beyond nature's control. But when, as all ancient and many modern civilizations must assure us, the governing minority succumb to nature's temptations, degradation at once commences, and we have record of sufficient examples to convince all who will trouble to think, that rule must proceed from God alone ere permanent civilization can be attained. No culture could have come into being without the exercise of moral influence, diseased it may be, and, indeed, has been, but powerful, and when that morale, having been imperfect, has not improved at sufficient pace to counteract its own mal-influence, the spurious civilization resulting has, like a boil, burst on reaching a head. Despotism has given us marvellous instances of individual genius, but though leaving grand lessons behind for the improvement and wonder of descendants, the owners of that genius were incapable of staying the consuming effect of an inward cancer.

Perfection of all must be the object kept view by both governing and governed for the true and lasting benefit of either.

I have already stated my conviction that "natural" religion does not exist; and my belief that man's primitive condition was one of entire purity. Man was intended to be nature's master, and he became its slave; and ages must yet elapse before a complete conquest over "self" will enable that complete dominion over nature and its laws for which purpose he had being. Since his Higher Element was vanquished he has been compelled to struggle with nature; not unaided, but, with his best efforts impeded; and the struggle still continues; though we must see that he has been very gradually, but very surely, getting the upper hand. I must remark, by the way, that people, when speaking of natural religion, generally mean only to express a worship of nature, not a worship brought into existence by nature; but the expression is apt to mislead. Such heroes as "Buddha in India, Fohi in China, Zoroaster in Persia, Osiris in Egypt, Odith in Scandinavia, &c," have, by divesting religion of more or less of the animalism with which it had become clothed, brought it in equivalent degree to its first and true condition; and proportionately rendered it a civilizing medium of varying strength. All religions are true in the recognition of God, and new forms can only become popularized by their power of appealing to, and raising, the moral perceptions of a people among which they may originate, or to which they may be introduced. No fresh creation is possible in connection with them, but they cannot become immediately popular, if too far raised above the moral perceptions of their wished for disciples. We see, therefore, that all great reformers placed them partially in accordance with the moral status and local customs of those whose characters they desired to raise. One alone can be pointed to by whom this practice was not followed, and to whom the complete perfection of all was the sole object. The adaptation of religious formula to moral conceptions may arise in two ways; either by arrangement of creed to accord with moral obscurity or enlightenment, or by a lowering of precepts already in existence. Moral advance will prove the former a fallacy, and correct the latter's mistaken application. The truths of

Christianity have been deformed since A. D. 1 to accord with the most anti-Christian practices, and it doubtless will be so, in a degree, to the end of time. It must be so, indeed, for whoever may have searched himself most deeply, with that Unreachable Example as a reference, will be first to admit his imperfection. No one has yet been able to conceive a truly moral precept not already expressed in fewer words and with greater clearness, in the four Gospels. The followers of every other religion than that of Christ have, however, been compelled to advance far beyond their precepts before that partial conception of Christianity's spirit may have been attained for which many heathen philosophers are to be greatly honored. Morality and Religion are so necessarily united that when, by earnest contemplation, a fresh moral perception may have been evolved, its conceiver has at once searched for it in his religious record. If not there, it should be, and the realization of this fact compelled the ancient philosophers to a constant spiritualization of their creeds; till indeed, the creeds in their own minds bore no resemblance to those with which it was tried to place them in accordance, and philosophy distinct from any recognised religion became inevitable. No reason is, however, thus afforded to a similar result in the present day; since a guide is so readily at hand to which no improvement can be conceived. The man is a fool who may grope in the dark when a lantern is at hand. A religious form can do no more than truthfully indicate the best road to be taken or not, as wayfarer's own moral sense may dictate, and it would seem to me a necessary sequence of the highest moral sense being latent within all, (as the effect, so immediately noticeable upon Religion gaining the ascendant, sufficiently proves) that it must have been perfect primarily, and that all grades of imperfection must be due to degenerative causes; certainly not that all approaches to perfection can have arisen from exercise of natural laws.

A religion must be the purer the more it encourages the development of knowledge, and it is equally beyond doubt that no religion can be altogether true which will not bear the advance of science. A broad distinction must, however, be drawn between the perfect results of science and its intermediate speculations upon incomplete

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

arch; also, between the narrow reading of scriptural truths and its real signification, not yet fully ascertained upon physical points. The nearest between Science and Religion rests between followers of the former, who conceive that "physical enquiry can in any way affect ritual revelation or disprove the truth of a perfect moral code; and followers of the latter who deform their creed with physical dogmas. The territory of Science is "this" world, and within that limit much has to be advantageously discovered; the domain of Religion is the "next," and I cannot sufficiently express my regret that belief should so often be made to depend upon questions of natural history; regarding which, only those who may have devoted themselves to the unravelment of nature's laws can possibly be fitted to arrive at a conclusion. It is not, however, to find those, by whose agency the original object of man's creation will be arrived at, so frequently denying themselves the true enjoyment of discoveries made; in consequence of trespassing beyond their proper boundary. The world's progress has mainly to depend upon compromise between two great classes: between a class comprising those who know how things should be but will not learn how they are; and a class composed of those who know well how matters stand, but will not think how they should be. Advance will be very halting, if worldly knowledge and religion may march arm in arm; not theoretically but really.

In conclusion, I will simply repeat that all agents in the world's improvement, from the, in great measure, natural ones of war and commerce, to the more spiritualized ones of art and knowledge, and science, again, to the still more exclusive emanations from God—morality and religion—have been only powerful in proportion as they may have been acted upon by the two last named in conjunction. The duration of civilizations resulting has varied with the degree in which Religion and Morality may have been trammelled with physical considerations; for we have seen how frequently the awakening of a spiritual sense has brought civilizations into existence, and how often a perfect morale attendant thereupon has naturally effected their perfection. To God alone substantial progress has been due and every civilization, so far beyond its predecessors, owes its birth and

A SCRAP FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

growth solely to Christianity. Had it not been for missionaries derived, doubtless, by our blue ancestors; we ourselves could not have being, for the vast intermixture composing us would not have occurred without the working of an Unseen Power.

A SCRAP FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

About a hundred and fifteen miles to the east of Calcutta is a little out-of-the-way sub-division of Bagherhat, in the district of Jessore. Marrelgunge, in this sub-division, is perhaps known to some of the readers by name, at least. It is a *char* in the Baleswar and is the centre of a flourishing trade. Several steam-packets run from here to Calcutta and other places. The Lieutenant-Governor was very pleased with a visit to it year before last, and heavily complimented the proprietor Mr. Morrel, on his having "converted a howling wilderness to a smiling city."

Bagherhat is a neat little village—for, certainly it cannot aspire to the title of a town—situate on the banks of the Bhairav,—a fine limpid stream; but its water is quite unfit for use, owing to the enormous quantity of salt it holds in solution. There is a brick-made ghat leading into the river, but men do not venture more than three or four steps into the water for fear of the scaly monsters that are pretty numerous here. Sometimes you will see long black lines on the surface of the water, but before you can take up your gun and fire they are gone. What do you think these are? Oh, it's only some of these leviathans, the crocodiles themselves. Woe to the poor creature that comes too near the river bank! Before it can turn itself away it will be safely deposited within the enormous jaws of the monarch of the deep. One or two instances even of unwary passengers being carried away from boats have been heard of. From ten to twenty crocodiles are killed every year, and, it is said, in disembowelling these gold and silver ornaments, such as are worn by villagers, are sometimes found.

There are in various parts of the sub-division large tanks giving good water; on these the inhabitants have to depend entirely for

apply. Some of the tanks were dug time out of mind, the greater number more than four centuries old, and only a few are excavated within the memory of any living. Khanja Ali, of whom we shall have much to speak a little further on, is said to have dug no fewer than one hundred of these. Before the establishment of the sub-division his place was a den of robbers. But the only trace we now get of him is in the nomenclature of certain tanks. A gentleman of this sub-division assured me that there are no fewer than five hundred tanks which go by the name of "Kalka Pukus"—tanks consecrated to the terrible goddess Kali,—pre-eminently the patroness of the dakaites.

About two hundred yards to the south-west of the Deputy Magistratecy is the principal tank at Bagherhat, called the Mitha Pukur (*sweet tank*)—"When this was being re-excavated two years ago (*i. e.* in 1869) there was found upon the western side of it about two feet below the surface an ancient ghat. The steps of it were somewhat worn away and dilapidated, but the floor above the steps was still in good order—a floor of a circular shape with its border composed of ornamental brick-works."—Mr. Westland's Report. On the other side of this ghat has been built by a lady of the family of Pratapaditya.—This family, in collateral branches, still exists.—The largest tank on the southern side is the "Natkhana Pukur" (*Bull-room tank*). This was dug by Baho Begum, a lady of the Nawab's family, who enjoyed a large rich jaagir, which on her death in 1794 lapsed to Government.

The most interesting as well as the most ancient ruins here, are associated with the name of Khanja Ali. Tradition says, he flourished in the sixteenth century and was a noble in the court of Gour. He obtained the king's permission to reclaim the Sunderbans. This he did to some extent and the land thus reclaimed was conferred upon him as a jaagir. The king with whom he was in very good terms, made him many valuable grants and through royal favour he managed to acquire immense riches; and, like all other Mahomedan jaigirdars of those days he was virtually independent in his own little dominion. But Khanja Ali's happiness was not unmixed. His mind was sorely embittered for the want of an heir and so much did this prey upon him that in his latter years he turned a fakir.

He scattered his enormous wealth all over his *jaagir*, and it is said that still lately no two men would work in the same field lest there should arise a dispute about the partition of the money they might get there. Khanja Ali bestowed about two thousand biggahs of *lakhrāj* land on his favourite disciple, whose worthy representative, a garrulous, rheumatic old man, communicated these facts to us.

The only trace that can be got of Khanja Ali is the ruins he has left behind. We can guess a little of his history from an examination of these. The gentleman above alluded to says that the ruins of Khanja Ali's buildings have supplied all bricks necessary for the construction of new roads all over the station.

Some five hundred yards to the south of the Deputy Magistracy is a brick-lain road running parallel to the Bhaitav. This road stretches, as they say, from Khulneah on the west to Chittagong on the east and is generally known as Khanja Ali's *jungal* (high-way). A bridge, of course, could not have been thrown over the Megna. The *jungal*, about ten feet broad, is formed by five equidistant lines, about ten inches in thickness, running lengthwise parallel to the edge of the road; between these the bricks are laid transversely on edge. It is very irregular and difficult to pass over, as could be expected from four centuries' standing without any sort of repair. There are large trees on both sides of the road and these afford a great relief to the travellers. The bricks used in this and all other works of Khanja Ali are smaller than those now common; they are five or six inches square and about an inch and a half in thickness.

A journey of about three miles along this road, and then pursuing in a southerly direction a similar one at right-angles to this for about a mile I reach the little village of Khanja Ali,—so called from containing mosque and tomb of that personage. The journey is not at all tedious. For, time will pass very pleasantly in observing the manoeuvres of *coo-hats*—few and far between. And, sometimes to break the monotony a *harp* would start up from some thicket and then bounding past you would be lost among the annanas. The patriarch of the flock would desist from his browsing, look at you with a half curious eye and then bellowing loudly would pass on. But hush! what enchanting note is that coming from

under bush—Peu! Peu! Peu!—It must be Philomel. Let's walk a little faster. Ah! now it flies away filling the air with its melting wail. But the sun does not permit me to be sentimental long and as everything must have an end, so at last I arrive at my journey's end,—Khanja Ali.

There on a piece of elevated ground is the mosque,* containing Khanja Ali's tomb. Just on the front of it there is a very large tank about 16,000 feet square. There is a number of large tame crocodiles in it, these came out at the fakir's call (the fakir's, you may remember, is the worthy representative of Khanja Ali's favorite disciple mentioned above) and ate out of his hands almost; certainly it was very fine to set them by the ears by throwing a fowl among them.—But enough of these; we must now turn to the more serious task of examining the mosque and tomb.

The mosque is enclosed by two circular walls, each furnished with a gate-way. It appears square from without but is octagonal within. The floor is decorated with a sort of mosaic work, partly worn away. The tomb itself is of a blackish stone in which passages from the Koran are transcribed in raised letters. This sort of stone is to be found nowhere in Bengal. Whence could it have been brought from? The fakir says it was procured from Arakan, but no body can vouch for its accuracy. The inscription is in a very good order, scarcely a letter having been defaced. It appears from the inscription that Khanja Ali died about the year 1534.†

Outside this and a little to the west of it is the tomb or rather the cenotaph of Pir Ali, Khanja's Dewan. Pir Ali is said to have been a Brahman, but no body knows his Hindu name.

About two miles from this place is the Satgamuj (*palace of sixty names*), Khanja's Westminster Hall. On entering the building I was

* Mr. Westland calls this a *mosque*, but in point of fact it is nothing of the kind; it is simply an outer building enclosing the tomb. To prevent confusion the text is as it is.

† This inscription has been translated into English by Babu Gour Doss Bysack, sometime in charge of this Sub-division and is to be found in Mr. Westland's

startled by a number of crows that flew off from its top and began hoarse concert on some of the neighbouring trees. Inside I found two or three truants from some villager's flock shyly standing in an obscure corner; on my approach, they scampered off like so many spirits. The Satgambuj is a very large hall resting upon sixty pillars in rows of six and ten and has seventy-seven domes. Hence it would appear that the name it bears is a misnomer. All the domes are in perfect order except one, the south-west corner, which was struck by lightning a few years previously. The plaster is falling off from the pillars and some entire denuded discover columns of a greyish white stone about a foot and half in diameter. The floor is also paved with stone of the same kind. The spot where once the throne of Khanja stood is still pointed out. There is in the wall behind this a large iron grate, which was supposed to contain a portion of Khanja's wealth, for this, it was with extreme difficulty broken open; but there was only disappointment, for, the wealth, if there was any, had long since been removed.

The workmanship of this building is very strong, a piece of brick almost wholly disengaged sustained the weight of a man's body. A dilapidated dark winding staircase, almost choked up with rubbish, leads to the top of this pile. The passage up is not a very easy one, for you make one false step down you fall into the ditch below. Through the greater part of this you have to make use of your feet and hands as well. The top is all overgrown with parasitical plants, much bigger than a man's height, there is an ancient path by the edge along which no man can only pass at a time. The four corners of this are marked by four sentry boxes, more or less in ruins. Here is nothing, however, to detain one long, so down again by the same way. Is there nothing more to be seen? Yes, the ancient tank must not be forgotten, it is just at the western side of this. A very large crocodile has recently taken up his quarters here, the villagers seem to be quite familiar with him and fearlessly take their baths in it. But a village maiden, with a very handsome face indeed, tells me that he was rather impertinent with a relative of hers a few days previously and had grown a little shy since.

The day is rather advanced and it is high time to depart, so with many a sigh and many a looking back I leave these venerable remains of antiquity with the same sort of feeling as one experiences when one is disturbed in a pleasing reverie or when one awakes from a delightful dream and tries in vain to compose one's self to sleep and dream out the rest.

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SCIENCE.

A REACTION seems to be setting in against mineral waters; their constant use at table is said to impoverish the blood, and those who especially repair to thermal springs to indulge in special baths, and drink so many glasses of the water per day, return weak, debilitated with loss of appetite, and a stomach totally unable to digest the little portion of food they can eat. There are then "victims of Spas"; but it must not at the same time be forgotten, that imaginary invalids repair to those health stations, and return with a real malady, and often two. There is a pretext for going to fashionable watering places like Plombières, Luchou, Royat, Aix, &c., as well as an end, and some of the best attested cures have been effected by those who left the springs aside, and relied on the pure air, the excursions, the balsamic emanations of the forests, the ruling tranquility, the regular living, the scenery of nature, and exemption from feverish occupations. Mineral waters are transparent and they owe their previous qualities to having sojourned in the interior of the earth and there borrowing the substances on which their efficacy depends. The elevated temperature also of the springs, enables the water to dissolve larger quantities of mineral and gaseous elements. There are at least 120 different kinds of mineral waters—all natural, drunk in Paris, but there is one of late markedly coming with favor, to judge by the new shops opened for its sale, namely, sea-water. As compared with others,

its use is not less easy or agreeable, in addition to common salt, sea water contains twelve or fifteen different substances, of which the greater number have a marked efficacy on the health. There are ten bakeries in Paris professing to make bread and biscuits with sea-water alone, and that sell the water in sealed bottles just like wines.

The consumption of pounded raw or slightly cooked meat in the south of France, is becoming very general; medical men attest, that with this habit, worm diseases increase; consumptive and debilitated people find such relief from the regimen in question, that there is no likelihood of its being soon abandoned. It is, therefore, recommended, that if meat is to be eaten wholly or partially raw, that mutton be preferred, as it is mostly free from parasites. Beef and veal—the latter especially, contain sixteen different parasites, and which have been detected in the muscles and deep-seated organs of the animals; of these sixteen, ten at least are common to man and oxen. If the tongue of a slaughtered pig displays cysts or pustules, it is immediately rejected as food; the under portion of the tongues of oxen and calves, ought also to be so examined, and if similarly affected, to be similarly condemned, for it is chiefly by these cysts that parasites find their way into our system and become developed as tape or other worms. M. Sansino has recently detected a curious intestinal worm in the blood even of oxen. These parasites cannot be effectually destroyed unless at a temperature of 320 degrees, and when a thermometer is placed in the centre of an underdone joint, the temperature is never more than from 120 to 160 degrees. There is every reason then to conclude that intestinal worms are derived from the animals we eat.

Dr. Wailley, either happily or unhappily, has not yet had an opportunity of experimenting with his *Spirophore* on a drowned person; he has however, satisfactorily tested its mechanism in the dissecting room. The object of the apparatus is to enable persons asphyxiated by submersion to respire. Contrary to the general belief, it is not the water absorbed which suffocates the drowned; he dies because he cannot respire, and to re-establish respiration, is the way to save him. Death is often but apparent; it becomes a reality only when all the oxygen contained in the blood has been entirely consumed, and this absorption

is slower in the case of man than in animals. All depends on the provision of oxygen, and this provision varies with each individual. It is, therefore, not right to despair of restoring life even where persons have remained a long time under water; an instance has been attested, where life has returned, although the drowned was an entire hour submerged. Dr. Wailley's invention provokes mechanically the movements of respiration, so as to induce the external air to enter, and penetrate the remotest ramifications of the pulmonary system. The apparatus consists of an iron case, hermetically enclosing the body, save the head; the cylinder is connected by means of a tube, with a large bellows; every rapid "blow" of the latter, produces a vacuum round the body, and the external air rushes into the lungs; by means of a glass Judas hole in the cylinder, the sides of the drowned can be observed to heave, the movements of inspiration and expiration are accomplished; after eighteen lowerings of the pump, or bellows, per minute, 90 quarts of air ought to have entered the lungs in the space of ten minutes; if after five minutes further pumping, natural respiration does not set in, the patient is clearly dead. The apparatus is heavy, but invaluable in sending energetically and rapidly air into the lungs, and stopping at an easily defined stage.

The theory which admits, that the profound parts of our globe are a centre of fire, forms one of the bases of modern geology. Broached fifty years ago by Cordier, and confirmed by a crowd of facts, the theory is now accepted without opposition. However, M. Mohr of Berlin questions the existence of this internal heat of our planet, based upon experiments made at a depth of 4,000 feet in the rock salt of Sperenberg. He finds that the temperature does not increase as he descended into the mine; on the contrary he concludes, that at a depth of 5,179 feet increase of temperature ceased and at three times this depth the region of constant temperature would be reached. M. Mohr is of opinion the cause of the increased temperature ought to be sought in the superior strata of the earth's crust. The new theory of volcanoes is in harmony with this view; some geologists maintaining, that the fluidity of lava is not the consequence of molten matters originating from the central fire of the globe, but from the chemical reactions in

luced by sea water coming in contact with the profound layers of the earth's crust. Note, with few exceptions, all volcanoes are near the sea. M. Brue opposes M. Mohr; the latter's experiments, he states, demand to be ratified over certain points of the globe; there are infiltrations, subterranean currents of cold water, and of the chemical changes constantly taking place in the globe's crust, some are accompanied by the production of heat, others by cold. One consequence of M. Mohr's experiments will likely be to modify the law, that for every 36 yards we descend into the earth, there is a corresponding elevation of temperature of nearly two degrees. The Editor of the chief Astronomical journal in France draws attention to, and corroborates, the calculations of the geologist Dandet on the presumed age of the earth. It is the first time that the attempt has been made to supply with a rational approximation, the exact antiquity of our origin. It is alleged, that in condensing, the sun lost some fragments of its matter; hence, the origin of Venus, Mercury, and the Earth. Our planet then passed through six periods from the chaotic, up to the present, and since 50 millions of years, the earth has possessed its actual conditions of habitability. In the fifth, or miocene period, tropical vegetation flourished in the Pyrenees, representing a lapse of 144 millions of years. In a word, no less than 6,000,000,000 years have expired, since the earth separated from the sun, a date very distant from the ordinary figures fixed for the creation of the world, namely, 4004 B. C.

The extraordinary summer we are passing through, its extremes of intense heat and cold, has drawn much attention to atmospheric electricity. Thunder may be summarily described, as an immense electric spark bursting between a cloud and the earth; lightning is composed of sparks similar to those produced by ordinary electrical machines; if the spark flashes between two clouds, as is mostly the case, no storm ensues, but if it extends to the soil, the point struck will be injured. Two electrified clouds attract one another, and when near, they unite and produce the spark; these sparks are not larger than those generated in a laboratory, but the flash may vary in length, from 10 miles. The humidity of the atmosphere being a bad conductor,

the spark jumps from one portion of a cloud to another, at sometimes great distances, hence the zig-zag, not unfrequently the clouds are then march discharge and recharge themselves with electricity, hence why the lightning continues for hours. Wheatstone fixed the duration of lightning flashes at one millionth of a second. Sometime instead of flashing from cloud to cloud, the electricity runs round the border of one cloud, &c, hence the spectacle of red, blue, or violet colored lightning, and which are so many internal discharges. After hot days the horizon presents a succession of electric glimmers, which are the reflections from storms taking place below the horizon. Beyond 3 miles we cannot hear the noise of thunder, but we can perceive the glimmer of lightning at 90 miles. The reports of artillery can be recognised at this latter distance, but here the sound is transmitted by the earth. The "roll" of thunder is due to the successive commotion produced by the passage of the fluid, and when the electricity is nearest, the clap resembles the tearing of a piece of parchment or lining. The thunder "strikes," when the lightning instead of passing between two clouds, descends from one to the soil. Elevated objects, as isolated trees, hills, and towers, are the most frequently struck, the nature of the body has a great influence, thus a small tree is often attacked while the tower, or a high tree, at whose base it lives, has been spared. Generally, the tree richest in water is the most frequently struck. In the country one ought to carefully avoid isolated trees, and prefer high ground, keys and money ought to be taken out of the pocket, and chimneys avoided, for soot renders the furnace good conductors. Safety is better sought in the middle of a room than in a corner, as people are better separated than together, it is good to shut windows and doors, and cut off currents of air, kitchen is a dangerous place owing to the numerous pipes generally there. Unless worked well, a lightning-conductor is a virtual calamity. Very nervous persons would do well to seek a temporary shelter in the cellar; as clothing is an illusion, in point of a precaution, an oil-cloth or India rubber mantle is preferable. Lightning similar to a projectile, kills and stuns without the patient being conscious of his injury. When men and horses are together, the lightning seems to prefer horses; it

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particularly partial to dogs, invariably destroying them and sparing man. Winter thunder storms are the most dangerous, but happily in our latitudes they are rare. The neighbourhood of forests, sheets of water, the geologic character of the soil, and calcareous districts, favor the production of thunder storms. Over ground rich in iron ores, the most threatening storms pass without bursting. Occasionally detonations occur, and with fatal consequences without anything luminous being visible. If thunder mostly "falls" it also sometimes "ascends," ascending mixing with the atmospheric currents, and though it does not frequently happen, flashes of lightning have been witnessed, ascending from the soil like a rocket, to mix with that in the air.

M. Tissandier pursues with a model perseverance the study of his theory of iron particles in the atmosphere, whose origin he maintains to be meteoric, and not from the wear and tear of wheels and horse-shoes. M. Tissandier has demonstrated, microscope in hand, that the particles of iron have a special globular form. Now what characterizes meteoric iron is, that it is allied with nickel, M. Tissandier has succeeded in separating nickel from particles of atmospheric iron dust.

The use of *fuchsine* to color wines, and mask the addition of water, and the increase in the south of France, this new coloring material contains arsenic, lead, and mercury, and already cases of poisoning from retorts, pistons and irons, where *fuchsine* had been employed, was traced to the presence of these metals. Pure *fuchsine* is asserted to be harmless but how does the wine merchant know if it be pure? For adulteration, butter is at present largely adulterated with fecule, and M. Puohot, who was directed to investigate the fraud, discovered that iodine yielded no color in presence of the milk and the albumen. It is suspected that fashionable ladies in Paris commence to indulge in arsenic eating, in order to make them "beautiful for ever."

Boillot advocates its use as a stomach stimulant, and an aid in respiration. In parts of Austria people use arsenic like tobacco, they smoke it, and suck it like a *bonbon*, till their bodies, like that of *Hydrates*, become inured to the poison. Arsenic imparts an agreeable fulness to the figure, and a youthful, animated expression. It makes horses more vigorous, confers on them shining coats, and pro-

duces foaming mouths; oxen, sheep, and pigs, when slightly dosed with arsenic, acquire an excellent appetite, improved digestion, and hence fatten rapidly.

LITERARY.

ONE of the most interesting figures of the French Revolution was Carnot. Royalist by birth and associations, he remained till the day of his death, at the age of 70, an inflexible republican, a model of virtue and integrity, a distinguished mathematician, an able war-minister who "organised victories," and a man not only respected, but esteemed by his foes. He has been justly named the Barneveldt of the Republic. Such a life merits to be studied, more especially as Carnot during his stormy career, was twice in a position to decide the fate of Europe. Carnot's "Memoirs" by his son are profitable reading at any time; to these may now be added the work of Professor de Sylb of the Bonn University, "The History of Europe during the French Revolution," founded on diplomatic documents in the archives of several continental governments. If Carnot did not possess the qualities of a Statesman, he was singularly exempt from the vices of a Demagogue. He was the son of a lawyer, was born in Burgundy, and was one of a family of eighteen children. His education was simple, pure, and careful; when at the close of his teens, he was brought to view a battle piece at the Dijon theatre, he involuntarily exclaimed, that the army and artillery were misplaced, and that in such a position they were certain to be captured by the enemy. At school, he was punished for excessive study, and remarked for the originality of his thoughts and the profundity of his convictions. When he came to Paris, his college companions laughed at his religious views, so he went to work to study theology, with the same ardor that he devoted to mathematics and the military art. He has but one passion, the love of science; truth with him was a sacred thing, and on one occasion his worship of that virtue cost him a prolonged residence in the Bastille. To the affairs of life he brought all

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of the mathematician, or the obstinacy of the *Savant*. In presence of facts, he yielded to theories, this was lamentable in the case of politics, which in addition to embracing doctrines, are also controlled by passions and material forces. He subscribed to Robespierre's maxim, "Perish the country rather than a principle." It was thus, that he, an educated officer, advocated the arming of the whole nation with pikes, the releasing of the soldiers from passive obedience, and razing of castles and fortresses, because these might oppress the people. It was thus also that he voted for the execution of Louis XVI., and became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, notwithstanding he admired the coarseness and vulgarity of the Hebertistes, but sympathized with their zeal for war. He held no patriot could be a member of the Jacobin club and he astonished the Treasury clerks returning the balance of the grants, unexpended, for his official use. There was no place in the state ledger for this honesty. He was a warm partizan for conducting the war in Vendee with humanity, the most efficacious means for securing peace. Although but a simple Captain he made and unmade generals; he selected officers for their fitness and capacity, regardless of their politics or their birth, protected even Royalists. Robespierre lamented he could not enter military affairs to get rid of "that insupportable Carnot." "We cannot dispense with you, and hence the reason we tolerate you in the Committee," observed Robespierre, "but at the first reverse of the army, you will be guillotined." Strange amenities among colleagues. Energetic as a war-minister, his plans were as surely and easily conceived, as they were immediately executed. By means of secret agents and immense bribes, the Republic undermined the armaments of Europe, especially in the North and South, and by arming the poorer against the richer classes. All that France obtained in this expenditure of millions upon millions, was vain promises. English influence was everywhere the rock ahead. Thus the Committee of Public Safety resolved in 1793 to strike England at the heart, by invasion, and dictating terms at London. France employed all her efforts towards this end, Carnot knowing well, she could never make a good preparation of a similar force. It was thus that in 1794

London, Amsterdam and Turin were at once threatened, and the other parts of Europe undermined by intrigues. But the game was terrible; the power of democracy had its Nemesis in the crimes of the Reign of Terror, troops were enrolled against their will, and only learned the use of arms when under the enemy's fire; the chiefs had for general order, to dare all, as the government had risked all. The raw levies cost more than regular armies, diplomacy was absorbed with Chimeras, and the machine broke down by trying too many plans and all simultaneously. Napoleon in making him war-minister and giving him high office on three several occasions, afford us the best testimony to Carnot's ability. But Carnot remained, alike under Napoleon as under the restored Bourbon, the same rigid Republican as he was in 1793.

Much might be written on the variations of George Sand's literary character, but there is no difficulty in fixing the limits of her talent. Since 1831, till her fatal illness last month, she was an indefatigable writer; but since ten years, her ability has been on the decline. To understand this extraordinary woman, it is necessary to study her private life, or rather her girlhood. She lost her father when very young, and her bringing up was confined to her grandmother, a stiff old lady of the eighteenth century school and grand-daughter of Marshal Jaxe, and her mother, an ignorant work girl, who prided herself on being a plebian. Between these opposing influences, the consequences were as might be expected on a sensitive nature and an ardent imagination. Instead of wearing gloves and speaking like a courtier, as the grandmother wished, George Sand loved to roll on the ground, laugh at will, and so were her mother's approbation; she wished to play freely with the peasant children, to never submit to the usages of Society. If she remembered she was woman by sensibility and imagination, she avowed her desire to separate herself from her sex, by her horror of gewgans, wordly pleasures, insipid gossip, and empty conversation. She preferred the society of men to women. Sent to a convent school, she was a long time conspicuous for her indisciplin and impiety; one evening she suddenly became pious and an ardent Catholic. Returning to the family home at Nohant where she has died, she

abandoned herself to the independence of a life in the country, to its fields, its forests, and its streams. Like Goethe's *Westher*, in entering into herself she found a world, and that world she peopled with fantastic heroes, and aerial phantoms, according to the personages she had seen and loved in books. At eleven years of age she read with passion the *Iliad* and *Jerusalem delivered*; then followed the *Gospel*, *Thomas à Kempis*, *Chateaubriand*, and *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. She became enthusiastic about the latter, his writings were so clear, eloquent, and imaginative. It was at this stage she was married, and displayed for her selected husband *Maurice Dudevant*, neither taste nor repugnance; but he was far from her ideal. They separated after a few years of an unhappy union, she came to Paris with her two children to seek that intellectual life after which she thirsted; she supported herself as a miniature painter, till in 1831, she made known her talent with *Jules Sandeau*; out of compliment to him she adopted the pseudonym of "*George Sand*," and which appeared for the first time on her first novel, *Indiana*, in 1832.

George Sand has had from her debut, the privilege to astonish. The critics believed they had seized her character, when a new volume, on a new subject, baffled their penetration. *Balzac* could be held and measured, but his rival, not at all. After romances on the miseries of unhappy marriages, succeeded works on philosophy and religion; these are followed by volumes devoted to music and painting, which in turn are alternated with political and social productions, then idyls, dramas, and memories. This activity, represented by one hundred volumes, is explained by the rapidity with which *George Sand* composed and wrote. After a long silence of incubation, inspiration came upon her, and she wrote her emotions with impetuosity. *Byron* and *Musset* are reported to have had recourse to coffee, liqueurs and opium, to invite the Muse: *George Sand* drank nothing but milk and lemonade, and found in her works of imagination alone, adequate excitement. She wrote rapidly, easily, for a long time, and without fatigue. Her penmanship was large and masculine, and her manuscript was devoid of erasures. *Balzac's* writing was illegible; he erased and corrected as freely as *George Canning*. One of the consequences of

this intellectual fecundity was, that the authoress forgot many of the works she created; so many different seeds had been sown in the same field, that the cultivator forgot at last what the soil produced. Lamertine read his own *Jocelyn* in the Chamber of Deputies, alleging to some colleagues, it was for him a new poem. Scribe is said to have admired on the stage some of his own characters, believing they were the creations of others. There was no doubt George Sand was sincere when she said, that were it not for her bookshelves, she would not have remembered the names of her novels. She commenced a romance, *Pauline* for example, the manuscript was lost after being half written, years later she discovered it, and completed the story.

In George Sand's writings, there is the talent of clearness, she gave life to the aspirations of those who felt, but who did not know how to create, she seemed to clothe with a body, our hopes, our faults, and our sorrows. Her genius despite its vigor, was essentially feminine, and consisted principally in the faculty of making the reader feel, thus she moves us more than Balzac, though he is inferior in observation. Her paradoxes about social regeneration have long since been intended. Balzac produced the real, while idealising it, he observed five or six models of misers, for example, and analysing their diverse elements, combined them for a type. It was thus that Shakespeare and Moliere acted. George Sand eschews prosaic reality, she sketches a character, something vapoury and incomplete, never real. That which presents itself to her mind, is not a personage, but an idea, and she creates those personages to surround them with her sentiments. She has been accused of sowing a furious hate to marriage, but many do not take this view, and nowhere does she advocate adultery. Is not her *Mauprat* the corrective of *Indiana*? She may have agitated weak natures, but she has never corrupted them, for there is nothing vulgar or low in her writings. She had the powerful gift of popularizing cloudy theories, but these theories never lived after cock-crow. It is in nature, art, the ideal, that the genius of George Sand must be sought to be enjoyed, in her sylvan novels, her "Georgics," where she makes us feel the loveliness of nature and French scenery. Her titles to permanent glory are, *Francois le Champi*, *La Mare au Diable*;

La Petite Faislette, &c., most graceful and charming pastorals—an oasis perfumed with freshness and verdure.

M. De Amicis is among the youngest and most popular writers in Italy; he is seeing through the press a volume on Constantinople, after which he will set out for Philadelphia and write his travels through the United States. He is a native of Piedmont, and after completing his studies, joined the army, and soon conquered public attention by his "Military Sketches" the favorite reading with young people of both sexes and of all classes. The Minister of War recommended these Sketches to the Italian soldiers, to develop their spirit of honor and patriotism; but as he would never confide to the brilliant writer a regiment, a battalion, or even a company, De Amicis left the army and travelled in Spain, England, Holland and Morocco. At Fez, he encountered a Frenchman, who since some years, is in addition to being a Captain, a shopkeeper, a manufacturer, a sportsman, and a traveller, yet was so completely ignorant of the events of the outer world, as to have never heard of the war between France and Germany. The celebrated historian Cesare Cantù, has brought out a small volume—*Attenzione*, the object of which is to show, that in all things the essential is—attention. It is written exclusively for the people.

Two important works occupy much notice in Germany, Friedrich Von Hellwald's "History of the Natural Development of Civilisation," published at Augsburg. The work has been so revised that it may be ranked as new. It is not that the author has not discovered anything, so much as he interprets facts different from other writers that marks the volume; it is by the light of existing knowledge, and the application of the laws of natural science, that he traces the march and development of societies. The people who built the Pyramids quit their shadowy, past, to range themselves alongside the philosophers of the French Revolution. If the author's authorities be occasionally questionable, there can be no second opinion about his talent of reasoning and expounding a subject. The second important work is published by Hirzel of Leipzig, and deals with the "Boyhood of Goethe." The volume is a collection of the great poet's youthful letters, with a masterly introduction, an essay in fact, on the genius and work of

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Goethe, written with great delicacy in a language strong and supple and perfect in purity and elegance. A perusal of these letters makes the study of Goethe easy, as we assist at his youthful efforts.

Le Renegat, a political novel by M Jules Claretie, is much in request. It treats of the Second Empire, and of the seduction of a popular politician, by its hypocritical promises of liberty. It is a delicate, sad, curious, but profound study of political manners. It is power, fortune, in a word, ambition, not human respect or scruples that the Renegat weighs, he knows the play is not honest, but dangerous, he balances the offers of the Empire against the indignities that his apostasy will provoke, the tempest is not in his heart, but in his head, apostasy takes strategic aims, and the sophisms of ambition assume the traitor he is only exchanging sentimental, for experimental politics. This combat of a man with himself, who knows the abyss he approaches, has been exposed by Sardou in his *Ragabas*. But *Ragabas* is an innocent fool, easy to win, a Bohemian with a fixed price, beside Michel Berthier, who has to be seduced with art and profound diplomacy. The novel is very superior.

Those who feel curious about past scandals, and an exceptional phase of high society, will find M. Jullien's *Duchesse du Maine*, attractive. Everything connected with the "Grand nights at Soeaux," was petty, from the Duchess -- "the doll with blood," down to its plays, and conspirations. There are several amusing scenes and anecdotes connected with Voltaire, Fontenelle, &c. The society that met here, only gave an elegant air to obscenity, and what was too filthy for the professional actors to repeat, was expressed by marionnettes.

IMPERIAL ROME.

THE old saying of Grotius about the kingdom of France, that 'next to heaven it was the finest thing under the sun,' could have been even more appropriately applied to the Roman Empire, when at the summit of its prosperity, and before, sunk in the depths of luxury and

licentiousness, it offered itself an easy prey to the greedy soldiery of Alaric

Nowhere does history repeat itself more regularly, or with greater sameness, than in the continuous succession of the five great empires of the ancient world. Starting from comparative insignificance, gradually extending in might and dominion, each little power attains at length the full blown flower of civilization and empire, and then—decays. Like the old Greek Nemesis, and with as sure a stride, Luxury the Alastor waits in the background, and slowly closes on her prey.

The greater the height of civilization reached, the more complete is the downfall. Assyrian debauchery, Persian arrogance, Macedonian greed, Roman lust, are one and the same phase, differing only in form, of the avenger time. It is as if it graded uninterrupted sway to all, and will pick out none for especial favour, crushing new and old alike in its onward march—as Byron says—

Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before
Out upon I me! who for ever will live
But enough of the past for the future to grieve

And carrying out, as it were, to the full the old theory of the ‘*anima mundi*,’ the spirits of the great men who swayed these monarchies, unable, on account of their dip in lethargy, to profit by experience, and, rule with moderation, one and all alike keep on falling victims to the insatiate thirst for power—

Lit, quasi cursores, vitæ lampada tradunt

Ranking fourth in time, and establishing herself on the ruins of the shortest lived of the five, Rome yielded in duration of empire to the first alone, while in might and extent of dominion she far surpassed them all. Although her rule embraced the limits of the known world, and her citizens included nations of nearly every spoken tongue yet so admirable was her organization, that Rome, and Rome alone, remained the centre and head of all. Averse to every needless form of local Government, (so fatal to the Chinese), she established so complete a system of centralization, that nothing occurring in the furthest parts

acknowledging her sway could escape her surveillance. Herself the great brain, so to speak, of the nervous system of the empire, Rome stretched out so many fibres, and connected herself with the four corners of the world

The confluent issuing forth, or entering in,
 Prætors, præconsuls, to their provinces
 Hastening or on return, in robes of state
 Licitors and rods the ensigns of their power
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings
 Or embassies from regions far remote,
 In various habits, on the Appian road,
 Or on the Tiberian, some from further south,
 Syene and where the shadow both ways falls,
 Meroë and the Nile and men to west,
 The realm of Bacchus to the Blackmoor sea
 From the Asian Kings and Parthian among there,
 From India, and the golden Chersonnese,
 And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane,
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans bound,
 From Gallia, Gades and the British west
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay

Such is the magnificent description of her power by a writer, whose scholarship and knowledge of the internal economy of the Roman Empire are nowhere more clearly shewn than in this passage.

While her vast roads, all radiating from the central city, put her in direct communication with every part of her dominion, the magnificence of her aqueducts, and the colossal splendour of her buildings excited the admiration of the old and new world alike. Wanting the elegance, and grace of outline of the Grecian architecture, the Roman style could only be satisfied by what was grand and stupendous. While the Parthenon awakens our sense of the beautiful, the Capital inspires us with feelings of awe. Their building was an index of their character; scorning anything small, they must have vastness in every detail: be great in virtue, great in vice, and as in their temples they studiously avoided all dwarfish dimensions, so in their morals they exhibited the furthest bounds of unbridled arrogance and lust.

Nothing pigmy would satisfy the stern Roman ; his was the nation,
of whom Jupiter had declared :

His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono ;
Impenum sine fine dedi .

Science ! and art he left to the Greek ; for him it was ordained to
conquer and hold in subjection all the peoples of the world ;

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera ;
Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento ;
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

It is this feeling that pervades the sonorous hexameters of Lucretius, and, like the colour in shot silk, ever shifting and varying, yet never wholly lost, underlies the more graceful verses of Maro.

Though Greece bore off the palm in poetry and philosophy, Rome's roll of generals and statesmen was second to none.

It was only when the increasing looseness of morals, the great freedom allowed to women, the licentiousness of an age that produced a *Messalina*, and the *Faustinae* and allowed the debaucheries of *vitellius* and *Elagabalus*, had obliterated all the ancient virtues, and sapped the vital energy of the empire, that the seven-hilled city surrendered to the Gothic barbarians of *Alaric*. and, to use the splendid imagery of *Burke*, the brilliant orb (of the Western empire) for ever set, leaving the horizon in a blaze with his descending glory.

KAPALA KUNDALAH.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE SAUGOR ISLES.

Floating straight obedient to the stream.

—COMEDY OF ERRORS

Two hundred and fifty years ago, towards the close of a January night, a pilgrim boat was returning from the Saugor Isles. In those days it was the custom for pilgrim-vessels to sail together in numbers for fear of the Portuguese corsairs. This boat, however, was companionless; owing to the sky, to its farthest limits, having been shrouded by a dense fog during the small hours of the morning, and the boatmen, unable to ascertain due direction, having drifted far from the leeward. And now in which direction or where were they steering, there was not the least certainty. The passengers on board were almost all asleep; an old man and a youth were the only two persons who lay awake, the old man was talking with the young. Pausing for a moment, however, the former asked the pilot,

"Pilot, how far will you be able to proceed to-day?"

"Can't tell, sir," replied the steer-man with a little hesitation.

The old man, becoming angry, began to scold the pilot.

"Sir," struck in the young man, "that which rests with God even the learned cannot tell,—how can that ignorant man tell?—be not, sir, overhasty."

"What, shouldn't I be overhasty?"—exclaimed the old man, rather angrily,—"the scoundrels have reaped and made away with the paddy of about ten hoghs of land!—what will my children live upon thro' the year?"

This piece of intelligence he had received from later pilgrims after he had arrived at the Saugor Isles.

"I had told you already," said the young man, "that there was

no body else to look after your family; you ought not, therefore, to have come."

"Shouldn't I come?"—exclaimed the old man passionately as before—"the best years of my life are down, and my end's so near;—if I shouldn't do such pious deeds now—when shall I?"

"If I have understood the Shastras aright"—rejoined the youth—"pious deeds could be done as well by sitting at home as by visiting holy places."

"Why did you come, then?" retorted the old man.

"I have already told you that I had had a great desire to see the sea," answered the young man—"t'was, therefore, I came." Then, in a comparatively low voice, he began to murmur,

"O what a sight that I saw—I shall never forget it!"

* * * *

The old man's attention, however, was not directed to the verses;—he was, with his whole soul, listening to the talk of the sailors; one of whom was addressing thus another,

"What have we done, friend?—whether we have drifted into the high seas, or are come to some unknown region, we don't know." The speaker's voice was indicative of great alarm. The old man concluded there must be some reason for apprehending danger, and, with a fearful heart, asked the helmsman,

"Helmsman, what is the matter?" The helmsman answered not. But the youngman, awaiting not his reply, came out. Coming out, he saw that it was nearly daybreak—that the sky on all sides lay enveloped in a dense mist, and nothing—sun, moon, star, sky, or shore, could anywhere be descried. He perceived that the boatmen had lost all notion of the compass, and were quite at a loss to make out in which direction they were now proceeding—and, therefore, felt considerably alarmed lest they should lose their lives by drifting into the high seas.

The passengers inside the boat could know nothing of these matters, as there was a screen before them for the prevention of cold air. But the young pilgrim having guessed at the real state of things, explained matters to the old man. Whereupon a great habbub arose in the

cabin. Some of the women there had already awoke at the sound of voices,—no sooner they heard the noise than they raised a loud wail; and the old man began to vociferate,

“For the shore! for the shored!” At this the young man said, smiling

“Had it been known whereabouts the shore is, surely the danger would not have been so great.”

At this the noise among the passengers still more increased. The young pilgrim, however, having quieted them with some difficulty, said to the boatmen,

“There is nothing to fear,—morning has broke, and in a few minutes more, the sun will, no doubt, rise. Surely, the boat can’t be lost in so short a time. You had better stop steering the vessel for the present, let her drift along the current where she will; and then, when it is day-light, we shall consider matters.”

The boatmen approved of his suggestion and acted accordingly.

For a long time, the crew remained inactive, the passengers half dead with fear. Not a breath of wind. Consequently they felt not the least sensation of tossing caused by the waves. Yet they all felt it to be a certainty that death was near.

The men began to mumble silently and mystically the name of *Durga*, the women began to cry in their sing-song tone, stringing together all manner of words. Only one woman was there who did not cry—It was the woman who had left her child a sacrifice to the *Saugor*.

Thus expecting, the day advanced to nearly 9 o’clock, when, of a sudden, the sailors shouted out a jubilant cry in the name of the five aquatic Gods, the Peers. At which the pilgrims exclaimed all at once,

“What is it! boatmen, what is it!” The boatmen, too, with one voice as it were, and with great noise, exclaimed,

“Sun-shine! Sun-shine! land! land!”

The passengers came out *en masse* and began to look about eagerly, in order to ascertain what the matter was and where they had come to. They saw that the sun had come out, and the sky was quite cleared of

the far-spreading gloom of the fog, and the time was almost past 1 o'clock. It was not exactly the sea where the vessel had arrived, but only the confluence of the sea and the river.

But nowhere was the river so wide as there. One of that river's reaches was very near to the boat, indeed,—within fifty cubits at most, but of the other no sign could be discovered. In whichever direction your eyes wandered, there was the boundless expanse of water lit up by the quivering rays of the sun, and blending towards the far horizon with the sky.

Nearabout the water had the usual muddy color of riverwater. But in the distance the watery expanse was a brilliant azure. The passengers arrived at the certain conclusion that they had got into the great sea; but that, fortunately for them, the shore was near enough, and, therefore, there was no occasion for fear. They then ascertained direction by looking up at the sun. The coast they saw before them they naturally took to be the western shore of the sea. Upon this shore, hard by, a river-mouth was trickling down like a silvery stream. At the confluence, to the right, upon a large sandy tract of land, gulls and other sea-fowls were disporting themselves in countless numbers.

This river now bears the name of 'Russoolpoor River.'

Translator's Note.—The translation can hardly be said to be a literal one; and many beauties of the original have been spilt in the process of conveying the contents of one vessel into another. Its phraseology, too, may, at places, sound outlandish, because of the extreme difference between the idioms of the two languages.

Here occur some Sanscrit verses in the original which are left out in the translation.

KAPALA KUNDALAH.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE BEACH

Ingatitude ! thou marble-hearted friend !

— KING LEAR.

AFTER the joyous babble of the passengers had subsided, the boatmen suggested that, as there was still sometime for the high-tide, they had better prepare their meals on the sand before them ; and then, at the very setting-in of the tide, they might start homeward.

The passengers acceded to this proposal. Whereupon the sailors moored the vessel to the river-side. The passengers alighted and set about performing their ablutions and other matutinal duties. After ablution however, and in the course of their preparations for cooking, a new difficulty presented itself ;—there was no firewood in the boat, and no body would fetch it from ashore for fear of the tiger. At length, the old man, at the prospect of their fasting, said, addressing himself to the above-named youngman,

“ Well, Nobocoomar, my child, unless you do something for us, we shall, so many men, die.”

Nobocoomar, musing for a little while, said,

“ Very well, I will go ; let me have an axe, and let somebody come with me with a *dao*. But no one would accompany him ; at which he remarked,—

“ Very well, we shall see at the meal-time ;” and so saying, girded his loins and set out, axe in hand, to procure firewood alone. On ascending the banks, Nobocoomar saw that, as far as the eye could reach, there was not a vestige of human habitation,—but wilderness only. The wood, however, had no large trees in it, nor was a very dense one ; but here and there circular patches of underwood covered some parts of the land. Here he found no wood answering his pur-

pose. Consequently he had to go far from the river side in search of suitable trees. At length coming upon one, he hewed down from it the necessary quantity of firewood. Now to carry the wood seemed to be another great difficulty. For, he was not a poor man's son, and never used to such things. He had come to fetch wood without due consideration; but now the carrying of the burden became very painful to him. However, the thing he had once set to, it was not in his nature to give up so easily. Anyhow, therefore, he carried his load,—carrying it to some distance and then resting for a while,—and again carrying it as before. Thus he went on. Consequently he was a long time in returning. Here his fellow-passengers grew anxious at his delay, and entertained some such fear that he had, perhaps, been killed by the tiger. The probable time of his return being over, that vague fear at last grew into a certainty, and yet no body could pluck up spirit enough to get ashore, and go a little way in search of him.

While the passengers were thus busy in surmises, a deep and tremendous sound uprose from the mass of water. The boatmen perceived that the tide was coming in. They knew full well that, in these places, during the swelling of the waters, the waves lashed themselves with such terrific fury against the beach that should there be a boat or any such thing near it, it was sure to be shattered to pieces. For this reason they precipitately unfastened the boat, and made off for the mid-river. No sooner had the vessel left her moorings than the sandy tract before them was over-flowed—the passengers having barely time to get on to the boat. The rice and other things which had been placed there, were all swept away. Unfortunately the boatmen were not very skilful in their craft; and so they could not keep the vessel in her destined track. The strong current carried her into the Russoolpoor River, when a passenger exclaimed,

“Is not Nobocoomar left behind?”

“Ah me, do you think your Nobocoomar is still alive—he has been devoured by the *Jackal**—said a boatman

The boat was being carried by the current along the Russoolpoor river ;

* In the slang of the natives of Lower Bengal means the tiger.

KAPALA KUNDALAH.

and seeing it would be extremely difficult to row back, the boatmen strove their utmost to stem out of it, so much so that even in that cold month of January beads of perspiration stood upon their foreheads. The vessel was no doubt being got out of the river at the expense of so much labor, but the moment she came out, she again darted off northward like an arrow under a stronger current, and the boatmen could not in the least check her course. The boat returned not.

When the tide had so far abated, that the progress of the vessel might be arrested, they had left the Russoolpoor confluence far behind; and now it became necessary to decide whether they should return for Nobocoomar. Here we ought to inform our readers that the fellow-passengers of Nobocoomar were his neighbours only—neither friends nor relations.

They saw that it would require another low-tide to return thence; and then it would be night; and during the night the boat must not move. Consequently the return of the tide next morning should have to be waited for; and all this time, as a matter of course, they should be without food; and they would be half dead with fasting for two consecutive days. Particularly the boatmen were unwilling to go back, for they were disobedient. They had been saying that Nobocoomar had been killed by the tiger, and that was the only probability under the circumstances. Then why undergo so much trouble?

Reasoning in this wise, the pilgrims thought it best to proceed homeward without Nobocoomar. And thus was Nobocoomar deserted as an exile on that dreary sea-shore.

Reader! you are, perhaps, determining at this that you will never go to procure firewood to prevent the fasting of others. If you think so, then you are a villain as villainous as these pilgrims. They whose nature it is to sacrifice their benefactors will always sacrifice their benefactors; but he whose nature it is to procure firewood for others, will always do so—he be sacrificed as many times as possible. You may be bad, but why should not I be good?

* * * * *

CONCERNING SOME OF THE MOON'S RELATIONS TO THE EARTH

One among many of the results of the rapid strides which science has made within the last fifty years has been to remove to at least a vast antiquity the era of "the beginning." We have still to re-construct our orthodox chronologies, and to admit that the systems which now pass current have been founded on imperfect knowledge, and a very remarkable insufficiency of data. This is no insignificant matter. Any thing which leads us to reconsider the views taken by our forefathers, and the estimable men who first unfolded them to us in our earliest years is apt to occasion the falling away of many. It will be different hereafter. When the first rude shock of surprise is over, when our children's children born as they will be in the light of a day with which we are not nourished, come to look back calmly on the wrecks of our present, they will find, though we may not, fewer discrepancies and more complete verifications of science in the old cosmogonies which still fascinate the orthodox. The catagorysms and copyisms of the past will be guarded with less suspicion in the future. Believers will be furnished with more reliable weapons for attack and defence, and the doctrine of final causes will be placed on firm and enduring foundations. Ours is strictly a transition age. With a future full of rich promise dawning on us, we prefer to look back into the gloom of a faultful past. We hesitate to advance boldly on a new and untrodden road, because before we do so we must make an effort, and fling away from us the trappings and go-carts with which we and the traditions and affections of infancy made us familiar. We have still to gain self-confidence. We have been more immediately led to this train of thought the perusal of a foot-note to the *Cosmos*. Laplace as cited by Humboldt, says (Baird's translation) "several partizans of final causes have imagined that the moon has been given to the earth to light it during the night, in that its nature would not have attuned the object she had proposed, because we are frequently deprived at the same time of the

light of the sun and moon. To have attained this end it would have been sufficient in the beginning to place the moon in opposition with the sun, in the same plane of the ecliptic, at a distance equal to the hundredth part of the distance of the Earth from the Sun, and to give to the moon and the Earth velocities parallel and proportional to their distances from that body. Then the moon constantly in opposition to the sun would have described an ellipse round it like that of the earth; these two bodies would have succeeded each other in the horizon, and as at that distance the moon would never have been eclipsed, its light would certainly have replaced that of the sun." Lionville, (cited by Humbolt) commenting on Laplace's reflections on a perpetual moonlight, says, "If the moon had occupied at the beginning the particular position assigned to her by the illustrious author of the *Mécanique Céleste*, she would not have been able to maintain it for more than a very short time."

One of the latest utterances on the subject is to be found in Nanny and Carpenter's work on the Moon. These authors say, "The most generally appreciated, because the most evident of the uses of the moon is that of a luminary. Popular regard for it is usually confined to its service in that character, and in that character poets and painters have never tired in their efforts to glorify it. And obviously this service as a "lesser light" is sufficiently prominent to excite our warmest admiration. But moonlight is from the very conditions of its production, of such a changeable and fugitive nature, and it affords after all so partial and imperfect an alleviation of night's darkness, that we are fain to regard the light-giving office of the moon as one of secondary importance."

But while the scientists would remove the "lesser light" from her throne as ruler of the night, they place her on a loftier pedestal. They make her a ruler over many things, and put a world-wide sceptre in the hands of the chaste huntress whose silver-tipped arrows quivered in the forest glooms and glinted the lofty snow-peaks of old. She is no longer the bright being who in the stilled midnight stooped to kiss Endymion on the heights of Latmos, but she unites the beneficent ministrations of Hygeia, to the giant labours of Hercules, and while

she fixes dates and times and seasons for the votary of the glorious Clio, the mariner takes her for his guide in his wanderings over the restless domains of Neptune.

To abandon these allusions to an outworn mythology, it is the moon's influence on the waters of the earth that helps to keep them in a condition which admits of the existence of animal life in higher forms than those that revel in deadly masses of decaying matter. The tides scour out our rivers, and remove from their deltas all the refuse which a gigantic system of river-conservancy has swept down to them from wide-spread tracts of country. There would be currents in the ocean even if it was tideless. The Gulf Stream and the Equatorial Current and numerous other currents would still exist; but these are all limited in extent and locality, and they would not effect what is daily accomplished by tidal currents. If the moon was wanting to the earth, and we had only the sun to depend on, he would cause a tide of inappreciable dimensions, and its sanative agency would not equal that of the lunar tide.

But this is not the only useful work the moon executes on earth, by which we are benefitted. She is a reliable bazar-supplier. The fishermen of the Hooghly will tell you that in the hilsa and mango-fish seasons they are sure the tide will bring them in a means of subsistence, and furnish our markets and tables with wholesome food. The moon has not inaptly been termed "a tug." Those who have watched the boatmen on our own river will have seen them waiting for the tide, and availing themselves of it when it arrived. Reflect for a moment what these men would have had to do, if there was no tide, and they had to proceed up-stream against what would then be a constant downward rush of water. It would involve extra labour, the putting forth of extra energy. Before we had railways to take us to Barrackpore and Hooghly, the helpful offices of the tide were held in higher esteem than they are now, and people spoke of and waited for one tide to take them to Barrackpore in a fast boat, and they were glad when the second tide came in to help them on to Hooghly. The natives who navigate the pariah sloops and salt-boats from the coast ports, and the seamen in the Maldivé vessels that

annually visit this city, still recognize the value of the moon as "a tug. Our own ships when they have to proceed either up or down the river without steam, necessarily make more progress when the tide is in their favour than when it is against them. Now all this means the saving of power, and therefore again the saving of money. The moon actually helps men to save money, or leaves them free to apply it to other purposes than they would have done if there had been no tide to aid in river navigation, and therefore no means of tidal transportation!

These are not the only beneficial purposes served by the tides. They are also agents in the disintegration of sea-cliffs, the alteration of coast lines and the widening of channels, and the regularity of the action in these respects produces in the course of ages most remarkable changes in the mere aspect of a country, as for example St. Malo. Now nations take their character from the natural features and physical constitution of the regions they inhabit. The people that dwell on a sea-coast, deeply indented with bays and gulfs will be a maritime and probably a commercial people. The English Channel widened by tidal currents has given Britain her insularity and materially influenced the development of various phases of the national history and spirit. A hasty view of the uses of the moon as regards the disintegrating action of the tides may encourage the belief that all this decay is not beneficial, and the necessity for building vast engineering works to check the waste occasioned by tidal currents will appear to favour the view still it is to be feared adopted by many, that this is only one of the many phases of evil against which man is called on by nature to contend, evil incidental to and inseparable from his own sin. A single glance at the surface of the moon itself will reveal a world which is stranger to the changes caused by tidal currents and atmospheric influences, and as the sharp outlines of the lunar rocks catch the rays of the rising sun, the decay and mutability with which we are so familiar on our own earth will no longer appear to be a curse attendant on evil, but a blessing which is permitted to exist notwithstanding it. This seems to us to be the correct view to take of many physical agencies in nature which are at present regarded with a distrust not unmingled with

regret by religious persons, and which are placed therefore under the ban of priestly excommunication *

The moon is used by navigators to solve the celebrated problem of finding the longitude. It is not easy to convey in a few words an accurate idea of the way in which the moon aids men in the solution of this question, but we shall attempt it. Longitude east or west of any place—the English reckon longitude from Greenwich observatory, and we shall refer to Greenwich as the 0 meridian—can be ascertained by determining the difference in time between that place and the spot where the observation is for the time being made. Local time can be ascertained by “observation” and a comparatively simple calculation

* In connection with one of the most striking features of lunar scenery—the absence of water inferred among other things from the absence of its visible results—is not the beneficial agencies of the central heat of our earth manifested very remarkably in keeping water on the surface of the globe where we and all organic beings need it as a condition of possible existence? If the earth had been solid to its centre then all the rain by which evaporated water is returned to the surface would have filtered down to the earth's centre, and at least a very sensible and progressive diminution of water at the surface would have resulted. No doubt the largest part of the water now raised upon the earth is returned to the surface by springs, but even now a portion is given off as steam. The portion so given off must have been larger in the old geologic eras when the earth's mass was hotter, and the molten interior nearer to the surface. The earth's crust bears an insignificant proportion to its mass, but if water had through thousand of ages drained downwards through fissures and porous strata to a cool centre, much of it would never have been returned to the surface even by the agency of springs. By the existing arrangement water cannot pass the point where the central heat is sufficiently high to vapourize it. In the form of vapour, it must retrace its course, and be either given off at the surface as steam (volcanoes and geysers) or be further condensed on its upward passage upon reaching strata cooler than itself, and be then returned by the agency of springs. There is another point which may be conveniently noticed here. To what extent was the Earth's surface modified by tidal influences in remote geologic ages? A tide for its formation needs a sea extending over a hemisphere, and the only existing ocean which answers such condition is the Pacific Ocean, in which the cradle of the tides is located. If in any of the geologic ages the configuration of land and sea, did not admit of an ocean half a world in width, tides would not exist, and their disintegrating action would be unknown.

in this way among others. The latitude of the given place has first to be determined, and the local hour is then found by observing the altitude of the sun, or a star, at any convenient time. Greenwich time can be determined either by a chronometer or by the lunar method, by "taking lunars" as it is termed among seamen. A chronometer is only a very accurate-going watch, but in spite of the perfection to which the construction of the instrument is brought, it is liable to variations of rate which render it much less reliable than that other great time piece set in the heavens *. "It is a time piece which can never go down, nor fall into disrepair, a chronometer which is exempt from the accidents of the deep, which is undisturbed by the agitation of the vessel which will at all times be present and available to him wherever the mariner may wander over the trackless and unexplored regions of the ocean." The constellations and the fixed stars are the hours and minute marks, and the sun, moon and planets, to cite Dr. Lardner, "which move continually over the surface of this splendid piece of mechanism, play the parts of the hands of the clock." Tables are given in the Nautical Almanac which are registers of the different positions in which the sun, moon and planets will be found relatively to the fixed stars. The moon owing to the superior rapidity of her motion is better suited for use in the method of computing longitude now being described and from this circumstance the method takes its name. The mariner by means of a sextant observes the angular distance of the moon from some conspicuous star, and with this result as one of his data, he works out certain calculations, after which he looks into his Nautical Almanac, where he finds, what the hour is at Greenwich when the moon as observed by him, is at that particular distance from the star selected. This gives him, Greenwich time, and the difference between it and the local time,

* The time ball dropped at the Fort at one o'clock daily is an expedient adopted to enable the ships in the river to rate their chronometers by local time, and thus ascertain how much they gain or lose in twenty four hours. This error of rate has to be provided for in calculations of longitude based on the chronometer.

ascertained as already mentioned, gives him further the longitude of his own ship.*

Once more, the moon is an ancient measurer of time. The word month itself implies some relation to lunar phenomena. "The relation of this division of time to the moon is apparent in all languages. Thus while in Greek *mēn* is *month*, *mēnē* is *moon*, both being derived from the Sanscrit *mā*, *measure*, the Persian *maḥ* signifying also month." This suggests to us in India the familiar words *mina*, and *mas*. The interval between two successive conjunctions of the moon with the sun is called a lunation and is a period which exceeds $29\frac{1}{2}$ days by a little less than three quarters of an hour. "A month determined by the lunar period in whatever way it be considered, could not consist of an exact number of days, nor be so taken that the year should consist of an exact number of months. All real conformity therefore between the chronometric periods derived from the sun and moon must very soon have been found to be unattainable." It was therefore found convenient to establish a subdivision of the year, intermediate between the day and the year, and "dividing the year into an exact equal number of parts, which would be neither too great nor too small for social convenience." This led to the rejection of the lunation as a time-unit, but the old relation to the moon is still preserved in our word month. The moon serves another purpose in connection

* The natives who forty years ago navigated the Maldivé boats on the open sea, found what roughly corresponds to latitude, viz., the precise spot on the main land off which their vessel was, by a very simple expedient. They used a thin rectangular piece of wood, about 4 inches wide, and 6 or 8 inches long, through a hole bored in the centre of which they passed a piece of twine about 4 feet long. Knots were tied in the twine at unequal distances from each other, and small enough to admit of the board being slipped up and down over them. Keeping one end of the string against the cheek, and holding the other out at arm's length towards the pole, they slipped the thin plank along the twine until the Polaris star just appeared on its upper edge, while the lower edge of the wood rested on the horizon. Looking now to the knot up to which the plank had been slipped they could tell within a few miles the part of the coast off which they were at the time. This, of course, did not give them the longitude, but it sufficed for their purposes.

with time, and occasionally "clears up a mystery or decides a disputed point in chronology by furnishing the accurate date of an ancient eclipse which was a phenomenon that always inspired awe and secured for itself careful record." The eclipse usually referred to as illustrative of this (see Humboldt, Nasmuth, &c.,) is the one which terrified the soldiers on both sides at the battle fought in 548 B. C. between the Medes and Lydians, and which fixes the date which is the foundation of all Scripture chronology. The important part performed by the moon in fixing religious festivals suggests itself in connection with this portion of our subject.

We may at some future time refer to other relations of the moon to the earth, other uses which are served by her, other lessons which she has to teach. For the present it will suffice if we have with sufficient clearness pointed out that her chief glory is not due to her being "the lesser light." In one sense she undoubtedly stands alone as the Queen of Night. She is not the sole cause of the tides; she is not the only heavenly body whose revolutions are employed in the measurement of time; nor does she furnish us with the only means of finding longitude. Her empire in these respects is a divided one. But she does eclipse many stars, and at her full reigns supreme in the vault of heaven flooding hill and valley, plain and ocean, with her peculiarly beautiful light. In this sense she truly rules the night. This paper will however have failed in its object if it has not attracted consideration to other important results which flow from the conditions and laws of her existence, purposes which appear more certainly to have been final causes in her creation. Placed side by side with these, her functions as a dispenser of light seem to be of subsidiary importance. There is a further line of thought which we would indicate before we close, because it is of some importance in its bearing on this point. Night is emphatically a season of rest for organic beings. Its darkness is conducive to their healthful slumber. The constant light of the long Arctic day interferes with sleep. The wakefulness of domestic animals and here in India of crows and other birds on moonlit nights is familiar to all. Humboldt in the primeval forests on the banks of the Apure and Pyara found that on a bright night when the moon

was at its full, the cries of the wild animals made sleep impossible. When he asked the Indians why *on certain nights* such terrible noises were heard, their answer was that the wild animals were rejoicing in the beautiful moonlight, and celebrating the return of the full moon.* These noises would not have been exceptional if Laplace's perpetual moonlight had prevailed. There is ground for useful reflection in the consideration of the numerous uses the moon subserves in her present orbit and position without entailing the inconveniences which would have followed on the adoption of Laplace's improved cosmical arrangements. The harmonious and wonderfully counterbalanced working of an infinite number of physical laws throughout the universe may yet be a higher and less assailable common ground on which the friends and foes of the argument from design will finally meet in reconciliation.

ARTHUR DIDDIS

*Humboldt who, however, does not himself accept the reason assigned by the Indians for this nocturnal disturbance, contrasts with it the deep stillness of an unusually sultry noon in the same forests.

A SONNET.

NIGHT's herald, pensive nymph, meek evening come!
 Bring peace serene, and rest sweet in thy train,
 Ah ! cool a hapless mortal's burning beam
 And bury with day his woes in one dark tomb !
 I feel a sad joy at the beetle's hum,
 And as the birds hail thee with dulcet strain,
 Those sunnier days of life return again,
 And half forget in past scenes present doom,
 While thou, with flowers, strew'st sadly grave of day,
 And, on the circle, Moon and Love appear,
 And gentle winds from south soft round thee play,
 With sighs of many a sweet scented flower
 Remembrance wafts back days now gone for aye,
 And heart grows big within and moves a tear.

M. C.

REVIEWS.

PSYCHOLOGY OF COGNITION.

BY ROBERT JARDINE B. D. 'D. SC.,

Principal of the General Assembly's College, Calcutta.

THE volume which bears the above title is neatly printed and moderate in size. The style is simple, elegant and perspicuous. The matter is worth the perusal of others than those who are beginning their philosophical studies, and for whom the book is principally intended. The author in this small volume has given considerable evidence of the vigour and depth of his thinking, and the extent of his philosophical grasp. The greatest merit of a philosophical work is not that it belongs to this school or that school, but the consistency

of the several theories embodied in it. Dr Jardine has had this criterion always in view except in few instances, where too, his inconsistencies are not of a glaring nature.

"Psychology of Cognition" is an attempt, as the author admits in the preface, "to show the inadequacy and unsatisfactoriness of a prevailing system of psychology, which may be indicated by the word phenomenism." How far he has succeeded in exposing the fallaciousness of phenomenism will be partially seen in the course of this review, we say partially, because our space would not permit a detailed criticism of the theories inculcated and established in the work. The author is an intuitionist, but not of an extreme character. He keeps clear of the two extremes of philosophy, the attributing of every mental phenomenon, which is not easily explicable, to intuition, and the trying to explain all by the principle of association. He has also scrupulously kept himself free from all disquisitions of a purely metaphysical character. He has not overlooked the researches of modern science in the field of psychology.

The book is divided into three principal parts in accordance with the three-fold classification of the phenomena of cognition into Presentation, Representation, and Elaboration of knowledge, with an introduction where the author treats of the sources of our knowledge regarding mind, and a subsidiary chapter giving a succinct account of the theories of the different schools of philosophy from Descartes down to John Stuart Mill.

In laying down the three sources of our knowledge regarding mind, namely, Consciousness, Physical Organism, and the Results of the continued activity of the human mind, the author has shown himself not indifferent to the scientific spirit of the age, and has not overlooked the bearings of physiology and sociology upon the study of mind, as set forth by modern science. Human mind is not an isolated existence. It is intimately connected with bodily organism, associated with other human minds, and surrounded by the whole extra-organic physical world. The development of the powers of the mind is considerably affected by these surroundings. Dr. Jardine attaches and rightly the greatest importance to the first source, consciousness. Conscious-

ness is the universal condition of our mental states ; it is the direct and authoritative revelation of our mental facts." As regards the second source, physiology is not advanced enough to establish psychology on a satisfactory physiological basis. It has shown nothing beyond this that there are certain physical conditions antecedent to certain of our mental states. But whether the mind is a function of the brain is a question still buried in unfathomable obscurity. The third source relates to mental facts and laws of a highly general and complex nature, which do not ordinarily fall under psychology.

Now let us a little more closely look into the nature of the first source. Is its authority supreme? It is admitted by all that mental facts cannot but be revealed in consciousness, because consciousness is the universal condition of their existence. Dr. Jardine, though mainly recognizing the supremacy of consciousness, seems to call in question its revelation in the case of certain complex sensations of sound and sight. "A well known optical toy," says he, "consisting of a disc of card-paper with the spectral colours painted upon it, and made to revolve rapidly upon its axis, show that *separate sensations* may, by rapidity of succession, become blended together again and form one complex sensation more or less closely resembling the original one." Had there been *separate sensations*, we could not but have been conscious of them, since sensation is a state of consciousness; sensation without consciousness of it is unmeaning. Thus according to the learned Doctor, consciousness would not make him cognisant of states of consciousness, and consequently consciousness cannot safely be relied upon. The fact is, complex physical conditions produce a single sensation, not that separate simple *sensations* are blended together into one more complex. The author corrects himself in the next passage: "The proper mixing of colours is an important part of the oil-painter's art and in this there is a complex *sensation* produced by the mixing together in proper proportions of the oils, which, taken *separately*, would produce a simple or at least a less complex *sensation*." Again in the same page in which are the above two passages, he says, "There are in consciousness *sensations* of a complex character which, as far as consciousness is concerned, appear to be simple." If com-

plex sensations *appear* to be simple how can we rely upon the authority of consciousness? This confusion of statement is owing, we believe, to "considerable haste" with which the book has been written.

On perusing the book every one would feel sorely the want of a chapter containing an exposition of the principal technical terms used. Greatest misconceptions in philosophy arise from indefiniteness and ambiguity in the meanings of words. The terms *object* and *subject*, for instance, are used in different senses in different parts of the work footnotes serving to determine their meanings in particular passages. The meaning of consciousness is to be gathered from different chapters. Consciousness, as defined in the introductory chapter, is "the power which every individual possesses of becoming aware of the various feelings and other phenomena which are experienced in his mind. It is the only power by which these phenomena can be directly known or studied, and, consequently, in every system of philosophy it must be appealed to as an authoritative revelation of mental facts." In the next Chap. Sec. IV the author lays down the first essential element of consciousness to be *sensation* actual or revived variously grouped, the second being simultaneity or succession in time. Does *sensation* the first element include feelings other than organic? If not, the above is inconsistent with the first definition in Chap. I. which takes into account those feelings. Placing consciousness side by side with intuition, its meaning becomes clear (see Chap. V. Sec. II) Intuition and consciousness are both immediate knowledge and so far they are co-extensive. "Consciousness is more properly applied to our knowledge of *phenomena*. Intuition indicates the knowledge we have of objects given in consciousness and the *relations* between them."

Let us apply the above significations of intuition and consciousness to determine the radical difference between the Intuition and the Association School of psychology on the essential point of the origin of our knowledge of extension.

Our author's theory is, we have in our sensations an element foreign to the ego, which is their localisation in the organism. This power of localising is "born with us." It gives us the first though vague

experience of locality, which is afterwards perfected by the education of our senses. This he calls the intuitive theory of extension. If intuition gives us our notion of extension, extension must be known in consciousness and immediately because, as Dr. Jardine holds, intuition and consciousness are co-extensive and both are immediate knowledge. Again locality, as known by intuition, is not a phenomenon but a relation of phenomena.

The Association school derives extension from the muscular sense with the help of Association. Sensations of muscular tension and contraction experienced in changes of position of any part of our body being associated together produce our notion of extension in linear space. The notion of motion underlies that of extension. It is the germ from which springs *developed* extension; and the germinal idea of motion arises from changes of muscular sensations of tension and contraction. Our ideas of motion, time, and space have become inseparable in thought through association, so that one is unthinkable without the others. Extension, as derived by association, is not immediate knowledge in the sense that immediate knowledge is the last step in the analysis of knowledge. But the Association school would deny that extension is mediate knowledge, if by mediate knowledge be meant knowledge arrived at by inference.

That Dr. Jardine is not an advocate of the doctrine of innate ideas appears from his rejection of the *apriori* theory of extension (see page 55). Hence the difference between the Association school and the Intuition school might be construed to this—that while the one school holds that our idea of extension is derived through a sixth sense, namely, the muscular, by means of Inseparable Association, the other derives extension from a principle of intelligence, namely, Intuition, independently of the senses. Extension is looked upon by the Intuition school as a relation of objects, not as a sense-phenomenon.

Our senses, according to this school, cannot make us cognisant of relations of things. Hence extension is not known by our senses primarily but by intuition from which we get all kinds of relations. Now, if relativity be a condition of our knowledge, and consequently if we, in passing our hand from one part of an object to another, cognise the

relations of two parts along with the changes of muscular sensation, is there any necessity of assuming two different faculties, one to cognize the sensational element of our knowledge, and another, the element of relation, where one would serve the purpose? Similarly in the perception of colour, we cognize one colour as distinct from another i. e. as related to it. We have the sensational element, the affections of the optical nerves, and the element of relation, the juxtaposition of one colour with another. In this case of perception of colour both the schools are at one. Both hold that in the very consciousness of sensations we perceive the relation of colours.

We next consider the deadly stroke levelled by our author at the Association school, at the muscle and time theory, as he calls it, of Mr. Mill. "Association," says Dr. Jardine, "unites together sensations or other objects of intuition into a compound, but the compound thus formed cannot possibly contain any thing which was not in original elements associated. Suppose that our only original intuitions are unextended sensations, and the relation between them of succession or time it will be impossible for any association to convert either sensation or time or any combination of the two, into space." If space be regarded as a relation of different parts of an object connected through difference of muscular sensations, then it seems quite possible that different sensations being associated together should make us cognisant of this relation, since our knowledge being relative we must in the very consciousness of sensations perceive the relations between them either of time or space.

In conclusion, we must say, the author deserves every encouragement from the reading public.

Two poetical congratulatory Addresses to Her Majesty Queen Victoria (one in Telugu and another in English) by Kokkonla Venkatarathnamu Pantulu and R. Sivasankara Pondiah, B. A. C. Foster and Co., Madras.

We do not know Telegu, and so cannot judge of the excellencies or defects of the first Address. The Address in English, by Mr. Pondiah, however warm in loyal sentiments, is certainly defective in style.

Much of it reads like the poor performance of a school-boy. If the original address in Telugu be what it is sought to be represented by Mr. Pondiah, we think may congratulate ourselves upon our ignorance of that tongue. As a specimen of the literary execution of the English Address, the opening paragraph will do. Here it is :—

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

For thee, O Mother, Queen Victoria ?
Is fit the title Empress of India.
Our Empress new ? before thy royal glance,
Aspires to lay, with awe and boundless trance,
A poet poor of Ind, these modest rhymes,
Spontaneous sprouts, O pride of modern times ?
As tokens humble of his loyalty,
Sincere regard, and ardent fealty
For thee, thy brilliant crown, and valiant race,
Hence, Queen ? accept this tribute poor with grace.

THE *VEDARTHAYATNA*, OR AN ATTEMPT TO INTERPRET THE *VEDAS*.

THIS is a very valuable publication. The text of the *Vedas* along with a commentary in Marathia, and a translation in English is being published by parts. The following words of the publishers will best explain their scope and the usefulness of the publication :—

“The *Vedarthayatna* which will be published in monthly parts, of 84 pages, each is intended to give to the public especially that of India as accurate an idea as is possible in the present state of philological research, of the contents of the Veda, which is known by name to all people in this country, but about the meaning of which not one perhaps in a million among the vast multitudes who believe in its revelation possesses any notion beyond this that it contains all and everything that is good, great and divine, and that it is the final authority for all ordinances, restrictions, and prohibitions, both religious and social, which form the present faith of my Aryan countrymen. Among the numerous movements of reform both religious and social, now on foot in different parts of India, the importance of unfolding to the public the true contents of the Veda in a shape that shall be intelligible to it cannot be overstated. With this view is undertaken a translation into

Marathi and English of the four Samhitas of the Rigveda, the Yajurveda, the Samaveda and the Atharva Veda, of which the Rigveda Samhita being the most important has been taken up first. The double translation will be given in juxta-position with each verse of the original, which is printed in both what is called the Samhita-patha and the Pada-patha, or the text with the words united and the text with the words separated. Besides this double form of the Vedic text, the language of which is well-known to be an archaic and obsolete Sanskrit dialect, is given in a Sanskrit form modernized, as far as possible, or in other words, in the shape of classical Sanskrit, paraphrased in prose order.

The translation is based on the authority of scholars, Eastern and Western, both ancient and modern, so that advantage is taken in its preparation of the most recent results of philological research and enquiry into Vedic studies.

Copious notes in Marathi are given, explanatory and critical, and especially such as comment upon the supposed authority of the texts for particular rites, ceremonies, observances, customs, ordinances and prohibitions that we meet with among the modern Aryas of India. Unavoidable circumstances prevent at present the addition of similar notes in English, but it is hoped the English translation which will for the most part be as close as the English idiom will permit will be intelligible to the non-Marathi Native without such notes, however desirable these may be especially to a foreigner.

There are even at present thousands of priests who know the texts of the Veda by heart, not unfrequently in their entirety. Such priests are by no means the least influential persons in our society to maintain that those texts authorize all that is enjoined and all that is prohibited and contain all that is believed under Hinduism as it exists at present. And these very prodigies of memory learning are in most instances themselves entirely ignorant of the purport of the texts they repeat. To such persons, for such persons and against such persons the translation printed in juxta-position with the text, with authorities for the former quoted at length in the notes, will, it is hoped, be highly useful."

OUR DURBAR NUMBER

THE

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THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE.

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield first announced the purport of the 'Royal Titles Bill' in the Commons' House of Parliament, he had a full knowledge of what opposition he would have to encounter, but, at the same time, he was sustained by a thorough confidence in the strength of his own party. To say that Lord Beaconsfield was ignorant of the fact that the title 'Empress' Victoria would be unpopular in England is certainly to say what nobody can believe. To suppose that the Premier was really influenced by the motives he announced in proposing the addition to Victoria's Queenly Title, would be to suppose an absurdity. For if Russia has really any intentions of a hostile nature upon India, she can hardly be hoped to be checked from carrying those intentions into practice, by the Queen of England calling herself "Empress of India." Yet it is impossible to suppose that the Premier, who must be fully alive to the interests of his own party, or for that matter, to his own interests, would, without cause, offend the feelings and prejudices of a nation, one of whose unaccountable freaks only raised him to power ere his part had been fully played out. We are not for believing, however, that any domestic quarrels in the Royal Household, of the nature described by the very gentlemanly specials in England of our Anglo-Indian Dailies, have had anything to do with Lord Beaconsfield's latest freak, or our Sovereign's change of pleasure. There must

some cause, grave or light, adequate or apparently inadequate to outsiders in general, for which, after the lapse of ages, the Sovereign of England has thought it proper to accept Imperial honors. With that cause, however, we have nothing to do, although we may share a curiosity in common with most people, to know the secret whatever it be. To us of India, the opposition set up in England against the assumption of the title of "Empress" by the British Queen, seems to be only a question of sentiment. For the British Queen, whether a Queen, or Empress, of India alone, or of India *and* England, is likely to continue as much a constitutional Sovereign as she ever was. There is not a single Englishman who believes for a moment that his liberties are endangered, or who feels himself lowered in his own esteem, by being compelled to own allegiance to the 'Empress' Victoria. And when further, the assurance has been given that the Queen will not unnecessarily obtrude her new title upon her English people, she or her Chief Adviser has made every concession that could be desired by a sentimental portion of her subjects.

We do not profess to have any sympathy therefore with those who, rightly or wrongly, sneer at Mr. Disraeli himself for his own ungraceful acceptance of a Peerage almost simultaneously with the passing of the Royal Titles Bill. He might have yielded to the solicitations of friends, or to the influence of his expressed motive, or the Queen herself might have signified her pleasure to see the man who has made her an Empress, himself also take a leap into the Upper House so as to be never out of her sight, or at any rate never be dependent for it upon the good-will of her offended subjects who have the power to push him to notoriety or condemn him to obscurity. It might even be that he really sought to hide himself within his aristocratic title after an extremely unpopular act, just to escape being generally pointed at as "the un-English statesman who has made our Queen an Empress." All this might or might not be; but we must confess our inability to judge of Lord Beaconsfield and his act by the light of English sentiment.

To us, Indians, the change in the Royal title is not thoroughly unmeaning. If the Queen by calling herself "Empress of India" holds

forth a pledge to her Indian subjects that their interests are as much her care as those of any other section of her subjects, that change deserves to be welcomed by all Indians alike. Unfortunately, Lord Beaconsfield is too much of a political trickster to encourage easy-going people to put such plain constructions upon anything he does. Rightly speaking, the Queen can hardly, under any circumstances, style herself the Empress of *India*, as, indeed, all the Opposition journals pointed out rather sharply. All India is not British India. There are independent Kingdoms within it, and Kingdoms whose relations towards the British Government of India are determined by existing treaties guaranteeing to them rights and privileges incompatible with their being dependent Kingdoms. The assumption, under such circumstances, by the Queen of England or the Sovereign of *British India* of the title of Empress of *India* is possibly as reasonable as, indeed, the assumption by the Emperor of Germany would be in Europe of the title of "Emperor of *Europe*." Such an assumption in India is equally censurable, although the resentments of the native monarchies are not likely to prove very harmful. It is much to be regretted that Lord Beaconsfield did not manfully meet this argument of the opposition. Indeed, his attempt to meet it by a reference to the wishes of the Native potentates themselves, as manifested in some doubtful and ill considered expressions, was altogether feeble. Hence is it that persons are not wanting who believe that the Imperial title is only a stroke of policy to deprive the Native States of their independence. But it might be said that for all practical purposes, the Native States have long since ceased to be considered as independent States, all treaties notwithstanding, and that Inlore and Gwalior, Hyderabad and Baroda have, if not willingly, at least not very unwillingly, accepted the position of British Fiefdoms. Without seeking to examine this position minutely, let us hope it has been so, for it is not wise or advisable to oppose a measure after it has become a fact, especially when such opposition, without being able to remedy the evil will only lead to needless heart-burning in the present and possible ills in the future. If Holkar or Scindia, the Nizam or the Gickwar are not themselves offended, why, we must all feel grateful to Lord Beaconsfield who has made *our* Empress, the Empress of *all* India.

Apart, however, from all *such* objections, we are disposed to view the assumption by Her Majesty of an Imperial title as acceptable to the generality of her Indian subjects. Accustomed as we have ever been to Imperial rule, we should have had an Emperor or Empress, when the Great Moghul's nominal possessions finally dwindled before the progress of British arms and the representative of that illustrious House was so shorn of dignity that a General of a Mercantile Company could safely ask a seat in the Presence. At any rate, if from vague fears, the formal installation of the English power in the Delhi Musnad could not be resolved upon by a Mercantile Company, there should have been nothing to prevent the Ministers of the Crown from so doing in 'Fifty-eight when the Crown assumed the direct government of these possessions. But it was not from vague fears alone that the formal installation of the English power in the Dewan Aum was delayed. For it is not altogether reasonable to suppose that English statesmen who have ever been mongers of prestige, and who knew their own position in India then, should be restrained from an act so much calculated to add to their prestige from vague and undefined fears alone. It is possible that justice towards the Independent chieftains of Native India with whom the British Indian power had its relations determined by formal treaties had its due weight allowed in their deliberations upon the matter. We know we would provoke a smile of incredulity in many when we speak of abstract justice influencing political moves, especially moves of *such* political significance; but we are sure we are speaking of a decade when the new doctrine of Might being the highest Right, though enunciated in many quarters, was not accepted so universally as it is now. For that was an age when Treaties were not looked upon as a dead letter, only serving the purpose of gaining time. That was not an age when statesmen could be applauded for the success with which they could bamboozle each other. Political justice was not *then* so openly defied, and the few cases in which it was defied could still be held up to abhorrence yet. The saying that "Honesty is the best Policy" had not yet lost all its force. And it is possible to suppose, therefore, that British statesmen still felt reluctant to ride rough-shod over Independent Princes and Monarchs, by ob-

strusively assuming, even in name, the position of the Great Moghul, by raking up expressions from a dead feudal age, without the expressed consent of those princes and monarchs, in order to regulate, in their own chambers, the relations subsisting between themselves and those potentates. For the British power in India had not as yet become *Paramount*, nor the Native potentates, *feudatories*. Indeed, Lord Beaconsfield, in the course of the debate upon the Titles Bill alluded to some talk having taken place among the Ministers of the Crown, about making the Queen an Empress in 'Fifty eight, but with his wonted reserve in all matters in which alone his garrulity would be tolerable, he did not enlighten us as to what were the considerations that prevented the Ministers from carrying out the point. We would have been saved these unpleasant surmises if his Lordship had added an explanatory word or two.

We do not wish, however, to be supposed to hold, that the assumption of an Imperial title has been very wrong in its consequences, immediate or ultimate, so far as the interests of Her Majesty's Indian Empire are concerned. As loyal subjects of Her Imperial Majesty, we ourselves have no inclination to do otherwise than congratulate those advisers of Her Majesty who have extended Her prestige and made her a Sovereign over other Sovereigns. Nor, (so far as ourselves are concerned) are we disposed to view the fact of such an assumption of a title as threatening the integrity of the Native States in the slightest degree to any greater extent than may be implied from the existing course of things. The acceptance, by the Native Princes, of provinces, and *jygheers* and honors too at the hands of the British Government of India, has made it apparent that these Princes have, long since, recognised the Indian Viceroy as the fountain of Honor and therefore their Sovereign, towards whom, *after that, they stood* in *new* relations although he might continue, as of old, to address them as his honored or esteemed friends. However unjustifiable might have been the means by which all this has been brought about, we do not altogether deplore the result. India, such as it is, has for several centuries, been an Empire, and should not be anything else. And however jealously we might be disposed

to watch the actions of our own Government so far as these relate to the integrity of the Native Powers, we would not willingly restore, after the experience we have dearly bought, to these powers the means of troubling themselves and their neighbours, after the manner of what they did during the days when the strong hand of the Moghul Empire, which had kept them under its controlling grasp, was enfeebled and pulsied from a variety of causes. For, it is needless to deny that the Scindia and the Holkar, and the Gaekwar and the Nizam of to-day are far better off as regards their own position which can no longer be threatened by internal or external aggressions of any kind, and at the same time more tolerable because powerless to convulse India by their mutual wars of aggrandisement. The cause of Progress or Humanity requires that there should be, so far as possible, freedom from anarchy or misrule, and so far as it is possible to cast the future, this freedom in India is likely to be ensured by a firm union between the British power and the Native Princes in bonds let it be of protection and allegiance.

So far then as to the justification of the title. When it has been assumed and assumed as we are willing to accept as a pledge to ourselves of our Sovereign's increased affection for us, we are not for raising our voice against it. On the other hand, we should like to see the fact such an assumption published with fitting ceremonies. An Imperial Durbar of all the Feudatories of the Realm with simultaneous Durbars of provincial and district magnates for the purpose of celebrating the new event will certainly add grandeur to such celebration. The spectacle is not altogether unimposing, even in these hard practical days of the Feudatories of a great Empire gathering from all parts to cheer and congratulate their Sovereign, although in the person of a Representative, on Her assumption of a new title of such significance. The moral force such a Durbar can have, on occasions like these, ought never, perhaps to be lightly counted. Even shows, such as they are or can be, have their value.

But here we must guard ourselves from a misconception. It is no part of our intention, when we recommend Durbars and shows on such occasions to say that these, such as they are,

are very excellent things in themselves. We would here wish, to make a few observations upon the usefulness of Darbars in general. We are sure that so far as a Darbar can be made useful, the imagination of the Statesman who is their guiding genius *will* make it so. Much has been said and written upon the possible benefits of Imperial Assemblages of the kind. There has been no lack of imagination displayed in the expatiation of those benefits. But we are bound to confess that Imperial Darbars, so far as they are supposed to be the fittest agencies for civilising the comparatively uncivilised Native Chieftains by the opportunity afforded to these of studying European manners or European Institutions, are so much waste of money and trouble. We have no hesitation to say, (although it was our private opinion for a long time) that Darbars instead of producing such gratifying results, only foster in our Feudatories, great and small, a desire to imitate the costliness of European civilization without any of its relieving incidents. Viewed from this stand-point we might, if we chose, even demonstrate the positive banefulness of such assemblages. The stories are not wholly untrue, (though they are always to be received with caution) of Native Chiefs returning from Darbars imposing new taxes in order to build costly edifices or to create new offices, altogether sinecure, or even to reimburse themselves for the expenses they incur for the very excusable vanity of appearing among their fellow brethren in more than becoming state. Thus every effort the British Government of India might make towards humanizing its Feudatories with the ultimate object of securing to the people the benefits of a more enlightened rule, may not improbably have a direct tendency to make the position of those very people more irksome if already so.

We do not wish to be understood, however, that we are for maintaining that Darbars as such are baneful either or incapable of producing any beneficial results, except, as we have already said, in adding grandeur to the celebration of new events. On the other hand, they are useful Institutions, and might be made more useful with certain slight changes in their constitution. At present they are, apart from what we have already said, so far useful and no further

that they afford opportunities for the display of friendly feelings between the Chiefs and the Imperial Government. It is not impossible also that the Feudatories of the Empire might be impressed by such interchange of good wishes and constant contact with the dominant power, with the very wholesome feeling that whatever might be the difference between themselves and that dominant power in other matters, their interests are identical with the latter's against an internal or foreign foe. It is to be regretted therefore that the dominant power does not openly and unambiguously adopt such measures as might *directly* produce such healthy understanding. We believe we have in Durbars the germ of an Institution which, as we have already hinted, with slight modifications might be made very useful towards that end. What these modifications should be, it is needless to discuss in the present occasion. Closely connected as they must be with the great question of Indian emancipation or some form of representative Government for India, it is very spurningly allowed that the time has come when such discussion can be practically useful.

Instead of such a discussion therefore which for the present can have only a speculative interest attached to it, we think we might employ our time more profitably in dealing with the question of Precedence affecting the Imperial Feudatories. If we cannot readily improve our Durbars into instruments for effecting positive good, we may at least seek to lessen the harm they do. Questions of precedence would frequently crop up and keep back Native Chiefs, whose presence would, on all grounds be essentially needed. Or if the Native Chiefs come, they come sulkily, with their grievances unremedied, possibly forced by the aggressive and insolent tone of our Foreign Office working through its too willing instruments. We do not exactly know what the considerations are, that at present do, or are supposed to, regulate the relative precedence of the Indian Princes. These considerations, for aught we know to the contrary, might be purely arbitrary, or might be based upon the extent of territorial possessions or revenue, or the importance the dominant power attaches to the service each Chief can afford in time of need, or for that matter, upon the suavity or otherwise of the behaviour of

these princely houses towards the English power from their first contact with it. But at any rate, this is notorious that considerable heart-burning has been the result in whatever way the question might have been settled. From time to time it is seen, the Foreign Office has to reconsider the matter when it becomes desirable to have the presence of a Chief who would not otherwise be present. It is very evident, therefore, that the Government has not as yet succeeded in discovering any satisfactory method of settling the matter. The question actually is not so very easy of settlement as might appear at first sight. The question is a large one, and necessarily involves the discussion of many curious points. Nor can we, in this place, deal with it exhaustively, even if we could. We will, however, glance over it in a cursory manner. For the apparent invidiousness of the thing, we shall not speak of the Native Princes individually as to what the considerations should be in order to regulate the position of each with reference to the others. But we shall make a few general observations touching the standard that ought to be applied under the circumstances.

Social position in India is never regulated by the same considerations that obtain in Europe. Wealth, which in every country, is supposed to lend social dignity to the owner, in India, or indeed in any other Asiatic country, hardly carries with it any social influence whatever. To quote the words of an able Native writer: "Here a man might by a very Cæsar for his wealth and yet remain a social Pariah, whose touch even to his poorest neighbour, would be pollution, requiring a bath or a purification before the touched can eat or drink or offer a prayer to even a minor god of his pantheon." The purity of blood alone can lend social dignity. The fact is, notorious, that some of the plutocrats of Calcutta, who happen to have a blood, which, however pure in its origin, was some centuries ago defiled by contact with the Moslem, have to pay a very heavy price yet for marrying their daughters every to beggar's brats happening to have purer blood. We point to these beliefs of our countrymen as matters of fact. Right or wrong, they have been radiated deep in Asiatic nature, and so far as India is concerned, a century of English rule has not been able to make much impression on them.

We do not mean, however, to say, that the Foreign Office of the British Indian Government should be converted into an office of heraldry for the purpose of ascertaining the purity or impurity of blood of each Native Prince. However much might the considerations of blood affect the social relations of subjects, Monarchs or Sovereigns should never have those considerations applied to them. Although it is a matter of fact that the Native Princes do affect a disdain for each other on the ground of inferiority of origin, we cannot however suffer that disdain or similar jealousies to embarrass us in settling the table of their precedence. We think a practical solution of the difficulty would be to settle that table by a correct appreciation of the position of each Chieftain or Prince under the Moghul Empire. Judging by that standard, we think, the existing Native States would fall under those several heads. The first class would comprise all those States, which, though ostensibly founded under the implied authority of the Moghul, subsequently became independent. In the second class we would include those Hindu or Mahomedan States, which, during the days of Moghul misrule, originated in successful rebellion. Under the third class may fall those Hindu States, which have, notwithstanding temporary submissions, succeeded yet to preserve their independence. It is needless to say that we enumerate these classes not in the order of superiority or inferiority.

Of all the States belonging to the class first mentioned, the Native State of Hyderabad is unquestionably the pre-eminent. For the Prince of Hyderabad is the Representative of the Nizam ul Mulk or the Nazim or Chief Officer of the Empire. Judging by the standard of territorial or other possessions, the importance of the services it can render, and the perfect suavity of its relations towards the British power from its first dawn in the Carnatic (for we are not wholly opposed to the application of such a standard too) the first place unquestionably belongs to Hyderabad, we hold. The three principal Mahratta States of Baroda, Gwalior and Indore should rank second. All of them sprang into existence upon the dismemberment of the once formidable Mahratta power, and founded by fortunate soldiers who had once been servants of that power. As amongst these, it is not desirable that there should

be any difference on account of difference of territorial possessions, or as regards uniform good feelings with the British Power. Of the ancient Hindu States that have, amid the vicissitudes of fortune, succeeded in preserving an independence, Jeypore occupies the first place. But judged by the other standards, Jeypore can hardly rank with Barod, or Gwalior or Indore. We think, the several Sikh States like Puttialah, Nibhi, &c., ought to rank with Jeypore.

Closely connected with the question of precedence as affecting the Native Princes themselves, there is a subject which, as far as we know, has rarely received any attention from writers in the Indian Press. It is the question of precedence as affecting the higher officers in the Native States, in Civil or Military employ. While the officers of the British Government, from the Commander-in-Chief or Commanders or the Chief Justices of our High Courts to the civil and clerks in the Secretariats, have each and all a defined position in Durbars and Chapters that might be held as occasion requires, the similar officers of Native States have hardly any position assigned to them when they follow their own Chiefs to such assemblages. We should like to know whether the Chief Justice of Hyderabad or Barod or Indore or Gwalior, or indeed of any Native State, has *any* position, or if he *has*, how high or low *that* is, compared with British officials. We recommend this matter to the earnest consideration of our Foreign Office and the Government of India, for we can say that half the vexation that Native Princes feel in the matter of precedence is due to their servants being unregarded where they go. It is for this reason, too, that Native Princes, when they go to Durbars, are attended but by a few personal Aides de camp, if we might so say. Upon such terms, Durbars can never be popular, and must continue to be looked upon by those whose presence is so much desired to be only occasions of humiliation to themselves and to their servants.

We have made a rather long digression but we have made it purposely. To us the approaching assemblage at Delhi is an event of some significance, and we have made these suggestions in the hope that they will be attended to if there is time. Now to return we have recommended the usefulness of pageants and shows on occasions like these.

But we regret that it is not given to all Englishmen to be able to produce striking shows. India is peculiarly a land of grandeur. From the pettiest landed chiefs to the person of the Emperor himself Indians are fond of *eclat*. The country whose princes sat on peacock thrones, and erected to the memory of their consorts mausoleums-like the Taj can rarely be expected to be struck by the procession of an English Viceroy moving in his coach and four and undistinguished in his person from ordinary Englishmen. Of all the Governors-General of India, Lord Canning alone rightly understood this disposition of the people, and it was certainly a fortunate circumstance for Britain's Indian Empire that it devolved on Viceroy Canning to first proclaim, in 1858, the fact of the assumption, by the Crown, of the direct sovereignty of India. He gave to Indian Durbars what constitution they have. It is a matter of regret that Lords Lawrence and Mayo, and Lord Northbrook too, could not improve that constitution. It is altogether an auspicious circumstance, we are disposed to view, for the approaching festivities and ceremonies, that Lord Lytton is their guiding genius. He is at once a poet and a diplomat. As such, we are confident there will be no lack of imagination and policy to give grandeur to the occasion and to smooth all ruffled feelings. We have said that shows are necessary and we have also expressed a hope and confidence in the genius of Lord Lytton being found capable of producing a striking show. The occasion, though new in the annals of British India, is *not* new in the annals of India. The Proclamation of the Imperial title corresponds in form and scope to the celebration of a *Rajanya*. In the days of Hindu independence, when India was parcelled out into numerous independent Kingdoms, all, more or less, busied in their petty feuds, the occasion was rare on the part of any Chief to assert his paramountcy over the others or any considerable portion of the others. For the assertion of such paramountcy necessarily involved the dependence, at least nominal, of the other powers, and necessarily the accession of *one* power to Empire and dominion. However scant the materials of Hindu history, traces of struggles and considerable wars are noticeable yet, undertaken for the formation of Empires. The small Kingdom of Ajodhya swelled into a gigantic

Empire during the reign of Rama and his brothers. The little principality of Hastinapore, by the untiring exertions of Arjuna, acquired universal dominion in India during the reign of Yudisthir. There are other instances too, later many of them in point of time, of the formation of Empires in Aryan India, but with these we have nothing to do, as not having been sung by the poet, nor recorded in history, and therefore not so universally known.

When all opposition had been overcome and dominion established, the celebration of the *Rajsuya* became a duty. The grandeur and pomp of such celebrations, making even due allowances for the proneness of the poet for exaggeration and imagery, exceed anything recorded in European history. Lord Lytton himself is a poet, and we think he may not be disinclined to take a leaf out of an Eastern poet in the matter of devising a *Rajsuya*, supposing even that no part of the description was really based on facts, but the whole a fabrication of fancy. How the author of the Mahabharata speaks of the preparations of Raja Yudhisthir's *Rajsuya*, however, is well known and may be found in most ordinary books of Indian history.

The question being one of Imperial policy and much political significance as has been reiterated on all sides, the question of expense ought to be subordinate. We sincerely regret that the arrangements of the Viceroy have become seriously embarrassed by the Famine that is now devastating Southern India, and the distress in Eastern Bengal caused by the late cyclone. We do not share the exaggerated alarms of those who believe that the famine in Southern India has been a very serious one, chiefly because the services of Sir Richard Temple have been found to be needed there for grappling with it, nor are we of the same mind with those who are for under-rating the calamity. But, taking a sensible view of the matter, we are bound to say the projected expenses of the Imperial Assemblage require to be cut down to a tolerable sum such as the Imperial Government can *safely* spare under the circumstances. If the arrangements had not progressed too far, we would have supported the suggestions for a postponement, if only for the purpose of enabling the Indian Government to celebrate the proclamation in a more *Imperial* style. Unfortunately, those

arrangements have all been made. And we confess to a feeling of disappointment, after all, that almost in the eleventh hour calamities would befall so as to materially impair those arrangements, and the moral force as well of the end or purpose in view. We think the assurance was not needed that in the matter of the Delhi expenditure, much of it, in the present critical state of the public finances is to be met by private subscriptions. Many of those who opposed the expenditure of vast sums of money on the occasion, did so, we are sure, simply on the ground that *those* sums could *now* have a greater use. We are not for cutting the estimates down, whatever they might have been, but for raising them still, if only we could so do with any decency when there are admittedly so many causes of heavy drains around.

And now we wish to make a few observations upon the choice of the place when Her Majesty is to be proclaimed as 'Empress,' or 'Kaiser-i-Hind' as Sir William Muir is supposed to have rendered that word. That place is DELHI, and we are bound to say, the choice has been exercised wisely. To India and the Indians, Delhi is a place of thousand associations. However blasphemous might be the comparison, the saying has passed into a proverb that "the Lord of Delhi, or the Lord of the Universe. দারৌখরোব জগদারোব। Sovereignty as represented by the Moghul of Delhi, at least as regards grandeur, has rarely been surpassed even by Rome in the days of the Empire. Honors and more substantial gifts flowed from Delhi with a liberality that is almost fabulous. In spite of the alleged inability of the Moghul Government to identify itself with the people of the land, that very people were deeply impressed with the idea that their natural Sovereign was the Great Moghul and in Delhi alone he was to be sought. Even *one century* of British rule could not dispell the feelings of reverence which the old and enfeebled representative, in 'Fifty-seven, of that once proud dynasty could inspire in the bosoms of Hindus and Mahomedans alike. The immediate march of the Sepoys to Delhi followed the outbreak at Meerut a matter of course. We grievously suspect the truth of the story that Bahadur Shah or Zenat Mull had anything to do with the march of the Mutineers towards Delhi, however much the Imperial household had afterwards identified itself with the cause of rebellion.

Considering all these circumstances therefore, we are bound to applaud the wisdom of the Statesman, whoever he might be, who directed the ceremonies of the Proclamation to take place in Delhi, and in the sight of the old Imperial Residence. Such an act very plainly gives the people of India to understand who could not otherwise understand it so well, that the Imperial authority has passed, in name as well in deed, from the Moghul to the Queen of the British isles. Indeed, the idea of the old Mercantile Company—who in one of the strangest freaks of fortune found themselves called upon to rule an Empire—instead of casting up and examining figured and tabulated statements—of keeping up a phantom of Royalty that would serve to disguise the change of power already effected, has had a sufficient trial. In Bengal, Warren Hastings speedily gave it a rude shock, though his Mercantile employers were found too strong, for him in their stolid ignorance.

The assumption of the Imperial title and its proclamation at Delhi with fitting ceremonies, we would hail for another reason. The charge is very frequently preferred against the people of this country, that they are wanting in feelings of loyalty towards their Sovereign. Whether this charge is true or false, it is not our present purpose to examine; but this we may very safely say, that if it be *true*, the fault is not wholly theirs. Oriental imagination, however extravagant, can rarely grasp, in its distinctness, the character of a *corporate* body. In their efforts to grasp that character, to most Indians, the late East India Company was not a collection or assemblage of English capitalists incorporated by Royal Charter for reasons of convenience, but a person of some shape and colour (*Company Bahadur*) living beyond the seas and evincing his power through the red-coats and policemen they so often see. It would have been something yet, even if this idea were distinct. But in the nature of things it could not well be so. If Loyalty means feelings of love and respect for the *person* of the Sovereign, it is impossible to expect that such feelings could be evoked towards a *Corporate Company*, the very idea of which is, as we have already said, unrealizable to the average Indian. During the days of the Moghul Government, the Provincial Lieutenant of the Padsha might have been a very cruel tyrant, but there he was, almost before the eyes of his subject,

surrounded by his grandees, making tours official or otherwise, through his province. It was at least possible to love him, and indeed he *was* loved when only he laid aside a little of his insolence and rapacity. But the idea is perfectly ridiculous of loving a *Company* incapable to a *personal* manifestation.

The assumption by the Queen, in 'Fifty-eight, of the direct Sovereignty of India, could neither mend matters. In spite of what British Statesmen could do in the matter of promulgating the fact of that assumption, to most Indians it was still a meaningless change from "the Hon'ble E. I. Company" to "Queen Victoria," for there was as yet no visible Sovereign whom the people could reverence. To expect that loyalty would at least be inspired by the *Viceroy* (the direct representative of the Queen) is, we think as much absurd, under the circumstances; for whatever might be the constitutional theory of the Viceroy's representing the real but unseen Sovereign, to the majority of Indians, he is only an Englishman placed above other Englishmen of India (Barro Lat Shae) but rarely distinguishable in dress or outward show. It would have been, even under such circumstances, something, if Viceroys had appointments for life. But no, no sooner the people begin to love one, his five years are over, and a new man from beyond the seas, unknown and unknowable at least for the first year or two, occupies his place and rudely destroys the illusion that was about to succeed.

The careless or the unthinking European, official or non-official, not possessing any insight into the Native heart, is ready to charge the whole lot of Indians yet, as wanting in Loyalty. Many of these were agreeably surprised at the sudden burst of Loyalty evoked by the Duke of Edinburgh's visit. Indeed, there are men who still disbelieve in the sincerity of those feelings with which we greeted the second son of our Sovereign. But they are few, and after the explanations we have given the fact will not appear as surprising. Since 1858, India for the first time saw a true and unmistakable relic of Royalty, and hence her devotion. The same explanations will suffice for the devotion manifested towards the Prince of Wales so generally in this country. The feeling, however it might appear unaccountable to Englishmen who do not know the Native heart, was certainly characterised by the utmost sincerity

and genuineness. If the Queen Herself were to similarly grace India by a personal visit, the result, so far as binding her Indian subjects to the throne by feelings of Loyalty is concerned, would certainly follow more effectively. Indeed, it might raise a titter in most Englishmen at the sight of Ram Sunkar Ghose or Khoola Bux expressing a wish that Her Majesty Herself, who rarely proceeds further east than her palace at Balmoral, should come all the way over to satisfy her Indian subjects, the fact is true that such a visit is a most powerful instrument for good.

To sum up these results the assumption, by the Queen, of an Indian title, brings her nearer to the hearts of her Indian subjects. Physically, the distance continues as much as ever. But morally, that distance is considerably lessened. The Sovereign of India is no longer the Queen of England, nor Queen Victoria, but MOHARAJADHIRAJNI-SREE-RANEE VICTORIA KAISER-I-HIND, something that is intelligible to all Indians alike, and consonant to those ideas of sovereignty that Indians have. That hitherto the Queen was an abstraction, partly, if not wholly, no body can doubt, but after the assumption of Her new title, she promises to be an entity realizable in Her personality by all.

We cannot well close these remarks without making a few observations upon the Indian form of the title "Empress of India." His Excellency the Governor-General, on the occasion of his complimentary speech on Sir W. Muir and his services gave the public to understand that Sir W. Muir was the coiner of this form. We do not know on what authority His Excellency so said. As for ourselves we are inclined to believe that De-Lietner was its real coiner. The words "Kaser-i-Hind" first appeared in one of the May numbers of the Indian Public Opinion. The title, though a compound of Sanskrit and Arabic, is a happy selection. No other would have done so well. *Padsha* is known to all Asiatics and is associated with many good as well as evil ideas. *Moharanies* there are many in India, and besides being a complimentary title would not be expressive enough for the Empress of India. *Adhipaty* would be much less fit for conveying the idea of the extent of power and possession the word Empress conveys of itself. No other title yet adopted Indian or Asiatic Sovereigns would be so telling as

Kaiser-i Hind. Besides there are omei charms in the novelty of a thing The title our Queen assumes, therefore, suits very well her dignity in India and circumstances under which she has been destined to rule

THE following is the official list of ruling Chiefs (68 in all) expected to attend the Imperial Assemblage.

NAMES OF CHIEFS

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

Nizam of the Deccan
Gaekwar of Baroda

Maharajah of Mysore

CENTRAL INDIA AGENCY.

Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior,
GCSI
Maharaja Holkar of Indore,
GCSI
Begum of Bhopal, GCSI
Maharaja of Rewah, GCSI
Raja of Dhar
Raja of Dewas (Senior Branch)
Raja of Dewas (Junior Branch)

Maharaja of Oorcha (Tehree)
Maharaja of Duttia
Nawab of Jowrah
Raja of Kailum
Rajah of Sumpthur
Maharaja of Chirkaree
Maharaja of Punna, KCSI
Maharaja of Adjcygurh
Maharaja of Bejawai

RAJPOOTANA AGENCY.

Maharana of Oodeypoor of Meywar
Maharaja of Jeypoor GCSI
Maharaja of Jodhpoor of Marwar, GCSI
Maharao Raja of Boondce
Maharaja of Kerowlic
Maharaja of Bhurtpore

Nawab of Tonk
Maharaja of Kishengurh
Maharao Raja of Ulwur
Rana of Dholepoor
Maharaj Rana of Jhailawur

GOVERNMENT OF BOMBAY

Raja of Kolhapoor
Rao of Kutch
Maharaja of Edur
Ali Murad Khan of Khyrpoor
Thakoor Sabab of Bhownuggur
Dewan of Pahlunpoor
Raja of Rajpeepia
Nawab of Radhunpoor

Raj Sabab of Drangdra
Raja of Chota Oodeypoor
Raja of Barria
Rana of Loonawarra
Nawab Babab of Balasinore
Raja of Soanth
Nawab of Junjeera
The Nawab Joonaghur and Sir
Dessab of Sawantwaree

GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS.

Maharaja of Travencore, GCSI

Raja of Cochín, KCSI

GOVERNMENT OF THE PUNJAB.

No list of Chiefs expected at the Assemblage has been received from the Punjab, but probably all these will attend :

Nawab of Bhawalpore	Raja of Chumba
Raja of Jheund, GCSI	Sirdar of Kulsia
Raja of Nabha	Nawab of Putowdie
Raja of Nandi	Nawab of Loharoo
Nawab of Maler Kotla	Nawab of Dojana
Raja of Furzedkote	Raja of Goolerna

GOVERNMENT OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES

Nawab of Rampore	Raja of Theri (Gurhawl)
CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF THE CENTRAL PROVINCES	
Raja of Kharond	Mahant of Kondka
Raja of Sonpur	Mulant of Nandgaon
Raja of Barakhol	Raja of Chinkhadon
Raja of Bamia	Raja of Raigurh

CENTRAL INDIA

RULING CHIEFS not entitled to salutes and not receiving a return visit from the Viceroy .

Raja of Beronda	Jageerdar of Jori
Jageerdar of Poldeo	Jageerdar of Alipoora

LIST OF NOBLES (176 IN ALL) OTHER THAN RULING CHIEFS EXPECTED TO ATTEND THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE.

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

Sir T. Madava Rao, KCSI	Sirdar Anand Rao Gaekwar
Minister of the Baroda State	of Baroda
Nawab Mir Kaml-u-din	Sirdar Balwant Rao Ghartkey,
Hassain Khan of Baroda	of Baroda.
Sirdar Mir Ibrahim Ali Khan,	Naib Dewan Vinayek Rao Kirtane of
of Baroda	Baroda
Sirdar Anand Rao Viswas Rao	Daraddai Chintamon Rao Muzumdar
Rao Mane, of Baroda	of Baroda
Sirdar Khosai, Rao Sukay of	Furnaois Madho Rao Ramchandra of
Baroda	Baroda
Sirdar Jagdeva Rao Jagtab of	Vakil Raghunath Rao of Baroda.
Baroda	
Sirdar Balwant Rao Mane of	Ganpat Rao Mahajan of Baroda
Baroda	
Sirdar Dault Rao Mane of	
Baroda	

GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS.

Maharaja Rama Chundra Deo,	Nawab Futteli Ali Khan Bhadur of
of Jeypore	Banganapalic
Rao Gundadharma Rama Rao,	Muttu Vijaya Raghunatha Katama Na-
Zemindar of Pittapur	chayar Zemindar of Shivaganga.
Raja Velugoti Kumara Yachaa-	Jagadvira Ramakumara Ettappa Naga-
Rama Nayudu of Venkatagiri	kar Zemindar of Ettiapuram.
Damara Cumara Venkatappa Nayn-	Raja Manavikrama, Zamorin of Cali-
du, zemindar of Calahastri CSI	cut.
Raja Siva Shan Mukha Rao of Sun-	
door	

GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL.

The Raja of Cooch Behar	Raja Harendra Krishna Bahadur
Maharaja Lachmessur Sing Bahadur of Durbhanga	Raja Narendra Krishna
Maharaja Moheshur Bux Sing of Doornraon	Raja Jotendro Mohun Tagore Bahadur
Maharaja Krishna Protob Sahee Bahadur of Hatwa	Nawab Abdul Gunny, CSI
Maharaja Su Joy Mungal Sing Bahadur KCSI	Nawab Syud Ashgai Ali Khan Bahadur
Raja Huthallub Narain Singh of Sombansa	SCI
The Maharaja of Burdwan	Nawab Syud Muhammad Ameer Ali Khan Bahadur
Babu Dequmber Mitter, CSI	Elders son of King of Oudh
	Elders of Nawab Azim
	Head of Mysore Family.

GOVERNMENT OF THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCES.

The Maharaja of Benares	Raja Mahesh Narain, at Raja Bazar
Nawab Syud Ali Shah, of Sardhana	„ Haribar Dat Dube, of Janupur
Nawab Syud Ali Fhan of Kaniul	„ of Ballapur
Nawab Muhammed Faz Ali Khan Bahadur KCSI of Pabasu	„ Jat Kishen Doss CSI CSI
Rajah Tikom Ring, of Musan SC&I	„ Raja Mahadeo Chaud of Gopalpur
„ Ramai Sing	„ Rudra Partab Singh of Unaula
Maharaja Madendra Singh, of Bhadawar	„ Uday Narain Mal of Majhau
Raja Pirthi Singh, of Awa	„ Bishan Partab Bahadur Shai of Tamkur
Nawab Tajamul Hussin Khan	„ Ram Sing of Bansi
„ Hardeo Baksh, CSI	„ Maesh Sitla Duksh Sing, of Bushi
„ Udit Narain Singh	„ Bhawanu Ghu'um Paul, of Mahuli
„ Lachman Sing of Karauli	„ Bhub Indar Bahadur Singh of Kanti
„ Ram Partab Sing, of Mainpur	Ram Bed San Kuwar of Agori Barham
„ Hira Sing, of Eka	Rajah Udit Narain King of
„ Raghunath King of Bura	Ram Pirthi Raj kuwar of Bijaagarh
„ Jaswant Rao of Lukna CSI	Raja Muhammad Salam at Khan
„ Lakendar sing of Patubnar	„ Shambu Narain Singh
Rani Baisni	„ Shiva Prasada CSI
Raja Lalsuk Rai, of Bilram	„ Thakur Pashad Narain Deoji of Haldi
„ Kushal King of Rajaur	„ Kesho Rao Dinkar, of Gursrai
„ Ram Chandar King of Rampur	„ Ran Mast King of Katera
„ Jagat Singh of Tajpur	„ Man Singh of Rampur
„ Kulka Parshad	„ Rup Sah of Jagamanpur
„ Jagan Nath King of Powayau	„ Gajandar Bali of Kadsia
„ Lala Ram Partab King of Manda	„ Paup Singh of Hardui
Raja Tejbai King of Darya	„ Parachat of Baona
Raja Banspat Singh of Barah	„ Sheoraj Singh CSI
Rajah Lachmas Singh of Asothai	
Raja Lala Shco Ram King, of Ugal	
Nawab Ahmad Hussin Khan	

GOVERNMENT OF PUNJAB

No list has been received, but the number will probably be large.

CHIEF COMMISSIONERSHIP OF OUDH

Mirza Mostaffa Ali Hydar Bahadur	Mirza Shankar Baksh Singh of Khatwargaoon
Mirza Dala Sitwat Bahadur	
Mirza Suliman Kadr Bahadur	Raja Jaiwand Ali Khan, of Jhangirabad
Mirza Khwim Bakht Bahadur	" Anandh Singh of Oel
Mirza Azimushan Bahadur	" Jagmohun Singh of Chandauli
Mirza Rahshan Bahadur	" Indar Bikram Sah of Khairagarh
Nawab Sir Mohsimumudaula Bahadur KCSI	" Chandarsiku of Susendi
Nawab Mumtazudaula Bahadur	" Sher Bahadur Singh of Kamiar
Nawab Azmatudaula Bahadur	" Nawab Ali Khan of Salempur
Nawab Mirza Ali Kadr Bahadur	" Sarabjit Singh of Ramnagar
The Honble the Maharaja Sir Durginay Singh KCSI, of Bahawalpur	Captain Gulab Singh of Bela Bela
	Sirdar Antar Singh of Bela Bela
	Sardar Narain Singh of ditto
	Babu Ajit Singh of Inul
Mr. Tilokbenath Singh of Mchudona	Mir Ghazali Hussain of Pupur
	Mir Bakur Hussain of ditto
Raja Shirdpal Singh of Morarman	Mirza Abbas Beg of Barwagan
" Hanwant Singh of Kalikruk	Darogha Mir Wajid Ali of Ahmaman
" Hardeo Baksh Singh CSI of Katian	Shahzadeh Bahadur Singh
" Madhu Singh of Amethi	Sirdar Bikrama Singh
" Muhammad Amir Hussain Khan of Mahumabad	Mirza Agha Ali Khan Bahadur
	Diwan Mathura Das

CHIEF COMMISSIONERSHIP OF THE CENTRAL PROVINCES.

Raj. Janoji Bhonsla	Ragoba Mohite
" Sulaiman Shah	Mudho Rao Gangadhar Chitnavis
Rao Sahib Nana Ali Rao	Rao Bahadur Bansi Lal Abichand
Ahiloji Ahir Rao	Babu Bulwant Rao
Krishna Rao Goojar	Gobind Rao Krishna Bhaskote
Laghoji Rao Mohite	

CHIEF COMMISSIONERSHIP OF BRITISH BURMA

TWELVE principal leading natives from various parts of the province

CHIEF COMMISSIONERSHIP OF MYORF

Six members of the Maharaja's family, and about 12 petty nobles and native gentlemen.

MONSOONS, AND CYCLONES.

NATURE is constantly tending to a state of perfect repose. To science that repose is known as a state of equilibrium. When a stone falls to the earth's surface, it stops there because the force of gravity, the weight of the stone as we should call it confounding cause and effect, is counterbalanced by the resistance offered to its further descent, by the hard coherent surface of the earth. It rests on the surface. Two forces are chiefly concerned here—the force of gravity and that of cohesion. We know of a neighbour world in which many conflicting forces have attained their equilibrium leaving ineradicable traces of their terrible conflict in past ages, on her changeless features and leaving our satellite only her axial and orbital motions. Our moon is a dead world. Is the conflict of physical forces the genesis of life? Is life-force itself, one of many ways by which nature advances to a goal where a silence deeper than that of midnight in the wastes of Central Sahara will involve her in everlasting death? We shrink from the course that thought would take, and we turn to the contemplation of phenomena, which in spite of the terrible unrest in which they are nurtured, and which is their life, are but one phase of Nature's countless efforts to attain to a state of complete rest. The wildest cyclone that ever blew was only an illustration of natural forces seeking to balance each other, and thus to approach as near to perfect stillness as is possible in the constant presence of disturbing causes. This is the theme we have proposed to ourselves in this paper.

What then are the chief agents concerned in disturbing the equilibrium of the air? We may say generally, anything which causes it to contract or expand, but especially changes of temperature, and an increase or decrease in the quantity of aqueous vapour contained in the atmosphere. A moment's reflection will show that the great force underlying both these modifying conditions is heat. Practically, therefore, we have to consider the effects produced by heat on the aerial envelope which surrounds our earth, and if we enquire thoughtfully into a few simple phenomena, on a very small scale, we shall get sure and

reliable knowledge which will aid us materially in learning what a cyclone is, and what causes it. Heat expands matter, whether it be in a solid, a liquid, or a gaseous condition. The tire of a wheel is put on the felloes while red-hot. It is then slightly larger than the periphery of the wheel; but as it cools, the metal contracts and so binds the parts of the wheel firmly together. Liquids also expand when heated, and more even than solids for the same increase of temperature. They hold in this respect a place intermediate between solids and aeriform bodies. The boiling over of a kettle of hotwater is illustrative of this principle of liquids. Gases are subject to the same law of expansion, resulting from an increase of temperature. A paper bag or a bladder partly filled with air, if placed before a fire will rapidly swell out, and if the heating is continued sufficiently long will perhaps burst owing to the air confined within it, increasing in volume as it increases in temperature.

Again, heated air is lighter than cold air, and it therefore ascends. The upward course of a current of heated air is discernible in the case of the chimney of a reading-lamp when a cobweb or any light fibre is attached to its upper edge, or when fluff is carefully dropped above the flame at a height which will ensure its not being burnt. The direction assumed by the cobweb will indicate that the current of heated air issuing from the chimney is rapidly ascending. If a paper bag be properly constructed, the air within it may be rendered so light that in its efforts to ascend it will buoy up not only the bag, but the lighted material by which heat is maintained in it. This is the Montgolfier or fire-balloon, which is said to have been suggested to Montgolfier by a damp shirt which had been hung over a fire to dry, and which he saw swaying to and fro in the ascending currents of heated air which rose into it and inflated it. The upward course of sparks from an ordinary wood-fire, or when a hut or a village is burning is another illustration of the same law.

These facts lead us to the consideration of a further principle which we shall subsequently find is also an operation on the earth's surface on a very large scale. A fire in a room creates a perceptible draught. All fires do the same, we notice it in a confined room, because the

draught created is a current of air generally at a temperature sensibly lower than that of the air which surrounds us. In accounts of large conflagrations, mention is made of the currents of air which have thus been generated. The fire draws the air which contains oxygen, to itself, but it also does so because the air heated by it has ascended to the upper levels of the atmosphere, and a partial vacuum has been created into which the surrounding cold air rushes in obedience to the laws which govern the communication of atmospheric pressure. The production of such a vacuum may therefore, become a source of considerable power, and is in fact the principle on which the ordinary condensing steam-engine is worked.

To return again to our former illustration of the draught caused by a fire in a room, it is important to note that two air-currents were then occasioned—one an ascending stream of hot air rising at right-angles to the floor of the room, and the other a horizontal stream of cool air flowing towards the fire, and parallel to the floor of the room. Now this stream of cold air, the draught as we called it, was a miniature wind. We shall see that all winds result from the unequal heating of different portions of the earth's surface, and to realize this truth, we must now turn our attention to the grander operations of nature, in which we shall find she applies the same laws which we have detected at work in our own houses and rooms.

In our solar system the sun is the great source of heat. It heats the land, the sea and the air,—matter in a word on the surface of our earth in all the three forms (solid, liquid, gaseous) in which it is known to us. Let us try to learn something about the effects produced by all this heating. And before looking at Nature as she works with heat over the entire surface of the earth, we must examine what takes place on a scale larger certainly than our heated room, but still small as compared with the whole earth. What occurs on the sea-coast almost daily? Shortly after sunrise a breeze springs up and blows from the sea to the land. It increases as the day wears on, but towards evening it declines, and it dies away at sunset. There is then an interval of calm which is succeeded by a wind which blows from the land to the sea throughout the night, and which ceases at sunrise. What do these

phenomena mean? Simply, that the land and the sea have not been uniformly heated by the sun during the day, that the earth parts with its heat at night more readily than the sea does, and further, that the superincumbent atmosphere is affected by the temperature of the surfaces on which it rests, and which communicate their heat to the air. The land absorbs the sun's heat far more rapidly than the sea does, but it also gives it out more quickly—we should say it was a better conductor and a better radiator of heat than the sea. When therefore the land during the hours of sunshine becomes hotter than the sea, an ascending current of hot air is established rising at right angles to the land, and a partial vacuum is created into which the cool heavy air which rests on the cool surface of the sea rushes, only to be itself heated and made lighter, and then to be displaced by repeatedly rushing masses of cold heavy air. At night the conditions are exactly reversed. It is the sea, the worse radiator of heat, that then is warmer than the land, and while an upward current of warm air rises from off the sea, the air which rests on the cool land rushes in to fill up its place over the sea. In the morning, and again in the evening the winds sink into a calm, because then the land and the sea are equally heated, and the one current is passing imperceptibly into the other. We have dwelt on the phenomena of land and sea-breezes at some length, and perhaps with some degree of repetition, but they furnish us with a key to very useful knowledge regarding the wind-systems of our globe.

The phenomena lastly referred to show us that the draught in a heated room is a miniature wind, and that the winds are only gigantic draughts created by the tremendous heat of the sun. Now the same thing that happens on the sea coast when the land is heated, happens on a still larger scale when a vast portion of the earth is excessively heated as it is at the equator. We shall find that the winds thus generated, and which sweep over entire hemispheres, are again only due to the unequal heating of different portions of the earth's surface, and to the consequent creation of two currents of air,—a hot perpendicular current, and a cool horizontal current. The sun, it will be remembered, is always vertical somewhere within the Tropics, that is in the Torrid

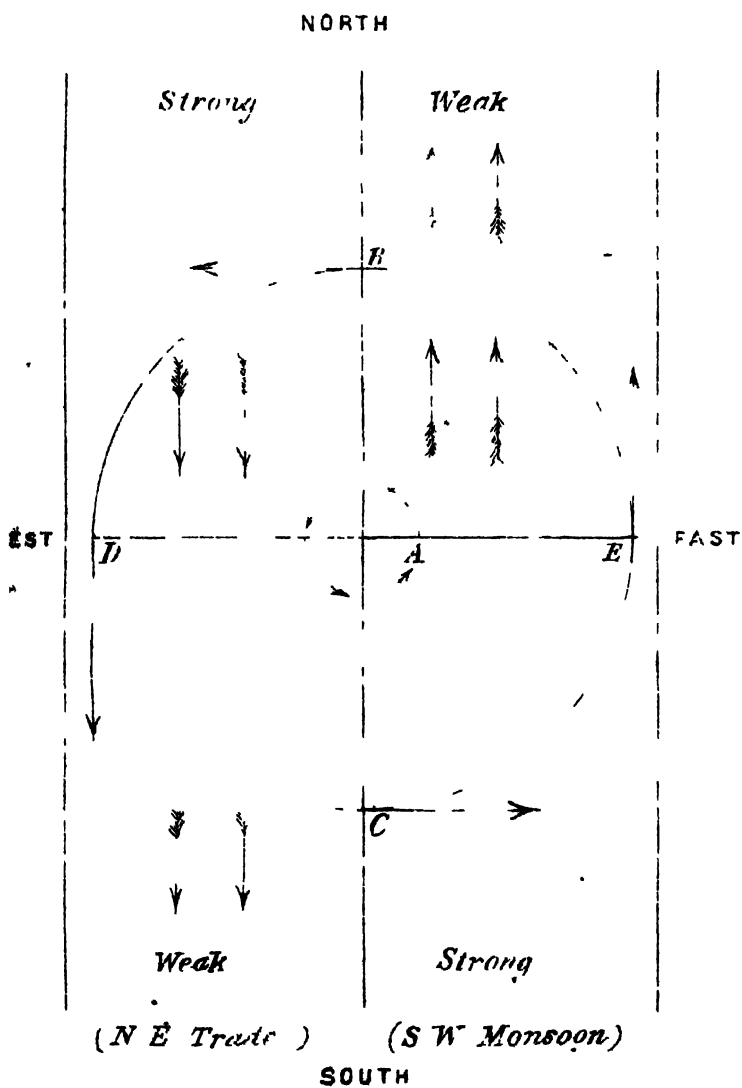
Zone or region of constant and excessive heat. This great local heating causes an uninterrupted ascending current of warm air, and a partial vacuum into which cool air constantly rushes from the temperate and polar regions on either side of the equator. These constant streams of cool and therefore heavy air which flow along the earth's surface towards the equator from the Poles are called the Trade Winds. Mariners avail themselves of them whenever they come within their range, because they are strong steady winds blowing always in one direction. These two polar winds should blow from the north and the south respectively, but the Trades are deflected from their proper course by the rotation of the earth on its axis, or to speak more accurately, owing to the polar currents moving towards the equator more slowly than the equator moves towards the eastern point of the heavens, the earth in its daily revolution overtakes the Trades on their journey, and thus gives them a north-easterly and a south-easterly direction. From this we see that winds are subject to disturbing causes. The heated air which rises from the equator flows in its turn when it has reached the higher levels of the atmosphere *outwards* towards the poles. Inasmuch as the equatorial regions are moving faster than the polar regions, (for they have to go through a journey of 25000 miles—the whole circumference of the earth—in the same time that the polar regions go through a very much shorter space) this hot air that sets out from the equator for the poles moves *forward* towards the eastern point of the heavens quicker than the surface of the earth as it trends down on both sides to the terrestrial axes at the poles. This gives the equatorial wind a westerly direction. Being hot air it is light, and therefore overtops the cold polar currents. These two upper currents of hot air, are called the Upper Trades: they blow from the south-west and the north-west. Their existence is proved by the fact that cirrus clouds which fly at great heights, and which are therefore above the lower currents, are sometimes observed sailing in a direction contrary to the lower Trade Winds. Again, ashes from volcanic eruptions have been found carried by the Upper Trades to very great distances and in a direction which showed that they could not have been borne along by the lower Trade Winds. On the lofty peak of Teneriffe, the Upper

Trade may be felt as a wind blowing in a direction contrary to that which prevails at the time at the foot of the mountain.

We found that the course of the Trades was influenced by the rotation of the earth. They are further influenced by changes due to the changing position of the sun, as he passes from the north of the equator to the south and back. The Trades are limited towards the equator by a belt of calms, the belt where the currents of heated air ascend from the earth. This belt and therefore the southern limit of the north-east Trade Wind, following the sun in his northern course, advances northwards in our hot season. It retreats in our cold season, when it falls away towards the equator, that is to the south. The zone of calms then may be considered as subject to an annual libration, swaying backwards and forwards over the equator, as the sun journeys from the one tropic to the other. The North-east Trade, with which we are chiefly concerned, is subject to another and very great disturbing cause, in the arrangement of land and sea on the northern limits of the Indian Ocean. The great masses of land which are there—the Malayan Peninsula, India, Ceylon, &c.—extend for the most part far into the Torrid Zone. After our cold season is over, and the sun is returning to his north in goal in Cancer, these land masses become very heated, their temperature indeed exceeds that of the Indian Ocean itself, although the latter lies immediately on the equator. The cool air from the cooler sea (the Indian Ocean) rushes then towards the land, that is towards the north, and because it comes from a more quickly moving to a more slowly moving part of the earth, it behaves like the Upper Trades, and is converted into a south-westerly wind. This gives us our south-west monsoon or rainy season. Our south-west wind is a rainy wind because it comes off the ocean and is laden with vapour which it has taken up from the sea (by evaporation) and which is deposited on the land (by condensation). When after September the sun goes away south of the equator on this journey to his southern goal in Capricorn the belt of calms still following him, sways away from us towards him. The equatorial seas are then hotter than the great land masses mentioned above, and the north-east Trade Wind regains its last footing. We then experience our north-east monsoon,

or cold season. This brings us dry weather, because the north-east Trade comes to us over the dry continent of Asia, and not from the sea. When the monsoons pass into each other at the periods we term the breaking up of the monsoons there are calms which alternate with furious hurricanes to understand which we shall have to consider the laws which regulate the motions and veering of the winds. We shall see that they are not the lawless vagabonds for which men once mistook them, when they regarded them as wandering over the face of the earth in any direction in which their own sweet wills carried them. We shall find that the winds are subjects, ay and facile subjects of the Reign of Law and heavenly order. In the meantime we stop to note that a period of calms intervenes between the daily land and sea-breezes; and further that though at first sight the monsoons seem to be exceptional winds, they confirm the general law which accounts for the generation of wind-currents.

If two adjacent wind currents pass each other in opposite directions what will be the result? The edge of the weaker current will first be brought to rest; then dragged into the stronger current: and finally carried along with the stronger current. The layer of air between the two currents is not however drawn into the motion of the stronger current without becoming condensed. "Hence there arises together with the onward motion in the direction of the current, a sideward movement of the condensed air in a direction at right angles to the former; in other words, the air that is just outside the current, and that was before either actually or relatively at rest or perhaps even moving in the opposite direction flows into the current with a speed that is greater the more it had been condensed before, that is the greater the resistance it offered before it could be swept away into the stream. But now the side-current, thus set up, itself exerts a like action. It condenses the air that lies before it, and that was already engaged in the main-stream, though at rest relatively to the side-currents; it thus becomes continually turned from its course, and always in the same direction, and must therefore take a twisting or whirling motion. Thus whirl-winds always arise where winds are forced by any cause to blow towards each other in opposite directions. The *hurricanes* or *tornados*



of the West Indies, so well known for their frightful fury, arise where the belt of the trade winds passes into that of the calms. The whirlwinds in the East Indian Seas which occur when the N. E. Monsoon is passing into the S. W. Monsoon, as well as the *Typhoons* ("too fairs" as we should call them in India) of the China Sea, owe their direction and origin to similar conditions."

To be able to follow what remains, the reader should construct a small diagram. It cannot unfortunately be given here * as this magazine is not illustrated, but the directions for its construction which follow will be given as simply as possible. Draw three lines on a sheet of note paper, and let them be perpendicular, *i.e.* parallel to the sides of the paper. Let them be equidistant from each other, and about an inch and a half apart, and let the centre line run through the centre of the sheet of paper. Make two little direction arrows about the middle of your diagram, the arrow head in the right hand space between the parallel lines being directed to the top of the paper, while the arrow head in the left hand space is to be directed to the bottom of the paper. Now write the words north, east, south, and west respectively at the top, right hand, bottom and left hand of your paper, outside altogether of your three parallel lines. In the centre of the central line fix a point and call it A. From A as a centre, and with a radius a little under an inch and a half, describe a circle, name it B E C D, carrying your letters round it in the same direction in which the words north, east, &c., are written, so that B may stand at the top under the word north, E on the right hand, opposite the word east, and so on. At the top of your left hand space write the word strong, meaning that the wind-current represented by that space, is strong in that portion of its course, and at the bottom of the same space write the word weak, to indicate that the force of the current is diminished in that direction. Do the same with

* Since the above was in type the Editor has had a diagram printed to illustrate this portion of my paper. The reader will therefore, be saved the trouble of constructing one for himself. I regret that want of time prevents me from altering the text to the extent which I rendered necessary by the addition of the diagram.

your right hand piece of wind current only reverse the order of the words, so that strong may stand at the bottom, and weak at the top of that curve. Now from the point B in your circle draw a tangent, *into* the left hand current, and about three quarters of an inch in length. Draw another tangent from D in the direction and parallel to the sides of the left hand, or western current. From C draw a tangent at right angles to your central line, and *into* the right hand current, and from D draw a fourth tangent pointing north and therefore parallel to the course of the right hand current. Now put little arrow heads on your four tangents and thus convert them into direction arrows, to indicate that your circle is revolving round its centre, or eye, A, in a direction *against* the hands of a watch and you have a rough diagram illustrating the formation and course of a cyclone or revolving storm, north of the equator, such a cyclone for example as that which devastated the coast of Chittagong and the delta lands at the mouth of the Meghna on the 1st October. Let us try to see more carefully what is a proper line on diagram and for this purpose let us suppose it to be the Bay of Bengal. If you draw it on a sheet of tracing paper you will find it very useful in forming a correct idea of the Law of Storms. Your right hand current will be the S.W. Monsoon, strong near the Andaman Islands, but weak near the head of the Bay. Your left hand current is the N.E. Trade, stronger near the head of the Bay than it is out in the latitude of the Andamans. Your right hand current is heated vapour-laden air, whose northern limits keep falling back with the retreat of the sun to south latitudes. Your left hand current is cold dry air, advancing southwards upon the sun's retreat. Now remember all that has been said about condensation in the like and note what occurs: the north-east trade towards its southern or weaker limit is deflected and drawn into the stronger portion of the south-west monsoon, while the latter on its weak northern limit, is deflected and drawn into the north-east trade. These deflections are continual and in the same direction and they thus give you the curve of a great circle of which the circle in your diagram is the representative. Through the point A draw a diameter D E, at right angles to B C thus dividing

the circle into four quadrants, a north east and a north-west quadrant, and a south-west and south east quadrant. Look at the figure now, and you will see that in the N. E. quadrant, commencing with a wind from the south, your curve sweeps round and ends with an easterly wind. Where it ends your N. W. quadrant commences with an easterly wind and sweeping round the curve ends in a northerly wind as indicated by the tangents. Then you have your S. W. quadrant commencing with the wind at north and ending with it at west; while your S. E. quadrant commences with a westerly and ends with a southerly wind. In all parts of the circle thus traced the centre A necessarily occupies a fixed relation to the curved limits of the storm, and it is useful to know in a cyclone where its centre is. If you look to the point *from* which the wind is at any instant blowing, the centre is always away to your right. Those who read this essay and who were in Calcutta on the 31st October, will remember we had northerly winds throughout the storm on that day. Apply the rule given above for finding the bearing of the centre: if you look north, the centre on your right hand will of course be to the east of you. Now that is precisely where we know the centre, or most violent portion of the cyclone passed. It swept along the Chittagong coast, and the islands of Sundeep and Duckin Shabazpore, all to the east of Calcutta. If you take your diagram to represent the last cyclone, Calcutta was somewhere on the western curve of the storm, that is somewhere in the direction of D, and the Megna was somewhere about the diameter B C. The curve of the great cyclone of 1864 first burst on Calcutta somewhere between the points B and D on your rough diagram, and it took a different course from the last or Chittagong cyclone. Our great cyclone commenced with north easterly gales, which wore round as the whirlwind passed over us to easterly, south easterly, and southerly gales. Taking your diagram to illustrate that storm the quadrant D A C did not pass over us; but commencing at some point between B and D, the portion of the curve D B E passed over us, and we emerged from the storm some little way south of the point E, on the arc E C.

From what has been said above, it will be correctly inferred that in addition to its motion round its centre as an axis, a cyclone has a for-

ward or advancing motion. Now this coupled with the revolving motion has a very marked effect, on the strength of the wind in the different quadrants. To refer again to the diagram, suppose a storm to be moving forward on a due northerly course, the force of the wind in the quadrant B A E will be *the sum* of the rotatory force and the forward force, for both these in that quadrant are directed to the north. On the other hand, in the quadrant D A C, the force of the wind will be *the difference* between the rotating force and the forward or progressive force of the storm, for in this quadrant the former is directed to the south, while the latter is directed to the north.

When the centre A passes over the place of observation, there is usually a lull in the wind. It is the centre or "eye of the storm," round which the wind sweeps with a violence that increases as you approach the centre from the outer skirts of the hurricane. In this central portion of the storm, birds and butterflies are sometimes found in great number. They are swept into it off the land, just as you see rubbish carried into the centre of those miniature whirlwinds, that course along our roads, or as you see twigs and chips sucked into the centre of a little whirlpool on a streamlet.

The Bay cyclones usually move towards the north, and after watching the wind for a short time you can always tell how the centre bears, and whether the storm is coming directly towards you or passing away on an oblique course. Look at your diagram, and remember these three facts, (1) that in all the cyclones you are likely to experience in Bengal, the storm revolves in a direction against the hands of a watch; (2) that the centre is always to your right when you face the wind; and (3) that the forward or progressive motion of these storms is generally to the north, accurately they usually come from about E. S. E., and travel to the W. N. W. If you study the course of the wind on the different quadrants of your circle, you will know something about the course and track of the next cyclone whenever it comes, and this kind of knowledge may some day be very useful to you.

There is another fact about these cyclones of the Bay of Bengal that calls for attention. Those which occur when the S. W. Monsoon is setting in are generated near the Andamans, while those which we

have when the N. E. monsoon is coming in, are generated higher up the Bay. This might have been expected having regard to the principles stated above. In the early part of the year, the south-west wind is the advancing wind, coming up before the sun, while the north-east trade is falling back from the equatorial regions. The conflict of the two opposing wind currents occurs in the weak portion of the retreating wind, and therefore in the direction from which the advancing wind is coming. At the end of south-west monsoon, the north-east trade is the advancing wind, marching south towards the retreating sun, and the conflict of wind currents takes place nearer the head of the Bay of Bengal, that is again in the weak portion of the retreating wind (in this case the south-west wind) and in the direction from which the north-east trade is making its advance. All that has just been said may not satisfactorily account for every storm generated at the breaking-up of our monsoons, for the whole subject is still in its infancy; but if the general principles laid down be mastered, the student, for whom chiefly this paper is written, will be able to make useful observations in a storm, and will moreover be able to appreciate what he will find in the text books on the questions raised in this essay. There is a wide field for enquiry here, and to the younger readers of this volume, students who have mastered the Entrance Course of the Calcutta University, the writer would earnestly commend the study of the storms. Some of you may hereafter be judicial or revenue officers, or pleaders, or zemindars in rural districts where the ignorance of the masses around you will serve to augment the confusion and distress which attend these terrible tempests. If you acquire sound and correct knowledge of the law of storms, it may be, that when circumstances arise in which such knowledge proves itself to be power, you will be able to avert or to mitigate calamity, and by judicious counsel be the means of saving life and property. You will at least find the subject sufficiently interesting to render its study a reward in itself for any trouble you may have in mastering its details.

A few practical hints may be useful in their bearing on this portion of our paper. Wherever you are take north, east, south and west marks,

such as trees, walls, mounds, the corners of roads and -the like, in fine weather, and at not too great a distance from your house or bungalow. In a storm these will help you to estimate the direction of the wind, and the course of the clouds. When a storm arises, note down the direction and the times of the veering of the wind; the interval of calm, and the general aspect of the heavens. If you have access to a barometer and a thermometer keep a strict watch on their movements. A regular fall of the barometer occurs when the centre is from 100 to 150 miles from you, unless perhaps when you happen to be on the extreme northern margin of a storm. If you find the wind has a tendency to veer, that it rises and falls with a moaning noise, and that the horizon is fitfully lit with the dull glare of a peculiar aurora-like lightning, you may regard yourself as being on some part of the arc of a cyclone. Then face the wind to see how the centre bears from you and observe whether the storm is turning with or against the hands of a watch, for although the cyclone will itself be whirling round from E. to N. W. S, if you stand as Calcutta stood with reference to the cyclone of 1864, the wind will pass from N. E. to E. to S. E. and then to S. You will understand readily why this is if placing your diagram on a given spot, you move it so that the time B C pass over the given place in a direction slightly to the west of the point B. Keep accurate notes of your observations, and do not suppose because they happen to be *your* notes that they are therefore valueless. About all things when a storm does come on, "keep your head:" a man's hold on life itself often depends on his doing that in an emergency.

The writer is sensible that some apology is due for the simple style in which he has endeavoured to treat his theme, and he is sensible also that the paper as a whole falls short of what he intended. His aim has been while the facts of the recent Chittagong cyclone are still fresh in the memories of his younger readers, to draw their attention to a few simple phenomena which though daily occurring around them nevertheless illustrate great and widely acting laws of nature. Familiarity with such phenomena is apt to lead us to under-estimate their importance in the economy of the universe. It is for this reason that

we have considered together the upward course of sparks, the draughts which are occasioned by a fire in a kitchen, and the sweeping together of twigs on the whirlpools in a streamlet. If the desired end has been attained, the result must be the writer's apology for the style and method of treatment adopted. It has always seemed to him that the physical sciences should take an early and a leading part in school-studies. It is to be regretted that simple, but thoroughly good textbooks such as the excellent Primers now in course of publication by Professors Huley, Balfour Stewart and Roscoe, are not introduced at as early a stage as possible into the curricula of studies at Government and Government aided schools. We believe that if they were, the practical results of western learning would be more widely and more beneficially felt throughout the country. As it is we train our students up in the higher branches of theoretical mathematics, and give them so critical a knowledge of the thoroughly unpractical ideal schools of western metaphysics, that while they are competent to hold their ground against the assailants of Hamilton's doctrine of consciousness and Reid's speculations on the philosophy of ideas, and the theories of Hegel and Fichte, they do not possess any deep or useful knowledge of Botany or Geology or Meteorology. The Hindu mind has a fatal proclivity to the unpractical, the ideal and the merely speculative. If as educationalists we want to send out men who are to prove useful to their age and their country, we shall only enter on a right course when we begin to teach the Physical Sciences in some sound but thoroughly practical method at our schools.

A. DIAGEZ.

Note.—Judging from analogous phenomena the vortex of a cyclone may be regarded as a funnel-shaped tube, wide at the top of the disturbed body of air and narrowing down towards the surface of the earth. Considering it as such there is ground for the opinion that in the Chittagong cyclone the vortex of the storm was not perpendicular to the surface of the sea, but that it sloped up skywards from south to north, at a very oblique angle. This conclusion is based by the writer chiefly on two facts. One is that on board of certain vessels near the Sandheads in that storm it was noticed that though they were for some hours on the advancing quadrants of the storm, yet after the central portion passed over them, they were very soon out of the rear of the cyclone. This would seem to indicate that the storm and its vortex were not concentric but eccentric circles, and that the centre of the vortex was close to the outer edge of the cyclone, or at any rate closer to the outer edge on one side of the

LEGENDS FROM FUTTEHPORE—SIKRI.

(An Extract from a Note book)

THE following legends were related to me by the guide at Futtehpore—Sikri, and are illustrative of the opinions held regarding the suntly character of Shihm Schisti. The guide claimed (1869) to be lineally descended from the saint.

On the northern side of Shihm Schisti's tomb, and in its outer court, is a square in Mosue which measures about seven cubits each way. The following legend offers a clue for what seems to be a departure in the pavement of the court from an originally symmetrical design. Shihm desired to die and to be buried at Mecca in order that he might waken to the final judgment from a grave rendered sacred by its proximity to the last resting place of the Prophet. But Shihm had a work given him to do even in Futtehpore—Sikri, and his merely human wishes could not be yielded to where they were incompatible with the fulfilment of his mission. One evening while pondering on his long cherished design of pilgrimage to Mecca, he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of an old man who stood on the spot now

hurricane than it was to the outer edge at the opposite extremity of the common diameter of the eccentric circles. The other fact is that all the vessels overtaken by the storm experienced a frightfully high sea. Now the height of waves depends on the obliquity of the angle at which the wind causing them strikes the surface of the water. If the vortex was an inclined tube with the storm whirling round it, a plane or section of the storm struck at right angles to the vortex tube, (i.e. in the plane of rotation) would not be horizontal (or parallel to the surface of the sea) but would be inclined to the water at an oblique angle proportional to the inclination of the vortex tube. If these views be correct and if the vortex tube sloped up skywards, dipping towards the north as mentioned above, the question at once arises, to what cause is the inclination of the vortex or axis of the storm to be attributed? The assumption that the highest portions of the disturbed mass of air in the Chittagong cyclone were in the lighter and therefore upper current of hotified air flowing from the south (the first of the S. W. Monsoon) while the lower portions were influenced by the cold and heavier current or N. E. Trade (the first of the N. E. Monsoon) or in plain words, that one end of the tube was blown southwards seems to be a reasonable solution of the question. While the upper extremity of the vortex-tube was blown in one direction by the S. W. Monsoon, the lower extremity was blown in the opposite direction by the northerly winds which prevailed for some days previous to the storm down the whole Bay of Bengal to within a few degrees of the equator.

indicated by the square in Mosaic. Selim approached and did lowly reverence in the most approved style of the polished court of Akber. The stranger in a calm and dignified voice, uttered the one word—Peace, Salaam—the salutation prescribed to the faithful by the prophet of God, perhaps the noblest salutation that man can adopt. On the stranger announcing himself to be no other than the great prophet, Selim fell on his face and knees to the earth. Mahomet then revealed to the Shaik God's will concerning him. Selim was to live and die and to be buried after his work on earth was completed, not as he had hoped in far off Arabia, but here, on this red sandstone ridge which to human seeming was not sufficiently sacred for the grave of the faithful.

Was Selim, then, to be to the dissolute courtiers round him what Lot was to Sodom? Had the vision any moral like Peter's vision, that nothing was common or unclean that had been sanctified by the most High? Was the pagan Greek's creed loftier in its teaching when the exiled philosopher giving directions for the disposal of his body after death, requested that he might be buried where he died: was not every spot on earth equally far from heaven? These things may suggest themselves to us on hearing the legend: to those who relate it by the tomb it probably has no deeper significance than that Selim was heaven's chosen one, God's ambassador at Akber's court. What higher relation could he occupy to his age and country? And yet it must have seemed to the fervent disciple that all the merits of self-induced privations, "the multitude of sacrifices" that would have attended his pilgrimage, were thus to be lightly overlooked and set aside. It may be that faith and human ambition and waywardness struggled for mastery on that quiet evening as they so often do, disturbing our holiest musings with their troublous conflict; this Mecca pilgrimage ensured at least earthly fame, to the one who underwent its painful trials. If so, faith was happily victorious, for Selim submitted himself to God's will as made known by His holy prophet. The comforting divine assurance followed. Selim's desire should be gratified albeit not as he had proposed to himself. Mahomet told him all was well. Forty cubic yards of earth transported from Mecca itself, had by angelic hands been deposited beneath the spot where they were standing,

and there the saint was to be interred. And then the prophet faded from view. And so Schisti lived, laboured, and died, and was buried in the heart of Futtehpore Sikri, but still in the consecrated soil of Mecca.

Another legend connects itself with the building of the mosque to the west of the justly celebrated quadrangle. Selim of course was the designer of that mosque, and yet not Selim, although he drew the plans and endeavoured to instruct the workmen who were engaged to carry them out. The mosque, with the exception of the domes—so the legend!—resembles the mosque at Mecca. And what of the mosque at Mecca? It in its turn is the exact counterpart of a mosque which stands in that portion of heaven immediately over Mecca, the great mosque of heaven, where it may be presumed Mahomet himself, at any rate occasionally, waits out the muzzin, and calls the rek'oud for a few moments away from the light of the glancing eyes of the Houris of Paradise. Either Selim's design was not of the clearest, or the workmen of Futtehpore Sikri were deficient in intelligence. They were utterly unable to comprehend the plan, and in consequence could not build according to it. When human means failed, Selim had recourse to the supernatural. He took the principal workmen aside, and covered their eyes with his cloak, and lo! there rose before them a vision as of a glorious temple of golden cloud, a house not built with hands, far off in heaven itself. The workmen watched it, and first the outlines and then the minutest details of the gorgeous original painted themselves on the tablets of memory. When he knew that the heaven-inspired artists had at last completely embraced the whole of the vast design, Selim removed his cloth. The architects found themselves still standing with the villages of Futtehpore and Sikri on either hand, with the familiar green fields before them, and the bright sun over head, and thereupon they set to work with a will that carried all obstacles before it. Thus was the mosque at Futtehpore—Sikri built after the fashion of a visionary temple that revealed itself to mortal eyes under the sacred robe of Selim.

Shaik Selim had a son; I forget his name. The poor child died when he was exactly six months old. He is buried in the western platform, outside the mosque, in a corner that seems to be neglected

and more left to itself than almost any place within a hundred yards of it. To the west of his grave is a tree the leaves of which are reported to be a specific in cases of intermittent fever. Twigs and little chips of bark from it are tied round the wrists of persons suffering from the disease, and the remedy as might have been expected is at once efficacious. But how came the tree to possess these valuable properties? Growing in the neighbourhood of the saint's son's tomb, has it been developed and nourished with elements favourable to well-doing? Is sanctity a heritable quality? Does it pass from father to son in much the same way that personal peculiarities, the habit of frowning or depressing an eye-brow when smiling, of swinging one's arms when walking, a slouching gait, are transmitted through long generations more persistently than wealth or good fortune? I doubt it, and for the purposes of the legend it matters not at all. Selim's son was emphatically a prodigy. The little toothless mumbler one day stopped suddenly and for ever in his childish smiling, and turning to his saintly father, begged of him in the correctest of Persian to pray to God that the childless Akber might have a son. The words were no sooner uttered than the infant stretched out its round little limbs in the death struggle and with a glory of perfect peace on its features, gently died. The good saint submitted to adversity though it pained him thus to lose his only child. Another overwhelming billow from the stormy ocean of sorrow and disappointment had rolled over and prostrated his soul. Heaven's beautiful gift had been taken away, soon, too soon after it was granted. So thought and felt the father, the saint could still say *Allah Akber*, God is great; and also *Islam* that we must submit to God; after all only a dim wavering refraction seen as through desert mirages, of the old Shemite, though He slay me yet will I trust in Him. The thing He sent were it death, and worse than death, was good, was for us the only good; and to Him the lonely Selim resigned himself. He prayed too in accordance with his dead child's last, and first, request, prayed fervently and his prayers were answered.

In due course reckoning from the day of the death of the Shaikh's child, a son was born to Akber. He too was called Selim. He afterwards succeeded his father on the Mogul throne, and was the Jehangir

of history. It was at his court that Sir Thomas Roe figured as the ambassador of James I. Jehangir was no shadowy being. He loved the things of this life too well for one sent to earth in answer to such earnest prayer. He should have adopted the peculiar habits of the Nazarites like Samuel. He admits—alas for human nature—that when quite a lad his daily allowance of wine, exceeded ten pints, and that his hands shook if he went for an hour on a stretch without—just a thimble—full of his favourite beverage. Roe frequently banquetted in his Highness's company, and he declares that the Emperor made it a nightly practice to continue his libations till the lights went out, and he himself dropped asleep, which last imperial act was the signal for such of his guests as were still sober—Sir Thomas and a few others—to disperse. The celebrated Noor Jehan was this same Jehangir's wife and not Akber's. Her life is quite a romance and is said to be well worth reading. She refused Jehangir ever so often, but woman like yielded at last. We must not repeat here that Jehangir succeeded Akber as emperor!

Noor Jehan is now remembered chiefly on account of her extraordinary beauty; but she was not less remarkable for her varied accomplishments. While her good taste increased the splendour of her husband's court, her strict economy and good management considerably reduced its expenditure. She was quite a reformer in the matter of ladies' dresses. The invention of otto of roses is attributed to her. She was a great improvisatrice, in fact there is reason to believe that the hook which brought Jehangir to land was baited with her poetry. Her consummate ability in state craft rendered her a fit consort for a king. Elphinstone says that the Emperor took no step without first consulting her, and that her sway was on the whole beneficial. Withal she continued to the last devotedly attached to her sottish husband, beside whose grave at Lahore she was at her own special request buried, hundreds of miles away, therefore, from the Taj which some people still insist on calling Noor Jehan's tomb. Here though we have history proper for which Price, and Elphinstone and Sir Thomas Roe are responsible, and as we purposed to deal with legends and have no more to record, we must bow and away.



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LITERARY.

DID LOUIS XIII. aid or thwart Richelieu in his political work, was he an auxiliary for the great minister, or a crafty inconvenience; did he submit with impatience to the superiority of the famous Cardinal; was the king a crowned slave, ever ready to break his chain, and equally eager to take it again? Contrary to what history, novels, and the theatre depict, Louis XIII. was not a phantom of a king, nor a simple plaything in the hands of his colossal minister. M. Tapin, in his new work on *Louis XIII. and Richelieu*, proves from unpublished documents discovered in the archives of the Foreign Office, that Louis was really a king, and that he submitted to the ascendancy of Richelieu because the Cardinal realised the monarch's own politics. These letters of the king are concise, dry, but characteristic; they reveal a man who is master, and who speaks as such, not arrogantly, but with a benevolence so high, that Richelieu remains beside the throne — never above it. Louis speedily discovered that none but the Cardinal was capable to render the royal authority incontestable at home as well as abroad, and from that moment, the power of Richelieu was fixed on an immovable base. When the Cardinal died, Louis said to his courtiers, "the enemies of France will reap no advantage from the event; all that has been commenced will be continued." This was not the observation of a sovereign jealous of his minister, the enemy of

his work, and looking forward to his decease as a day of deliverance. The letters now published extend over a period of twenty years, from 1622 to 1642, and amount to 248, they show that Louis instead of being incapable and *nonchalant*, was a hard worker, full of activity, not deficient in ability, and desirous of seeing everything for himself, especially all that related to the army. The art of fortification had no secrets from him, and if he was not a great commander, he was aware of all connected with the profession of arms. The king was very unhappy in his relations with his mother, his wife, his brother, and his companions: he was well aware of their hypocrisies, yet in point of morals no French monarch has ever equalled him in this respect. Richelieu, instead of dominating, had often to yield to the views of the king, as governors often do to their wards, the latter to maintain their influence; he knew the changeful and impressionable character of Louis required to be humored, and in appearing to cede to the monarch's ideas, Richelieu led him little by little to adopt his own, and so craftily, that in obeying the master still appeared to command. Richelieu never assumed any airs of self-sufficiency or intellectual superiority in presence of Louis; there was no domination on either side. Richelieu directed the king by the ability of his insinuations, and Louis submitted, convinced none could pilot affairs better than the Cardinal. The vast espionage that Richelieu spread around the king, enabled him to know the monarch's least actions and slightest impressions: the spies were of high rank and in the confidence of his majesty; such was Mme de Hautefort, and her successor the young and presumptuous Marquis de Cinq-Mars. Dissimulation was the prominent trait of Louis's character, his heart was easy to gain, but difficult to retain; he was deceived by his own family at an early age, and he longed for a confidant that would not betray his inmost thoughts; he found such in Richelieu, and sometimes in a favorite; with these, and occupying himself with ten or twelve trades, he was content. But he had no love; he allowed La Fayette to be precipitated into a convent, and of "dear friend" Cinq-Mars, he observed at the moment of his execution "*Ober ami* ought by this, to be making an ugly grimace." If Louis loved Richelieu, it was as a timid and sulky child loves his pedagogue;

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putting out the tongue behind the latter's back, cursing the school-master when with playmates and believing not to be overheard, but if discovered, ever shifting the blame "on the other boy."

Henri Heine was too Parisian, to allow his biography by Mr. Stigand, to pass unexamined, and the author himself is too French to escape being complimented on the excellence of his work. Heine's contemporaries correct nothing in his "Life," as now published, but add thereto a few interesting personal recollections. Heine asserted he had three misfortunes in coming into the world, he was born a Jew, poor, and a Prussian. In 1789 the Jews were emancipated in France, in 1815 in Germany, and ten years later in England. So much were the Jews dreaded in Frankfort, that only twenty-five couples were allowed to get married every year though the Bible recommended mankind to increase and multiply. In Hamburg a Christian died from grief because Jesus Christ was a Jew. Heine when 25 years old, abjured his religion in order to make his way in the world, but found that Christians loved him less and Israelites hated him more. He studied at Gottingen but declared the Hanoverian town insupportable; it contained 999 fire-places, a lying-in hospital, a municipal tavern, several churches, and a prison; it was, however, full of pordles, and bailiffs; laundry maids and desertations; roost pigeons, aulic councillors, and heads of tobacco-pipes. Berlin he found to be still more weary; books could not circulate there, and the polemics of the journals were confined to the subjects of dancing and music. He went to Weimar to visit Goethe, and resolved to address the great man in Greek, but observing he comprehended German, he spoke in that dialect, and about Saxon plums. Heine came to Paris in the Spring of 1831, and remained there till his death: he imbibed his first ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity, from the French drummer in the lyceum of Dusseldorf, where the pupils were directed by a roll of a drum, instead of a bell. The French do not love the Prussians, yet they do not share Heine's hatred against them, and that he carried so far, as never to associate with any of his fellow countrymen, Dærne excepted. This may explain his ingratitude towards his Hamburg relatives; in addition to his love for the French, he was in the receipt of a secret service-pension.

from Louis Philippe. But Germany banished his books, and they could only pass the custom house, when bound in a different cover and under a new title, just as Renan's "Life of Jesus," was smuggled into Naples as a work on "The Immaculate conception." In Paris, Heine claimed to be "a liberated Prussian," and called his quitting Germany his "hugna," if encountered by any rude persons in the street, he set them down as from Fatherland, or capable of reading Klapstock in the original, he visited all the lions of the city, and liked to view the "exhibition of the dead at the Morgue, and at—the French Academy." Heine ever dressed well, and was scrupulous as to his toilette; he detested tobacco, sausages, soukiout, and persons with straight, fair hair—these suggested his native land, to which he had bidden a long good night. He breakfasted *jamullionnairement* with Baron Rothschild. Heine was the Byron of Germany, writing like Byron too, rudely against his country. During his terrible malady he once said to Alfred Meissner, "I would like to go to church, it is there one can only appear with crutches, were I able to walk. I would prefer the Jardin Mabille or the Boulevards," again, "Believe this great truth, my friend, where health and money are used up, there christianity begins." But there was no comedy in the supreme moment of death; he "died in the faith of an unique God," but was interred civilly. The history of Heine leaves us confused and troubled, it is so full of mobility, generosity, cruelty, mysticism, sublimity and frolicsomeness. In his *Vraie Marie-Antoinette*, M. Georges Avenel has, in a popular and exhaustive manner, "summed up the case" of the "true Marie-Antoinette," at a moment when it is proposed to canonize her, and when her memory is being traded upon for party purposes. No person is better versed in the history of the close of the eighteenth century and the revolutionary epoch than M. Avenel; he is thus enabled to expose all the fictions surrounding the legend of the "martyr queen," to dissipate the nimbus that imagination has placed around that ambiguous sovereign, and show us the real queen with her weaknesses and her crimes. Her own letters form the conclusive proof of her ignorance and frivolity; of her absurd amusements and her questionable conduct. She was even less valuable as a queen than as a diaphane, and it is to be feared, her

mother only saw in her marriage an agency for making the politics of France subservient to the interests of Austria. She was a frightful gambler, had but little esteem for her husband, committed strange pranks with his brother, D'Artois, later, Charles X, and her flirtations were as whimsical, as her affection for disreputable favorites was blamable. All these destroyed the popularity that her youth and beauty had begotten. She squandered the nation's money when the finances of the State were dilapidated, and caused the overthrow of the ministers alone capable of saving the monarchy from ruin. In presence of the Revolution, she had to oppose to it a heart without scruple, and a head without cultivation; she plunged blindly into *niis*, deception, and treason; she led her husband to the scaffold, and followed him. It is certain, the dignity of her death, the depth of her fall, the extremes of her greatness and misery, may produce an illusion among the tender-hearted, but cannot exempt her from the justice of history.

Italy has been occupied rendering well-merited honors to her modern Mæcenæ, Gino Capponi, who stimulated the new generation towards a better future; who revised, corrected, and published at his own expense, the works of his friends. There is a growing desire to explore the rich mine of archives that appears to be inexhaustible in Italy. Treasures of history are being daily discovered, for each small town in the Peninsula has its store of unexamined public documents; this results from the character even of Italian history, municipal at first, then provincial, and now homogeneous. The publication of these archives will shed much unexpected light on European history and civilisation.

In the "Emperor Claudius," M. Lucien Double, either to correct the injustice of history, or to sustain a paradox, pleads warmly for his saint. The book is very curious and full of erudition. The author asserts his poor Emperor has been maligned by that old republican who hated all Cæsars—Tacitus, as well as by that courtier—Seneca. M. Double's pleading is animated, full of facts, and he makes the antique world pass before us, as if it were our contemporary—the court of the Cæsars, the people, the senate, the prætorians. It is the recital of a revolution accomplished but yesterday. More evil than good has been written

about Claudius; he has one glory to his account, however; he was the first sovereign in antiquity who dared to speak of the duties of masters towards slaves. The reader can weigh the "attenuating circumstances."

The romance, it has been observed, is the sole kind of literature where women truly distinguish themselves. Without going as far back as Mlle de Scudéry, it is certain we still remember Mme. de Genlis, and that the works of Mmes. de Staël and de Genlis have a place in every library. The fact is, ladies are at home in the analyses of the sentiments; if they do not relate the romance of their own lives, they do that of their dreams; if man has specially the intelligence of the head, woman seems exclusively to possess that of the heart. Ideal loves are peculiarly in the domain of woman; Mme. de Sevigné's letters are the ideal of maternal love. There are three authoresses who occupy a very high rank in the world of French romance; Mmes. Bentzon, Caro, and Craven. We do not speak of George Sand, and her unexhausted imagination, fresh still to-day, after half a century devoted to describing passions, sentiments, dreams, and ideas, but whose genius chiefly consists in the faculty to feel, and that notwithstanding its vigor, is a genius essentially feminine. Mme. Bentzon ranks first for the variety of subjects she treats in an uniformly talented manner. Mme. Caro's "Madelaine's Sin," is a chef-d'œuvre, and the "Fleurange" of Mme. Craven, is a most emotional and literary work. The later writings of the two last authoresses, have not come up to these volumes. With Mme. Bentzon there is an astonishing lightness of touch, gracefulness in the least details, and a vigorous logic in the situations, she writes with tenderness and melancholy, but ever with tact, and measure, and always from the heart. Alphonse Daudet's "Jack," exacts revision before being placed in the hands of the general reader; the moral is not always acceptable. No one can surpass this novelist in purity of style; as a descriptive writer he may be called the French Dickens, and his imagination is as fresh and as rich in addition. Emile Zola's "His Excellency Eugene Rougon," is the sixth of a series of novels portraying the natural and social history of a family under the Second Empire. Rougon is of course M. Rouher.

There are many chapters written with a masterly hand, and the tenuity of the language is as extraordinary as its vigor. The chapters relating to the baptism of the Prince Imperial and a dinner party at Compiègne, are simply marvellous pictures. The thread of the story is sometimes confused owing to the author's desire for allusions and petty details. It is not at all a book for lady readers. "Etienne Moret," by Francisque Sureau, is not so much a novel as a reality. Moret was an orphan, whose childhood was a purgatory; and his whole life a succession of painful trials. He was horribly ugly but immensely talented, and receiving a kind of sizarship education, he became a professor. It was a change, but he never was so happy as when a book hawker's assistant and carrying the pack Cousin employed him as his private secretary and appropriated his translations of Plato; for two months Moret lived by daily sales from his little library, and when these and his clothes were all disposed of he timidly asked Cousin for some little remuneration. Cousin in addition to not paying him, shut the door in his face, and Moret drowned himself simply to escape starvation. The lamentable reality is depicted with rare ability and emotion by Sureau, who was well acquainted with Moret.

M. Etich Schmidt of Jena follows Goethe's aspiration for "cosmopolitan criticism," and gives us a new and very interesting volume. He acts on the principle, that you cannot investigate the literature of a country without taking into account the thousand influences and changes which mix it up with other people's. M. Schmidt asserts, that since the Renaissance, Europe forms an indissoluble whole; and that the least movement in the thought or sentiments of France, England, and Germany, affects the Continent all entire, and of which the close of the eighteenth century, with its love for nature, simplicity, and sentimentalism furnishes the proof. The author shows the filiation between Richardson's "Clarissa," J. J. Rousseau's "Nouvelle-Héloïse," and Goethe's "Werther." The English Christian heroine, becomes the ideal lover with Rousseau, to be absorbed by the human but not less pagan genius, of Goethe in his typical woman. Lovelace is resolved into Saint-Preux, then Werther. Another most interesting German work is M. Celestiu's "Russia since the abolition of slavery." It is a

vast tableau of contemporary Russia contrasting the political state of the empire past and present. Persecution for independent thought was at its height in 1818, when the press could not criticise even actors, because being paid by the Czar, they were of course officials. The work is a mine of interesting and valuable information, on a nation but little known.

KAPALA KUNDALAH.

CHAPTER III.

IN SOLITUDE.

——— Take a veil

Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one who hates us, so the night was shown.
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale
And hopeless eyes.—DON JUAN.

Nor far from the place where the pilgrims had left Nobocomar, there are now to be seen two small hamlets called Dowlutpore and Durriahpore. But at the time of which we are speaking, there was no trace of human habitation—but a wilderness all over.

It was not, however, a level ground, in this part of the country, as other parts of Bengal generally are. From the mouth of the Russool-poor river to the Suvarnarakha—stretching over many a mile, there is an unbroken line of sandy tumuli. With a little more height, this line of sandy knolls might be called a little sandy mountain-chain. Now they are called Baliari (mounds of sand). The white and serried summits of these Baliari, when seen at a distance, wear a beautiful splendour in the rays of the midday sun. Large trees do not grow

upon them. Underneath the mounds, small and thin copses may be seen, but on their zone and summit there almost always rests a spot less splendour of white. The undergrowth which covers the lower parts of the hillocks is, for the most part, composed of *Kayah*, *Jhafi*, wild yew, and wild flowers.

In such a dreary place Nobocoomar found himself deserted by his companions. First of all, on returning to the river-side with his load of wood, he saw that the boat was not there; and then, of course, a great terror suddenly seized upon him; but that his comrades had left him forever did not appear likely to him. He thought that the sandy tract being overflowed, they had secured the vessel in some other place thereabout, and that they would presently find him out. With this expectation he sat watching there for some time. But the boat returned not; nor a passenger have in sight. He at last felt overcome by hunger. Unable to wait any longer, he began to wander about the river-beach in quest of the boat, but nowhere could he discover any trace of her. The hen returned to his former place. Finding not the boat even then, he thought that the tidal force had carried her away, and the current being adverse now, the delay in the return of his companions was, consequently, unavoidable.

But the tide was now well nigh over. And he thought that, owing to the unusual force of the adverse current the boat could not return during the high tide, and now—at low water—she must be returning, no doubt. But the ebb-tide at last was quite advanced—daylight gradually waned—the sun set!—had it been for the boat to return, she would have returned by this time.

Now was Nobocoomar convinced that either the vessel had been swamped by the waves rushing in at the tidal heave, or that his fellow-passengers had deserted him in that desolate place.

As a crag toppling down from a mountain precipice upon a person walking below crushes him at once, this idea—the moment it dawned upon him—in like manner crushed the spirit of Nobocoomar. It would be impossible to describe Nobocoomar's state of mind at this time. He felt, no doubt, grieved by the idea of his companions' probable destruction, but such grief he soon forgot in a survey of his own

perilous position. Particularly, when he came to think that, perhaps, his comrades had deserted him, his grief gradually gave way to anger.

Nobocoomai saw that there was no village—no shelter—no human being—no eatables—no drinkables;—the river-water was abominably brackish; and he was dying with thirst and hunger. Shelter there was none against the inclement cold, nor a garment to his back. Upon the beach of this river whose waters were being fanned by an icy—chill wind,—under a dew—dropping sky—unsheltered—uncovered—he should have to pass the night. And, mayhap, during the night, a tiger or bear would kill him. If not to-night, then on the next. Any how death was a certainty.

Owing to mental perturbation, Nobocoomar could not sit long at a place. He quitted the river side and got upon the banks, and began to wander about. At last darkness fell. Starry clusters came out silently in the wintry sky, as starry clusters do come out in his own country. Every where seemed deserted through darkness;—sea, meadow, and sky. Silence every where! broken by the ceaseless sighing of the sea, and by the solitary growl of some wild beast. Yet in that darkness, and under that cold and bleak sky, he began to wander about these sand-hills,—sometimes walking in their valleys—sometimes upon their sides—sometimes at their feet—and sometimes upon their summits. And every step of that walk seemed fraught with the danger of being attacked by some wild animal. But a continuous sitting at one place was also attended with the same danger. Thus rambling, fatigue came on at last. Without food for a whole day;—he felt all the more exhausted on that account, and seated himself down somewhere beside a sand-hill leaning his back against its side. The comfortable warmth of his bed at home now came back to his mind. When, from mental and physical exhaustion, thinking comes on, sleep generally follows close in its train. Nobocoomar, thus cogitating, was overcome by sleep.

Had there been no such law of nature, then, I think, all men could not, on all occasions, have breasted the irresistible torrent of earthly care.

CHAPTER IV.

UPON THE SUMMIT OF THE HILLS.

“————সবিস্ময়ে দেখিল অদূরে
ভীষণ-দর্শন-মূর্তি।”

————মেঘনাদ।

“———— In wonder saw near him
An awful figure.”—MEGHANADA.

WHEN Nobocoomar awoke, the night was far advanced, and it seemed to him a wonder that the tiger had not as yet destroyed him. He began to look about to see if the beast was coming on. Suddenly—afar off—he beheld a light. Lest it should be an illusion, he gazed intently towards it. The circle of the light gradually enlarged and became more luminous, and at last led him to believe that it was fire-light. Instantly, upon this belief, hopes of safety revived within him. Without a human being, there could not possibly be such a light. Nobocoomar rose up, and ran in the direction of the light. Once he thought to himself “Is that a supernatural light?—may be. But who could save his life by simply remaining inactive with fear?”—And, with this, he sped fearlessly, keeping the light, steadily in view. Trees and shrubs and sand-mounds at every step impeded his progress. Crushing those trees and shrubs—scaling those sand-mounds, nevertheless, Nobocoomar went on. On nearing the light, he saw that a fire was burning on the top of a very high sand-hill, in whose glare the figure of a man sitting thereon might be seen outlined against the sky. Determining to approach the man thus mounted, Nobocoomar hastened on with unrelaxed speed. At length he got to ascend the mound. And now he began to feel something like fear; yet, with unfaltering steps, he went on climbing up the hillock. At what he beheld upon confronting the man thus sitting, his hairs stood on end.—Whether he should stay or return he could not decide.

The man on the mound-top was, with his eyes closed, deeply meditating—and, therefore, did not see Nobocoomar at first. Nobocoomar

saw that he was aged about fifty years. Whether he wore any cotton cloth or not could not be seen. His lower limbs—from the waist to the knee—were covered by a tiger-skin. Strings of *Roodraksha* beads encircled his neck; and his large-proportioned face was surrounded by a beard and long shaggy hair. A wood-fire was blazing before him—the same whose light had served to guide Nobocoomar to the spot. Nobocoomar then smelt a horrid stench issuing from the place; and glancing at the man's seat, could divine its cause: the man of the long shaggy hair was seated upon a headless and decomposed dead-body; and what horrified him more was a human skull lying before him—with some blood-red liquid substance in it. On all sides bones lay strewn about; nay, bits of bones were strung between the beads. Nobocoomar stood spell-bound. Whether he should advance or recede he could not decide. He had heard of the Kapalics (fatalists), and this man, he saw, was a grim member of the fraternity.

When Nobocoomar had arrived there, the Kapalic was quite absorbed either in his incantations, prayers, or in his contemplations, and heeded not his presence even so much as by a wink. After a long time, however, he asked,

“Who art thou?”

“A Brahman,” replied Nobocoomar.

“Wait,” said the Kapalic, and with that relapsed into his former mood. Nobocoomar remained standing. And thus an hour and a half elapsed. At last the Kapalic rose, and said to Nobocoomar—in Sanskrit—as before.

“Follow me.”

On any other occasion, it could, with certainty, be said that Nobocoomar would never have followed this man. But now he was dying with thirst and hunger, and so he answered,

“As it pleases thy holiness. But I am sorely uneasy with hunger and thirst. Kindly tell me where I can find some eatables.”

“You have been sent here by Bhairabi (Kali); come with me; you may have some eatables, said the Kapalic.”

Nobocoomar followed the Kapalic. They together marched a long distance—none of them breaking their silence by the way. At

length they reached a hut built of leaves. The Kapalic entered it first, and told Nobocoomar to follow suit.

He then, by some process unintelligible to Nobocoomar, ignited a piece of wood; and in that light Nobocoomar could see that the hut was entirely built of *Kayah* leaves, and within it were a few tiger-skins, a pitcher of water, and some fruits.

After lighting the fire, the Kapalic said to Nobocoomar,

"You can take the fruits and other things that are here. Prepare a leaf-cup, and drink the pitcher-water out of it. There are the tiger-skins, you can have one to lie on, if you like. Remain here peacefully, and need not fear the tiger. You will see me another time. Until we meet again, do not leave this hut."

And with that the Kapalic withdrew. Nobocoomar felt himself quite satisfied with eating those scanty fruits and drinking that bitterish water. He then laid himself down to rest upon a tiger-hide, and, after a whole day's fatigue, was soon overpowered by sleep.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE SEA-SHORE.

যোগ-প্রভাবানচলক্ষ্যতে ।
 বিভর্ষি চাকার মনিব্তানাং
 মৃণালিনী হৈমমিবো পরাগং ॥

Thy ascetic fire is scarcely seen,
 And wears't thou the look of the sad,
 As lotus bears the wintry rage."

On awaking next morning, Nobocoomar naturally became busy concerting plans for returning home. Particularly, the vicinity of this Kapalic did in no wise seem advisable to him. But, for the present, how to find his way out of this pathless wood?—how to make out his way home? The Kapalic must, no doubt, be familiar with the way. Would he not direct him—if asked? As far as he had seen,

the conduct of the Kapalic towards him had not been in any way suspicious. Why, then, should he be frightened? On the other hand the Kapalic had told him not to leave the hut until they met again. If he should disobey him, that might provoke his displeasure. Nobocoomar had heard that the Kapalics could compass the most impracticable things by virtue of their *mantras*; and, therefore, it would not be advisable to disobey him. Considering all this, Nobocoomar decided upon staying in the hut for the present.

But at last the day declined, and yet the Kapalic returned not. On the preceding day he had almost fasted—to-day still fasting,—the pains of hunger, therefore, became extreme. What scant fruits there were in that hut had already been consumed last night, and unless he left that hut and looked for fresh fruits, he would surely die with hunger. Thus goaded by hunger, Nobocoomar, while it was day light yet, went out in search of fruits.

Searching for fruits Nobocoomar began to ramble about the sand-hills. He tasted the fruits of the few trees that grew in the sand, and those of one of them he found to be delicious like almond; and there-with he appeased his hunger.

The above-mentioned line of sand-mounds being very narrow in width, Nobocoomar, in a little time, got across it, and soon after strayed into a deep and sandless wood. They who have, for a moment even, walked in an unknown wood, are aware of the fact that, in a pathless wood, one soon loses his way. And the same happened to Nobocoomar. Having strayed a little on, he failed to ascertain by which way he had come from his quarter. A deep murmur, as of waves, fell on his ears, and he knew it to be the sea's sighing. A moment after he suddenly emerged from the wood, and beheld the sea before him. His heart at once was overflowed with delight at sight of that limitless azure watery expanse, and he went over to the sandy beach, and there seated himself down. Foam-flocked—azure—boundless sea! As far as the eye could travel on both sides—there was the sea-mark of foam cast up by the splashing of waves. Like piled up garlands of the fairest flowers, that white line of foam lay on the golden sands,—a fit ornament for the tresses of green-haired earth!

In thousands of places, also, in that blue watery expanse, the foam-crested billows were casting up their sprays in the air. If it be ever possible for a storm to blow so violently as to shake the starry clusters down in showers, and make them undulate in the azure void, then the like of it may be seen. At that moment, a portion of the blue waters was flashing like molten gold in the mellow haze of the setting sun; In the far distance, some European merchant vessel was cleaving the azure sea with white outspread wings like an albatross.

How long he sat there on the beach, gazing intently upon the beauty of the sea, Nobocoomar was, at that time, perfectly unconscious. At length, the shades of evening gathered over the dark waters. And then was he roused to the thought that he should have to find out his way back to his quarters; and he gave a deep sigh and rose.

Why he drew that heavy sigh, we cannot tell; who knows what image of past happiness was, at that time, passing through his mind? He rose and turned his back upon the sea, and, at that instant, beheld—a beautiful form!—a beautiful female figure standing on that deep-murmuring-sea-shore—upon the sand,—and in that dim light of eve! A mass of hair,—unbound, streaming, luxuriant, and ankle-reaching, hair,—with the fairest of forms set before it,—and looking like a picture on the canvas. Her face, in the abundance of her hair, was not fully visible; yet it suggested something like the moon seen through rifts of clouds. Very placid, very soft, very deep, and yet very brilliant, was the gaze of those large eyes,—a gaze that was beaming cool and bright like the fitful moonbeams mirrored in the bosom of the sea.

The masses of her hair covered her shoulders and arms,—the shoulders completely hidden; but glimpses could be had of the perfect fairness of the arms. The girl's person was quite unadorned. But there was, in the tout ensemble, a charm which it would be impossible to describe. Complexion—like the light of the half-moon, hair jet-black,—both color and hair—in their closeness to each other—displayed a beauty the witchery of which, unless seen on that deep-murmuring-sea-shore, and in that evening-light, cannot be realized.

Nobocoomar, at this unexpected sight of the apparition in that lonely place, stood motionless. His power of speech deserted him, and he remained mutely gazing. The girl, too, had become motionless, and kept the placid gaze of her large eyes steadily fixed upon Nobocoomar. And the difference between the two was this: that the looks of Nobocoomar were those of a person startled; while those of the girl indicated no such thing, although they showed signs of great concern.

And thus, for a long while, they remained gazing at each other upon that lonely sea-shore. Long after, the girl's voice was heard to break the silence. She spoke in very soft tones,

"Traveller, you have lost your way"

With that voice, the heart-strings of Nobocoomar beat in unison. The chords of that curious instrument, the human heart, become, at times, so discordant, that, try as we may, we cannot restore their harmony.

But a word—a note of feminine voice—sets it right, and the whole thing becomes harmonious again; and, from that time forth, life becomes a delightful strain of music. Even so sounded that voice in Nobocoomar's ears.

"Traveller, you have lost your way."—And the music of the words rang in his ears. What they meant—what answer he should make—nothing occurred to him at the time. The music seemed to move about—trembling with joy; to be wafted by the breezes; to be murmured by the leaves; and to be fainting at last into the murmur of the sea. The sea-clad earth was beautiful, the girl was beautiful, that music, too, was beautiful; and beautiful rose the music in his own heart.

Receiving no answer, the girl said, "come," and with that the young maiden led the way. Her foot-fall was scarcely to be seen. Softly like the white clouds that are borne by the gentle wind in summer, she moved on, with an unseen tread. At one place, they had to go round a small wood. Once screened from view by that wood, he could no more see the girl. On completing the circle, he unexpectedly found himself before the hut.

(To be continued)

AN HALF-HOUR.

Yor cannot laugh folly out of the land But still, if folly is persistent enough to hold her head, what can the wise do than laugh? Now that the eminent Steward to whom the following relates is no longer among us, and many of his followers too have been scattered to the four corners of the Earth, the publication of the following extract from the old *Englishman* might not have much interest. But still upon a reformed constitution, the following description may not be entirely thrown away. With slight changes of names which would of course suggest themselves to every reader, the following would as fitly apply to a Meeting of the Justices now as it did to one under the presidency of "Steward-ogg-o."

HIAWATHA IN CALCUTTA ;

THE STORY OF STEWARD-OGG-O.

I.

SHOULD you ask me whence this story,
Of a Chairman Municipal,
Of a rampant raging Chairman,
With his pliant friends and brethren --
(Old civilians, stupid fellows,
Heavy swells, but stupid fellows,)
With his too subservient servants
(Rising competition-wallahs,
Well paid Colonels, Majors, Doctors,)
With his chum, the ship-surveyor,
'Enree' 'Anlie, Lloyds' surveyor,
With his faithful secretary,
And his posse of inspectors,
With his beaks, and bums, and bailiffs,
Chowkeydars and parawallahs,

And of many another Justice,
 With that Chairman disagreeing,
 Arguing, bawling, squalling, shouting,
 On the subject of our taxes
 Pumps, and aqueducts and water—
 Washing—bathing—drinking water—
 Pipes and sewers, drains and gutters,
 Horrid odours, stinks and stenches,
 Engines, sleepers, trucks and tramway
 Mud embankments, holes and chasm
 Tenders, estimates, and budgets,
 Clever, well-concocted budgets,
 Sub-committees, general meetings,
 Resolutions and amendments,
 Votes and polls and meetings,
 Noisy, shouting, brawling meetings—
 I should answer, I should tell you—

“ From this hot and boiling city,
 From this burning hole, Calcutta,
 From the swamps of far Sealdah
 To the muddy stream, the Hooghly
 From the office Municipal,
 Known as No. 2, Chowringhee,
 Where the Justices assemble
 Holding long and fierce discussions
 How to squander public money,
 Shouting, bawling, in his order,
 Each one calling ‘ order ! ’ ‘ order ! ’
 Calling all the rest to ‘ order.’ ”
 If still further you should ask me
 Where I read this curious story,
 I should answer you as follows—

“ In the columns of the papers
 Of the daily, weekly papers,
 Of their leader ‘ Anglicanus,’ ”

Of the 'Indian daily Nuisance'
 Of the priggish 'Friend of India,'
 In these very dull newspapers
 When you read them of a morning,
 You will there see frequent mention
 Of the raging rampant Justice,
 Of the fear-inspiring Chairman—
 Of the Chairman Steward-Ogg-o."

Should you once more ask a question
 Saying, "Who may be Ogg-o ?"
 Tell us o' this Steward-Ogg-o"—
 I should answer your enquiry
 Straightway in such words as follow, —

"Steward is he of our taxes,
 Of our taxes Municipal,
 Steward is he of our money,
 Steward of the public money.
 Not the Steward of a steamer,
 Table d'hôte, or public dinner,
 Flourishing a greasy napkin
 Hopping, skipping, hither, thither,
 Ever answering with a 'Yes, Sir ?'

But another kind of Steward—
 Steward of our public money ?
 One who has to give an answer
 As to money which he squanders,
 And his family name is Ogg-o.

Near the land of old Judæa
 (Ancients used to call it Judah,)
 Lies a country once called Basan,
 Which for bulls was very famous,
 Big and fierce the bulls of Basan,
 Loud they roared the bulls of Basan,
 And the monarch of that country
 Was great Og, the King of Basan.

And so fond was he of bullocks
 Cows and heifers, bulls and bullocks
 That they called him Og, the bully,
 And, like all prolific heroes,
 Og was bless'd with many children
 All of whom, too, were prolific
 So it came to pass, and happens
 That even now there are descendants,
 Living, lineal descendants,
 Of that Og, the King of Basan.
 And, though all the tribes of Basan
 O'er the world have since been scattered,
 Yet they still where'er they wander
 Keep up all their ancient fondness
 For all kinds of horned cattle
 Raging oxen, bulls, and bullocks,
 And they imitate the manners
 Of the ancient bulls of Basan."

If once more you should address me,
 Turning up your wond'ring eye-brows,
 Saying thus—"I know the story
 Of the ancient King of Basan
 But his name was Og, not Ogg-o;"
 I should answer you in this wise—
 "Once a Williamson was Williams,
 Once a Robertson was Roberts,
 Smith's son has become a Smithson,
 Many a Jones is now a Johnston,
 So an Og became an Ogg-o."

Ye who love an hour's amusement
 In this dull and dreary city,
 Love to see a noisy meeting,
 Love to see a raging Chairman
 Roaring like a bull of Basan,
 Love to hear some portly Justice

Making of himself a noodle,
 Love to hear a loud discussion
 'Twixt an independent party
 And a very cringing party—
 Go some morning to a meeting
 Of the body Municipal.
 Read this story of a meeting
 Of the noodles Municipal,
 Of their Chairman Steward-Ogg-o.

Ye who love to hear the braying
 Of a donkey in a meadow,
 Or a peacock in a garden,
 Or the crows at early morning,
 Love to hear some wise opinions
 As to drains and stinks and stenchies;
 Love to hear a pompous bluster,
 As to items in a budget,
 Or some mild unmeaning utt'rance
 On the subject of a cess-pool;
 Go and listen to the speeches
 Of the simple Chuckerbutty,
 Of the ship surveyor, 'Anlie,
 Lloyd's surveyor, 'Enree' Anlie,
 Of the learned Doctor Chevers,
 And another Doctor,—Fawcus,
 Of the Competition-wallahs,
 Dickens, Harrison, Mackenzie,
 Lowther, Souther, and McNaughten,
 Also of Bengallee Baboos,
 Mullicks, Bonnerjees, and Mitters,
 Also of the portly Roberts,
 Senior Magistratus Roberts,
 With the lungs and voice stentorian,
 With the large Dundreary whiskers—
 Go and listen to the speeches

Of the wise and learned members
 Of the body Municipal,
 Of their Chairman Steward-Ogg-o.
 Ye, who sometimes in your rambles
 Through Calcutta's streets and gullies,
 Keep your kerchiefs to your noses,
 Swearing at the exhalations
 Rising from imperfect drainage,
 Or, who, driving in your gharries,
 Tumble headlong with your horses
 Into hidden excavations,
 Or, who, driving to Scaldah
 To the E. B. Railway station,
 Get run over by an engine,
 Almost murdered by an engine,
 Dragging trucks along a tramway—
 Pause, I pray, and read this story,
 Read this song of Steward-Ogg-o.

II.

THE MEETING.

Pondered deeply Steward-Ogg-o,
 Much perplexed by various matters
 On the morning of the meeting
 Of the body Municipal,
 And he called a slave beside him
 "Saying, bring me Bobby Trumbull,
 He who is my Secretary."
 In a minute Bobby Trumbull
 Stood before great Steward-Ogg-o,
 Stood before him bowing, scraping—
 "Have you, oh, my Bobby Trumbull,
 Summoned all the pliant members

Of the body Municipal,
 'Euree 'Anlee, Lloyd's surveyor,
 And the leeches Chevers, Fawcus,
 And my gallant friend the Colonel,
 Corner of the public money,
 And the member of the Council,
 And the Cowar Sootyahnun,
 Bhookoylass's pliant Rajah,
 And my swarthy friend Abdoolah,
 And my Pithagan Radamanthus,
 Of small Causes Primus Judex,
 And my small policeman Graham,
 Graham of the feeble whiskers,
 And my Sub-Barbatus Davis,
 (Bearded like a pard is Davis),
 And the poor obsequious merchants—
 Have you summoned all my backers
 All of those who back me blindly?"

"Yes, my chief," said Bobby Trunbull,
 "All these members have I summoned,
 And obtained from them a promise
 That they'll vote for Steward-Ogg-o,
 Whatsoever be his motion."

Now they come, the various members
 Of the body Municipal,
 Taking seats around the table.
 Steward-Ogg-o's pliant members
 All were there to do his bidding,
 And the others too assembled
 Portly Magistratus Roberts
 With the long Dundreary whiskers,
 With the lungs and voice stentorian,
 Terror of the mild attorney,
 Terror of the evil-doer,
 Very dear to all Calcutta

Is the Magistratus Roberts ·
 He the best of all our speakers,
 He the sweetest of our singers,
 He who sings of love and longing,
 Sings of beauty, love, and longing,
 For his lungs and voice we love him,
 And the magic of his singing ;
 And his learned friend Oleceus,
 Honorary Magistratus
 (He too has Dundreary whiskers)
 Then the clever Chemist, — Druggist,
 He who makes up pills and powders,
 Sells you antibilious powders,
 Sells you essence of chirelta,
 Sells you mild aperient mixtures,
 Sells you strong astringent mixtures,
 Natives call him Mukkam-toastus ,
 Then the Editor and owner
 Of the “ Indian Daily Nuisance ”
 (Smartest paper in Calcutta
 With the largest circulation.)
 Then again another member
 Of the glorious press of India,
 Editor, and owner also,
 Of Mackenzie, Lyall’s organ,
 People often call him Peter ;
 Yet once more another member
 Of the glorious Press of India
 Soldier once, but now conductor,
 Of Calcutta’s “ Anglicanus ” —
 Then a Bow Bazaar Physician
 With the Dutchman’s name, — Von Lintzky
 (Only can a sneezing Scotchman
 Or a Tartar Cossack say it,)
 Bow Bazaar reveals his dwelling —

Then old King, the quondam Jailer,
 Then the simple Chuckerbutty,
 Soldier-Doctor, Chuckerbutty,
 Then Cavawcus the Armonian
 Then a dozen Aryan brethren
 Sat, and then, Bengallee Baboos—
 Baboos once, but now Esquires —
 Mitters, Ghoses, Dutts, and Mullicks,
 Boner-Jeahs, Chutteer-Jeahs
 Headed by their white-robed leader,
 By the Rajah Kalli Ki-s'un
 Now they're settled round the table,
 And the Chairman Ogg-o rises,
 And he placed upon the table
 Estimate, report, and budget,
 And the spoke and thus addressed them —
 " Here is my report, my brethren,
 Lose no time, I pray, but pass it.'
 Up then rose the portly Robert,
 With his voice and lungs stentorian,
 With his oily tongue and manner,
 And in most emphatic manner,
 Cried, " My brethren, do not pass it
 If the 'sop'ye have not taken,
 If ye fear increased taxation—
 See how all our money's wasted.
 See how public money's squandered.
 Gone and smash'd are all our sluice gates
 Broken is our pumping engine—
 Where the sewerage from Gowkhana?
 Why should Burn & Co so often
 Do the work of our assistants?
 What about our new stream-roller?
 Thus great Roberts laid about him,
 Right and left he laid about him;

Then the Chairman Steward-Ogg-o
Rose and spoke of the Vice-Chairman
Much belauded his Vice-Chairman ;
Then a fat "Bengallee Baboo"
Mumbled some unmeaning utt'rance
That a chimney shaft was crooked.
Then again rose Steward-Ogg-o.
Very cross and speaking loudly,
"That report, although I drew it,
That report, although I signed it,
Is not true about the chimney,
Still I ask you now to pass it,
And I move it be adopted,
And, what's more, I lay this budget
On the table now before you,
And I call on you to pass it."

Then in fury up rose Roberts,
With his voice and lungs stentorian,
And he mauled the budget sadly,
Pulled the budget all to pieces :
Talked about the great expenses,
Of the sewers and the drainage,
Raved about the costly privies
Raved about the many thousands
Spent on black policemen's lanterns,
Raved about the black policemen
Squatting on the ground and smoking,
Called them "animated ovens,"
Raved about the white policemen,
Called them "lazy, bungling bobbies,"
Talked about the feed of bullocks,
Of the municipal bullocks,
(Steward-Ogg-o here got angry,)
Talked about the city sweepings,
Talked about the filthy drainage,

Talked about the night-soil taken
All throughout the town at midnight,
Much abused the water-drainage,
Much abused the present system,
Much abused the waste of money—
Then sat down all blown and breathless,
By his prickly heat much worried,
Mopping with his scented kerchief,
Mopping up the perspiration
Which bedewed his radiant features,
And all the while that he was speaking,
Steward-Ogg-o making clamour,
Shouting out, "that is not true, Sir."
"Yes, it is:" and "No, it is'n't"—
Keeping up an awful clamour,
Roaring like a bull of Basan.

Out then spake mild Chuckerbutty,
Spake the Doctor Chuckerbutty,
With some faint and feeble utterance
As to six per cent. debentures,
A propos, of course, to nothing.

Up then rose the Doctor Chevers,
Clever, smooth-tongued, oily Chevers.
What he said was much applauded
For he is a pleasant speaker
And a well-known man of talent,
But a most tremendous noodle
At a meeting Municipal—
Strange that men become such noodles
At a meeting Municipal!
Yes, his speech was much applauded,
But——'twas nothing to the purpose.

Then again rose Steward-Ogg-o,
Cross and angry, fretting, fuming,
'Mid the titters and the laughter,

'Mid loud cries of "Order ! Order !"
From the noisy opposition.
From his own obsequious party,
With his nose all red and swollen,
From the bite of a musquito,
And the scratching which had followed,
Then he answered all the speakers,
Pitched into the speech of Roberts,
And, with proper fellow-feeling,
Like a noble bull of Ba-an,
Spoke in pity for the bullocks,
For the Municipal bullocks,
Wept to think how small their rations,
Wept to think their tails were broken,
By the twisting of their drivers,
By their cruel drivers' twisting
Then, with rage, on Roberts frowning
But his eyes for pity weeping,
And his nasal organ swollen,
Itching from musquito venom,
Said again, "here is my budget,
Municipal brethren,—pass it !"

Once more rose the portly Roberts,
And the rage of Steward-Ogg-o
Burst into a roar of passion
At the impudence of Roberts,
And he shouted loudly "Order !"
"Sir, I call you now to Order !"
And his plaint friends cried "Order !"
But bold Roberts went on speaking.
Though, so loud the din and hubbub,
No one heard what he was saying.
Fiercely he gesticulated,
No one understood his meaning.
Then poor, simple Chuckerbutty

Once more tried some vapid utterance
All about the steuch from privies ;
But the Chairman's roar of—" Order !"
Seeming like a clap of thunder,
Silenced vapid Chuckerbutty.

Still bold Roberts went on speaking,
Still went on gesticulating,
But no person understood him.
Then amid the din rose Wilson,
Of the " Indian Daily Nuisance,"
Sharp, but inexperienced Wilson-
Telling how he saw some natives
On the road-way slowly pounding.
While, like pigs, they went on grunting,
And their ways he imitated,
Making terrible grimaces -
But again the roar of Ogg-o
Filled the room and shook the building,
Shut up inexperienced Wilson,
Put an end to his grimaces
To his imitation grunting

Still bold Roberts went on speaking
Still bawled Stuart-Ogg-o " Order !"
Shouting " Sit you down, Sir, will you ?"
" No, I will not," answered Roberts,
" Not, at all events, for you, Sir,"
" I'm in order you are not, Sir !"
Thus they squabbled, thus they shouted,
While some Arjan brethern ventured
To address the angry Chairman,
But the angry Chairman, finding
That the Aryans were against him,
Shouted louder still than ever,
Roaring like a bull of Basan.
Then the poor Bengallee Baboo

Quaked with fear, the perspiration
Trickled down their sable faces,
Faces that but now were sable,
Soon from fear grew white as marble.
Still bold Roberts went on speaking,
No one heard what he was saying,
Fiercely he gesticulated,
No one understood his meaning.
Till at last all hoarse from speaking,
Faint and weary from vexation —
With much prickly heat too wooied—
Roberts yielded up the battle,
Gave in, and a poll demanded.
Then the poll was slowly taken—
And on Roberts' side, the Aryans,
All the fat Bengallee Baboos,
With a wholesome fear of Roberts,
Of the Senior Magistratus,
To act for him—with some others
With his learned friend Olerens,
With old King the the quondam Jailer,
With the Bow Bazaar Physician,
And mild inexperienced Wilson, —
And Cavawkus the Armenian,
And the Editor and owner
Of Mackenzie Lyall's organ,
And the Editorial ruler
Of Calcutta's "Anglicanus"
And the Druggist Mukkun-toastus ;
But on Ogg-o's side there voted
All the poor obsequious merchants,
With the Members of the Council,
And the Doctors, Chevers, Fawcus,
And the Competition-wallahs —
And his chum the ship surveyor,

'Euree 'Anlie Lloyds' Surveyor,
 And the whiskered Major Graham,
 And his Sub the bearded Davis,
 And the swells, the old Civilians,
 Heavy swells but stupid follows —
 And the Moulavie Abdoolah
 And the swarthy plaint Rajah
 And the coiner of our money
 And the P(h)agan Radamanthus—
 So, the poll was very equal,
 Till the casting vote of Ogg-o,
 Like the sword of Gallic Brennus,
 Sunk the scale, and Ogg-o's budget
 Was, in spite of Roberts, carried.
 Ye, who seek an hour's amusement,
 And who find no real pleasure,
 Listening to the woes of Leah,
 Or the Colleen Bawn's sad story,
 Or the farce of black-eyed Susan,
 Or burlesque of Cinderella,
 In Mister Lewis's Lyceum ;
 Or in hearing Opera Music
 In the thrilling notes of Villa,
 When he does second Trovatore,—
 In the songs of Dario Maggi
 As the dying Traviata,
 Or Mazucco's touching warble
 When she plays Swiss Page to Linda :
 Or in seeing gauze-clad dancers
 Bounding in the divertissement,
 Pirouetting in the ballet ;
 Ye who seek an hour's amusement,
 In this dull palatial city,
 In this dull and dreary city—
 Go and spend an hour with Ogg-o

With his "tag-rag and his bobtail"
 With his noodles Municipal
 When they have another meeting,—
 Spend an hour with Steward Ogg-o
 With his noodles Municipal.

THE ADMINISTRATION REPORT OF INDORE.

FOR FUSIL 1285, A. D. 1875-76

WE have had the Administration Report of Indore for 1875-76 lying for some time on our table. We could not notice the publication earlier, for which, we think, an apology is due to R. Raghonath Row, Esq., the able statesman, who has succeeded Sir T. Madhab Row as the Prime Minister of Indore. We hail with a sincere pleasure the practice, that is fast gaining ground, of Native States publishing for the information of the public the annals of their administrations; for the Report under notice is the first of its kind, and has been followed by similar ones issued by some other states. In these days of publicity, when the most innocent acts of men in power are gravely noticed by the various organs of public opinion, and are read, it must be presumed, with avidity, it would be a reproach to a *Government* to sit sullenly, withholding all information of its proceedings, or, at best, permitting private and irresponsible writers after a few days tour to retail the results of their crude experience touching the most complicated departments of state—results that can hardly be checked by anything more reliable. Nor are the Native Governments so circumstanced, that none feel a curiosity to know what they do and think. Existing side by side with a civilized Empire with which their connections are intimate, and too often traduced by interested writers, every educated Indian feels a degree of interest in their growth and prosperity which may well be conceived. Nor, if that interest were

not wholly unselfish, would it deserve to be ignored. Born subjects of an Empire that has the greatest reluctance to all their legitimate aspirations, it is but natural that the educated Indian would look to these relics of independent Native Kingdoms for a career. For these and various other reasons, we say, that a keen interest is felt by many in the welfare of Native States, which interest, however, is rarely recognized by the rulers themselves of those states as worthy to be satisfied. We say again, that we hail with joy the first appearance of an administration Report of a Native State like that of Indore.

We cannot sufficiently thank R. Raghonath Row, Esq., the present Dewan, for the spirit of enlightenment he has shewn in the matter of this publication. Indeed, it is possible he has had to encounter the obstructiveness of conservatism, for with our knowledge of Native Courts, we think, we may safely say, that reforms, the most innocent are opposed, if only on the ground of novelty. Abuses become sanctified by prescription, more or less everywhere, but nowhere more than in Native States. The true character of a reform, therefore, introduced in a Native State, in order to be correctly appreciated, requires these circumstances to be borne in mind.

In the year under review, Fusli 1284, the whole demand of state Revenue was represented by Rs. 53,72,000, of which a little over 41 lakhs was collected during the year. The arrears, therefore, amounted to about Eight lakhs and a half, of which about a lakh was remitted by the Durbar, the season not having been very favorable for agricultural purposes. About four lakhs of the total arrears of 1284 have been realised in the succeeding year. We do not know what are the rules adopted by the Durbar for the realization of arrears of revenue, and we confess to a disappointment that that the Report before us has omitted all reference to them, especially, when the report is the first of its kind. Nor is this subject so unimportant that reference to it might be omitted. With the sun-set law of British India in the Permanently settled districts, and the harsh exceptions obtaining in other parts, we feel a curiosity to know what is the law in a Native State. Possibly, when the circulars of the Durbar are published in a compact volume, much information touching this, as well

as other subjects, will be forthcoming. We are told that the publication of such a code is in contemplation.

Of the total Revenue of the state collected during the year, as above, nearly three-fourths represent the actual receipts from Land. The system of Land Revenue has been described briefly in the Report : "the assessment is fieldwar. All cultivable and grass lands known as *Deed* are only assessed. By this means the gross revenue of a village "is ascertained. The *Jumma* is leased out for $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent thereof to "any person who may undertake the collections, the renter is allowed, "besides, to enjoy the benefit arising during the term of the lease from "extra cultivation of lands recovered from immemorial waste and from "the cultivation of wet produce on Dry lands. These advantages have "induced many a wealthy and adventurous person to rent the *Jummas*, "and the greater portion of the land of the State is under this system. "No ryot is compelled to hold land which he does not choose to till, nor "is he ousted from his holdings as long as he pays the fixed assessment and keeps to the terms of the *Puttah* given to him." We wish the system had been described more elaborately. We profess to have a curiosity to know how many sorts of land are there in the State, what are the rates assessed upon each, and what is the average period of leases granted to the cultivator. The solution of these problems is attended with considerable difficulty in British India, as might be seen from the necessity that frequently arises for new legislation. We would like to know how these problems have been solved in any of the Native States, or at least whether there is the tendency there of legislation on the subject.

Next to the Revenue, we would notice the Charges of this State. The total of charges for the year under review has been Forty lakhs and a half, against nearly Forty-five lakhs for the year previous. There has thus been a saving, this year, of four lakhs and a half, not an inconsiderable sum compared to the Revenue. We are assured that this reduction in expenditure has no way impaired the efficiency of the administration. It is a great satisfaction to see, therefore, that the Native States have learnt to regulate their affairs with proper economy.

With a steadily increasing cotton industry, the revenue promises every year to increase, and if economy in expenditure is not lost sight of, within a very few years the Durbar of Indore will have in their hands a large surplus available for any exigency.

It is no small satisfaction to find that the Durbar of Indore has been steadily endeavoring to keep pace with the progress and refinement of the times, and has even attained a fair degree of success. The Education Department, in particular, small as it is, seems to be quite in a healthy condition. "This department consists of 77 institutions, with 99 teachers, attended by a total of 3,235 scholars and maintained at an annual cost of 22,935-7-9 for instruction exclusive of the cost of Inspection and Direction. These institutions are distributed as follows:—there is one High School and one Law School, both at the capital; and there are two Anglo-Vernacular Schools in the Mofussil. There are eight Sanskrit Schools and as many Persian Schools. The Marathi Schools number seven, and the Hindi, forming by far the majority, number 35. There are 13 Mixed Schools besides, viz. schools teaching partly Marathi and partly Hindi. And lastly, there are two Female Schools at the capital. This department, inclusive of the Sanskrit College recently established, cost the State Rs 33,000. A scheme for extending education still further is under consideration."

Of all the benefits that a Government can confer upon its subjects, that of Education is perhaps the most solid and lasting; and we are sincerely glad that the Durbar of Indore is not unmindful of the matter.

The following is an account of the Judicial Department of the state. It will, no doubt, be read by many with interest: "The Civil Courts in this state, besides the Durbar, have been divided into six grades; and their total number is 64. Of these there is 1 court of 1st grade, 4 of 2nd grade, 5 of 3rd grade, 22 of 4th grade, 29 of 5th grade and 3 of 6th grade. 1st grade. The court of 1st grade is the Sudder court. This court does not exercise Original Jurisdiction except in cases which may be transferred by order of the Durbar to its file. Its powers are to hear appeals from the decisions of the courts of 2nd grade in original suits and special appeals from their decisions in.

"appeals. This court further exercises general supervision over the "working of all the courts of various grades, and has also to dispose of "references which may be made by the lower courts upon all questions "of difficulty or doubt, which may arise in the course of their business. "This Court has, besides, to assist the Durbar in the organization of "the Lower Courts and in framing rules of law and procedure for their "guidance. The ministerial and miscellaneous business of the Court, "including correspondence, the disposal of references from the lower "Courts, is all managed by the Dewan although he has frequently had "the benefit of the advice and assistance of his colleagues.

"2nd Grade.—The four Courts of 2nd Grade are the Zillah Courts of "Indore, Nemád, Rampura, and Nimawar. Of this the Zillah Court "of Indore has the largest business.

"The Zillah Courts are authorised to hear original suits in which the "amount of the claim exceeds Rs. 2,000 ; and appeals from the decisions "of Courts of 3rd, 4th, and 5th Grade.

"The Indore Zillah Court includes under its jurisdiction, the City of "Indore, the Zillah of Indore, and the Perganas of Petlawad and Alampore. "Before the appointment of a separate Zillah Judge for Nimawar, that "Zillah also was included in Indore. The extensive trade and money- "dealings in the City of Indore gave rise to good deal of litigation "which has kept 2 Courts of third Grade and the Zillah Court fully "occupied.

"The Courts of 3rd Grade include the 2 Adawlat in the City of "Indore, and the Subha Courts of Indore, Nemád, and Rampura. The "Adawlat are Courts of co-ordinate jurisdiction empowered to receive "and dispose of all original suits arising in the City of Indore in which "the amount in dispute does not exceed Rs. 2,000. They have no appe- "late powers, and do Civil work only. They decide on an average more "than 1,000 suits every year which must be considered very satisfactory.

"The three other Courts of 3rd Grade, viz, those of the Subhas of "Indore, Nemád, and Rampura, are empowered to hear original suits "arising in their respective Zillahs in which the amount in dispute exceed "Rs. 1,000 and is less than R. 2,000. They are also authorised to hear "appeals from the decisions of the Courts of 6th Grade ; but no appeal

“was decided by any of them within the last 3 years, as the number of
“Courts of 6th Grade is very small.

“The Subhas are the principal revenue officers in their respective
“zillahs; and the revenue work being to them of primary importance,
“they have hardly time enough to attend to the civil work falling to
“their share which, happily, is not very great.

“The courts of 4th Grade are authorised to hear original suits from
“Rs. 200 to Rs. 1000; of the 5th, Rs. 20 to 200; and of the 6th, from
“Rupee 1 to Rs. 20 in value.”

So we have here a complete system of courts working in due subordination to and harmony with each other. We read much of the defective administration of justice in Native States, but if the judicial organisation of Indore is not unique, justice cannot fail to be duly administered in many Native States.

Here is an account also of the several grades of Criminal Courts.

“Like the civil there are six kinds of courts invested with Criminal
“Powers. The highest is the Sudder Court; next to it are the Zillah
“Courts which have the powers of Courts of Sessions; and below them
“are the Magisterial Courts. The Magistrates are divided into 4 classes.
“The Magistrates of the 1st class are authorized to award imprisonment
“not exceeding 1 year and fine not exceeding Rs. 500 and whipping up
“to 15 lashes. They also receive appeals from sentences passed by
“Magistrates of the 3rd class. Magistrates of the 2nd class have power
“to award imprisonment not exceeding 3 months, fine not exceeding
“Rs. 100 and whipping up to 10 lashes; and to hear appeals from
“sentences passed by Magistrates of the 4th class. Magistrates of
“the 3rd class have power to award imprisonment not exceeding 1
“month; fine not exceeding Rs. 25 and whipping up to 6 lashes.
“Magistrates of the 4th class have power to award fine up to
“Rs. 10 only.

“The punishment of whipping cannot be brought into force without
“the sanction of the Zillah Judges. But as the city Magistrate of
“Indore had a large number of petty cases of theft, &c. to deal with, his
“power was extended to 30 lashes, and the necessity of the sanction of
“the Zillah Court was done away with in his case. More recently, the

"Ameen of Barwai has also been empowered to execute sentences of whipping without reference to the Zillah court of Nemad. The traffic at Barwai has greatly increased since the opening of the Holkar State Railway; and there is a large fluctuating population for whom speedy justice is necessary.

"The Subhas of Indore, Nemad and Rampura, the city Magistrate of Indore, and the Ameens of Nemawar and Alampore, exercise the powers of Magistrates of the 1st class.

"The powers of 2nd and 3rd class Magistrates are generally given to Ameens or Vahiwatdars according to the nature of their qualifications and the importance of the criminal work arising in their respective Perganas. In the Indore Zillah there are 10 Magistrates of the 2nd class; 8 of the 3rd class; and 18 of the 4th class. In the Nemad Zillah there are 2 Magistrates of the 2nd class; 16 of the 3rd class and 7 of the 4th class. In the Rampura Zillah there are 7 Magistrates of the 2nd class; 9 of the 3rd class; and 15 of the 4th class. In the Nemawar Zillah there is one Magistrate of the 2nd class, 1 of the 3rd class and 8 of the 4th class.

"The powers of the Sudder Court in criminal matters are those of appeal, reference and revision. Appeals from sentences passed by the Zillah courts are made to this court. Where the sentence is one of hanging, or imprisonment exceeding 5 years, the Zillah court has to refer it to this court for confirmation. This court passes orders upon its own authority so long as the sentence does not exceed 10 years' imprisonment; but beyond that period and in cases of hanging this court has to apply for the orders of the Durbar to carry the sentence into execution. In all cases of hanging the final sanction rests with the Maharajah.

"The Sudder Court has also the power of calling for the records of the lower courts upon the examination of the monthly returns submitted by them or upon references received from the Zillah courts.

"Each of the Zilla Courts is also a Court of Sessions. All cases exceeding the jurisdiction of the Magistrates are committed to these Courts, and disposed of by them subject to the limitations stated above. These Courts also hear appeals from sentences passed by Magistrates of the 1st and 2nd classes.

" With the exception of the City Magistrate who exercises Criminal powers only, the other Magistrates have both civil and revenue powers. The criminal cases arising in the City of Indore are too numerous for one Magistrate to go through without a great strain upon his energies. A third class Magistrate has been appointed to assist him ; but no returns were received from him for the last year. It will be better for the more speedy and satisfactory disposal of the criminal business, if one more Magistrate is appointed for the city.

" The Pergana of Alampore is in the heart of Maharajah Sindia's territories, at a distance of nearly 300 miles from Indore. No returns were received from this Magistrate and it can not therefore be stated with confidence what the state of crime there is, though it may perhaps be very low.

" As every Pergana has an Ameen, Vahiwardar and Thanedar, the inquiry in every Criminal case was generally commenced by the Thanedar, or, if he be near, by the Vahiwardar ; and if the nature of the crime and of the amount of punishment exceeded his jurisdiction, the case was committed by him to the Magistrate next above and so on. This practice caused considerable delay in the disposal of criminal cases and the Durbar has now been pleased to order, upon the recommendation of the Sudder Court, that the preliminary inquiry in every case committable to the Court of Sessions should be conducted from the beginning by the Magistrate of the 2nd Class ; and the case should be committed by him directly to the Court of Sessions."

If the other Native States of India have Judicial Establishments similar to that of Indore the talk, in many cases interested, of justice not being cared for in these states will soon be at an end. We believe that the Judicial organisation of Indore is not altogether unique ; though we will not go the length of asserting that all these states equally care for the administration of Justice.

As regards Legislation, we are told that " rules for the administration of civil and criminal justice have been under preparation. These have been founded upon the forensic and ethical codes of many civilized nations. They will be soon passed in the Durbar and submitted for the final sanction of His Highness. Certain regulations for the

"improvement of Village Government were generally sanctioned by His Highness, the details whereof are under the consideration of the Durbar, and will at an early date be placed before His Highness. The system of trying important Civil and Criminal cases by Jury was sanctioned and will come in force."

That the Durbar, so far as Legislation is concerned, has spent a very active year will appear from the fact that no less than *fourteen* Regulations, bearing upon different subjects, have been drafted though not as yet passed. These are

1. For the disposal of Treasure Trove.
2. For giving on contract works in the Maramat Department.
3. For the conservancy of State Forests,
4. For the establishment of a Foundling Asylum.
5. For the better management of the Municipality.
6. For the preparation of Treasury accounts.
7. For granting leave to the officers of the State.
8. For the sale of Stamps.
9. For the possession of arms.
10. For the improvement of Sayer duties.
11. For the grant of pensions to public servants.
12. For the improvement of Rural Police.
13. For Do. of the Constabulary do.
14. For the formation of a Registration Department.

We will close our notice of this Report by a few figures bearing upon the working of the Cotton Mill that has been established by the State. The European Superintendent of the Cotton Mill states that "the year commenced with a heavy stock of cloth on hand, amounting "altogether, including pairs of Dhooties, to 25895½ pieces. During the "year we have produced 56,739 pieces and 13,214½ pairs of Dhooties, "in all 70,035½, thus giving us a total of 95,929. The weight of the "year's production of cloth was 3,94,488lbs. and the sales during the "year have been of 66,332 pieces and 15,142, pairs of Dhooties or a "total of 81,474, and the weight of cloth sold was 4,75,148 lbs.

"From this, you will see, I have, during the year, sold 11,440½ pieces "weighing 80,660 lbs. more than has been produced—and that the "stock remaining on hand at the end of the year was 14,455 pieces. "This stock happens to be principally of a quality, for which there is "now a very limited demand, and will take some time to clear out. It

"is, however, going gradually. If it had been of the same quality as we are now making and of the proper breadth, I should have cleared it away months ago. The demand for our present make of cloth is very much greater than we can possibly supply, as you will see when I tell you that I have sold about 40,000 pieces in advance, and could without difficulty double that quantity, if it were wise to do so, but I do not think it is at present.

"Besides the above cloth, we have produced, 32,315 lbs of yarn for the Market, principally No. 20—with a small quantity only of 10—and 30—and this I have all sold. This shows the total weight of cloth and yarn produced during the year, 4,26,803 lbs. and this I think may be considered a very fair result, if we bear in mind that the Mill has only been at work four years, and that, during that time, the whole of the work-people have had to be taught, not one of whom knew the slightest of any thing about the work when it commenced.

"We have made a very good start for the next year and if we can only keep up our present rate of production, the next year will be far away in advance of the last.

"The demand for our cloth is steadily, and, I may say, rapidly increasing year by year. The more it gets known, the more popular it becomes. I have no hesitation in saying, it is, without exception, the best and most durable cloth, made in India. This is proved by the fact that, wherever it has gone, it has entirely superseded Bombay made cloth, and people, who have worn our cloth and tested its durability, will purchase no other. They are willing to pay a higher price even, because they have proved for themselves that they get better value for their money. Our cloth is real, genuine, and honest, and our *honesty* appears to be appreciated.

"The circle of consumption is widely and rapidly extending. The cloth has been and is being sent rather extensively to Secpree, Goona Gwalior, Agra, and Delhi, and wherever it goes it is preferred to any other make, and the people who use it everywhere are like so many Oliver Twists, "asking for more!"

"Being careful to keep up the present quality of cloth and yarn, I am quite sure we could easily command all the Central India trade, and extend even to the North West Provinces. It would yield a

"handsome return upon the outlay, and, besides this, might be made
 "the means of drawing other trade to Indore, by which the City and
 "State would be greatly benefited.

"The remarks made about the cloth will equally apply to the yarn,
 "if we had only spindles upon which to make it."

There is hope yet for India, if her princes and capitalists all seek to develop her resources. In spite of all that perverse British Indian legislation can do, Manchester shall, in the long run, have to go to the wall, so far as her trade in piece goods with India is concerned. That our hopes are not too sanguine, or if sanguine, that they are shared by many Englishmen too, will appear from the following remarks of the *London Examiner* in a very recent Article. "Bombay—once the "little fishing village," now the third city in the British Empire, and the home of an architecture likely to develop into a noble kind of Anglo-Indian Gothic—is already the Manchester of the East. As yet in its infancy, the cotton manufacture of the Western Presidency employs half a hundred mills, owned by native cotton lords, and worked by thousands of native hands. Even Maharajah Holkar, now a "Councillor of the Empress," lately turned cotton-spinner; and sharp business-man as he is, he sometimes audits the accounts. An admirable example to his brother chiefs!" We have no hesitation in saying that if more of our Indian Millionaires instead of investing their stock in Government securities at 4 per cents were to engage out and out in cotton-spinning and Indigo manufacturing and developing the numberless other resources of the country, India will soon have assumed a quite different aspect. But this is not the place to discourse upon such a subject.

We take leave of the Report we are considering, once more thanking R. Raghunath Mr., the present able Dewan of Indore. His predecessor, Sir T. Madhab Row, has, by unremitting industry for a long course of years, earned a reputation for Statesmanship, but we honestly believe, Raghunath Row Mr. is hardly an inferior statesman though his name is not as familiar to all ears as his predecessor's. Indeed, it has afforded us a sincere pleasure to be able, henceforth, to name another Indian in the same breath with Sir Madhab Row, or Sashia Shastri, or Sir Balar Jung, men who, by the verdict of all India, are statesmen of a genuine stamp.

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"OPPRESSION IN PALITANA EXPOSED"

It has been more than once remarked by foreign authors, that Englishmen, of all nations, invariably make sorry travellers, and in nine instances out of ten, draw the most erroneous inferences when attempting to speak of the laws, institutions and governments of other countries. Whether this be on account of the insular exclusiveness of the people, or their pride, or arrogance, we are not called upon to decide in the present instance. We merely allude to this as a fact, however well-known it might be, and regardless of its consequences for good or for evil. When any Englishman, for example, accustomed in his native country to impartial and independent judges, (to quote the sentiments of the Edinburgh Reviewers of 1851,) to fair and uniform proceedings—to deliberate and solemn judgments, hears of persons tried and condemned in other countries, he never dreams that the trial or condemnation is otherwise than what it is in his native land, where the judgment is the obvious result of an impartial and well-directed judicial enquiry. Not doubting the perfect straight-forwardness of what takes place in England, no Englishman is ever inclined to listen to doubts thrown on what takes place elsewhere. Notwithstanding what the poet has said, there is, after all, much in a name. Because

* By Ranchod Jashanker, Parsi Printing Press, Bombay

English judges are impartial and honest, all who are called judges in other countries must be impartial and honest also ;—because the law is administered justly in England, the administration of the law *must* be just in other countries ;—because no man will listen to the protestations of innocence by a convict in England, therefore, no one ought to listen to such protestations in other countries. It has been in vain that the most convincing proofs have been produced of the injustice of foreign sentences, of the dishonesty of foreign judges, of the unfairness of foreign trials. Englishmen would not entertain the question ; and the innocent victims of the most infamous systems of administration have died a lingering death, their memory insulted if not forgotten ; not seldom the object of coarse jests and unmanly allusions, in a country which glories in the intelligence of its press, its public men, and of the pure Christianity of all its classes.

We have flattered the Englishman some will say, but we think, we have given a true picture of that individual in one at least of his colors. Speaking of India, in particular, persons will not be wanting, we feel sure, who will roundly rebuke us for our applauding the Englishman's sense of justice which is frequently exemplified out in this land with a vengeance on those who have the temerity to invoke it. But we are not sure that our countrymen do not wrong the true English character by judging of it from what they see in this land. Distance from home always operates towards withdrawing those healthful influences that serve to control and regulate extravagance of conduct. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Englishman of India should widely differ from the Englishman of England, in sympathies and sentiments, opinions and prejudices, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary. The natural incredulity of the Englishman as regards the dishonesty of foreign tribunals is supplanted, in India, by a vicious credulity as regards the same. Whether this marked change of disposition comes from prejudice or from an actual observation of obtrusive facts, or is unreal and assumed for a purpose, it is impossible to discuss without provoking bitter animosities. Sufficient to say, for our present purpose, that Anglo-Indians, as a rule, official or non-official, seem to be too much inclined to listen to

believe in all tales of misrule and tyranny that come from provinces ruled by Native Indian Princes. Manufactured as on many occasions these tales are known to be, by interested persons, not unfrequently also, as is believed, by the paid spies of honorable officials, and the expectants of future favors, we have frequently been called upon to expose their falsity with varying success. It needed all the brass of the Indian Government to give even an appearance of plausibility to the poison-story regarding the late Gaekwar. The most formal enquiry conducted openly and in broad day-light, coupled with the strongest assurances of an *omniscient* Government failed to quiet suspicions that were unfortunately too just under the circumstances, and accordingly a higher official than the Indian viceroy was forced to admit that Mulhar Rao lost his throne not in consequence of the poison-charge, but owing to his *confirmed incompetence to rule* which was not *proved* but *assumed*. We are willing to believe that the Government on that occasion had erred on the right side; that believing in the inequities perpetrated by a sovereign prince to the infinite woe of millions of defenceless subjects, their hearts were too powerfully affected to allow them the opportunity of devising a right method of dealing with the case, a method that would compass the end in view, viz, punish the individual, without insulting sovereignty by placing it under judicial trial like any ordinary felon. Our quarrel with Lord Northbrook was not that he was blinded by a sympathy with the oppressed, but that he was too much blinded by that sympathy to think of the oppressor having been a Sovereign Prince.

It is a trite observation that there is a bond of flesh that unites man to man, and a community of thought and lot that makes the heart in the capital of a civilized empire throb at the tale of oppression in the wilds of an unknown province. It is this community of weaknesses and sorrows, of hopes and aspirations, that is the distinguishing feature of the human race, and it is this bond, though often a pretext for the basest of proceedings, that also leads to the noblest of deeds. It is impossible for any man to be wholly without its influence, as we have already said, we are for fully believing that the British Indian Government have oftentimes fully realized its force. We are

prepared to admit that Annexation in India has disinterested advocates. We only wish it to be understood that when we speak of annexation harshly, it is because that the reasons alleged are frequently wanting, and the change that takes place is not unoften a change from the fire to the frying pan. Oudh might have been misruled but that misrule was more liked by the people than the orderly government that has followed and that has, to reflect humanity perhaps, curbed aspiration the people and treat them as perfect strangers in the land of their birth.

A little pamphlet is lying before me before us which lays bare such a tale of oppression and misrule carried into a system, and of inequities perpetrated in the name of a British Government by a set of persons who have the whole might of a British Empire at their back that it has made us forget the right to resist it. If we had consulted our own party principle, we should never have the heart to notice this pamphlet for it concerns an individual belonging to the princelhood of Native India, toward whom a policy we are rather lenient, and the integrity of whose administration we always jealously guard. But there is a point beyond which even Native Princes cannot tax our power of endurance. The tale that reaches us beside, has been told in a way that commands conviction of its truth. An old man of fifty, a Brahmin by birth, who has passed the whole of his life in the dominions of the Prince he attacks publishes a pamphlet in Guzrathee, the only spoken language with which he is acquainted, setting forth on the strength of his personal and experience a most circumstantial account of oppression and misrule due alike to a *Government*. "His Guzrathee," we are told by the translator, is incorrect and rustic even as a village's. At the same time, there is frequent repetition in his pages, nor is there a connected link between statements made in the same page. In fine, the whole is as incoherently put together as the incidents of the tale of a frightened old man who has run away for his life." Ranchod Dushunker, for that is the name of the old man, pressed with the unbearable weight of the lawlessness of the Government of Palitana, and unable to obtain redress by any constitutional means, appeals to public opinion. His very want of

literary experience coupled with the circumstance of his age and of his having spent the whole of it in a staid, out-of-the-way country, where modern influences have not so much as penetrated, is a proof that he is not one of those who would, without a strong exciting cause, rush into print. As such, his tale bears on its face the stamp of genuineness.

In order to prepare our readers for the revelations of Mr. Jaishanker, we will quote his Translator's preface. Here is what he says: "Palitana is a native state in Kattyawar ruled over by Sursingh, a Rajput of the Gohel tribe. The British Government claims the right of supremacy over all Kattyawar, and in conformity to it, exercised, till fourteen years since, the power of interference in all matters of unlawfulness and oppression committed by the Chief of any state or his Ministers. Before the advent of the British power into Kattyawar, when a Chief unlawfully constrained either his vassals or the subjects, the aggrieved went into outlawry, and practising a sort of brigandage within his oppressor's kingdom, compelled him (the Chief) to render justice. When the British entered the country, they issued a proclamation taking upon themselves to adjudicate all cases of dispute, whereupon formal agreements were signed by all the Chiefs and fief holders and the British Government through their Agent, the former giving consent thereto, and the latter guaranteeing to protect their just and proper rights. For about half a century the British Government faithfully observed their part of the compact by receiving and adjudicating all complaints, whether of landlords or of the people, from a civil action for Rs 50 to that of the absorption of an entire estate by a native court. But fourteen years since, and of a sudden, the Government of Sir Bartle Frere, under the advice of a politically blind agent, turned round, and revoking their part of the compact bestowed independent exercise of power upon all chiefs of the first, second, and third classes, while they held all vassal lords and subjects still closely to the terms of the repudiated contract, by not only discountenancing brigandage in all matters of grievance, but also rendering military aid to the Chief, whenever called for, in chasing the men gone into outlawry, and bringing them to punishment. Th

"result of this one sided policy has been disastrous. The Chiefs and their minions play their own games, the vassals are deprived of their hereditary gifts, the merchants are plundered and the poor ground down in the open day without compunction. When the oppressed apply for relief to the British Agent at Rajkot, he pleads the independent right of sovereign power of the Chief, and remands them to the very man who has plundered and oppressed them! When the Supreme Government has so * * shirked their duty, it only remains to the afflicted to appeal to public opinion, and patiently await time to work out a cure. Hundreds of complaints have been made against the lawless acts of the Thakore of Palitana to the Political Agent as well as to the Bombay Government, but both these authorities have turned a deaf ear to them, all in virtue of the new fangled policy of non-interference, which is tantamount to virtually establishing abject slavery throughout the country, by pressing people to tamely submit to the Raja's misdoings and denying them the right of the sword for enforcing a just observance of their proper claims."

So the victims of oppression are to be denied the natural and indefeasible right of man to resistance, for, with the whole might of the British Indian Empire at the back of the oppressors successful resistance is impossible. Nor can we understand upon what principles the Government of Bombay refuse to interfere in the matter. The doctrine has long enough been enunciated and enunciated with a vengeance, that the obligation to support a Prince against internal rebellion necessarily invests the British power with a right to control the conduct of the Prince. The matter is so clear that we are sure if the little pamphlet once attracts the notice of the Supreme Government, an immediate enquiry will be ordered and justice dealt out to the offenders.

We now proceed to the tale of oppression. For the credit of the Princehood of Native India we wish the tale were untrue, for the details are absolutely shocking. Compared to these, the iniquities perpetrated by the Neapolitan Government, first brought to light a quarter of a century ago by the humane exertions of Mr. Gladstone, and which moved the indignation of the whole

civilised world, were as nothing. We feel a reluctance to speak of the Thakoor individually, for he is a ruling Prince. "Not that we mean to act the part of apologists of his [Palitana Highness,]" to quote once more the sentiments of the Edinburgh Reviewers uttered on a similar occasion, but because however bad he might be, he could not carry out his principles, did he not find in his government and supporters, not only a ready compliance with his wishes, but individuals, who, by possibly taking advantage of his weakness, urge him on to cruelty. Better surrounded and more honestly advised, this Prince might, if such be his nature be still inclined to acts of tyranny and injustice but this inclination would be checked if not altogether neutralised. That reluctance, however, we shall have to conquer, if we at all proceed with the tale, for his Palitana Highness appears to be too indissolubly mixed up with its chief incidents. The scene opens, with a description of the minister of Palitana. Of him the author says that he was "originally a street pedlar of the Memon caste, and is a man without letters." His Palitana Highness is completely under the influence of this man, Ahmed by name, and is surrounded by his creatures who are "all alike illiterate, and born like him as street strollers." So complete is the influence that Ahmed exercises over his Prince that this alone is a circumstance which the translator remarks "should be closely investigated." "There must be something *abnormal*," to quote his words, "in the connection reigning Prince and minister so unworthy." His Palitana Highness himself is described as a Prince whose "word is as changing as the wind," and whose resentment, excited on the slightest talk, knows no bounds nor decency. Between himself and his minister "several innocent men are murdered every year," and when enquired into, "their death is explained away to the simpletons of British political officers." Then follows a case of confirmed perfidy and brutality coupled with equal cowardice. In preference to any words of ours we will give the story in the words of Jaishanker himself as translated in the pamphlet before us. It is as follows —

(1) Bhaiji Ismal was an intelligent and thriving citizen of Palitana, being the man, who designed and built for the Rajah his *nuzzar-bagh*, or pleasure-garden and pavilion. Ahmed, the arch intriguer,

having grown old, and completely set the Rajah round with his crea-
 tures, has since some years past, settled in Bombay as merchant, and
 constituted himself agent for the Rajah's orders. As there is none in
 Palitana who could check his account, his invoice must of necessity
 bear any extravagant prices he might desire, in order to raise his for-
 tune, which indeed increases every year. Bhaiji Ismal undertook the
 generous duty of pointing out to the Rajah that this was so, but the
 latter, acting under the evil influence of the malignant stars about him, slept
 over the matter, and the Memons soon caught hold of a pretext and got
 Bhaiji Ismal expatriated. Bhaiji Ismal, thereupon, went into the
 service of Bhownuggur, whereby he added fuel to the fire, for Bhow-
 nuggur and Palitana have ever been at dagger drawn with each
 other. This circumstance added to the resentment of the Rajah, and
 he drove out Bhaiji's parents, brothers and family, and attached his
 house. The afflicted family went to Bhownuggur and exhorted Bhaiji
 by all his family affections to appease the durbar. But Bhaiji, after
 much constraint, went to Bombay to appease Ahmed in the first in-
 stance. Ahmed having reason from the intelligence of the man, to fear
 that Bhaiji would otherwise make the public press his organ for com-
 plaint, won him over by smooth promises and took him personally to
 Palitana to make peace with the durbar. But as Bhaiji made his
 presence before the Court, the Thakoor under instigation called him all
 sorts of names and ended by saying, "set him aside" or "drop him down"
 with a double meaning, as the result subsequently proved. The poor
 fellow went to Ahmed to remonstrate, when he also gave a significant
 hint, which he would have done well to profit by, but unwilling to
 believe that there could be heinous treachery anywhere, he went back
 to sue the Thakoor in his pleasure house, where he was immediately
 done away with and his corpse taken to his family, as having been
 found dead by a fall from the window. The bereaved family took the
 corpse to Sonpury before the Political Assistant, the Thakoor,
 apprized thereof, sent over emissaries to persuade the old father to
 return and bury the corpse in Palitana. On their return, the Thakoor
 restored the house and property and treated the father and brothers
 rather liberally that the family might hush up the matter. Where the

"Supreme Government declines doing justice, the poor people have to make terms with their oppressive lords and often as heartlessly as Bhup's family did."

What could Government think so low of the life of a professed suitor for the apudian and that too by the commission? We would rather wish the author of the Gujarathi *Jan* to be convicted of vile slander and expiate his offence in jail than such a case were true. And yet it appears that such a case is not unique in the mind of the Palitana administration. There is another, more involving in its details, if possible.

"(2) Tarb Memon was a *dhadhar* (a collector) of the district of Chhodmunda Palitana. While in his attempt to square the people, Tarb came to terms with a *dhadhar* (a collector) who had found out a trickery by digging in his hand, and he found him in chords and got him cruelly punished. His (the collector's) family went to Palitana with the complaint but the *dhadhar* would not hear them for either love or money which he had to procure to send him that finding well beside the place of his confinement he again comfort and died. The mother having asked the *dhadhar* at Sompur, explanation was officially called for. On the 10th of the month in Oudish Brahmin of Gog and the *dhadhar* of Palitana were deputed to make due enquiries and return. He went to Gog and took the depositions and on the 10th which he had to make a report against Tarb. But when the report was ready for despatch, the *dhadhar* enjoined him to change it and modify it so far as to exculpate the Memon. This he persistently declined to do until he that he paid with his life soon afterwards. On the evening of the fifteenth day of *Asvini Shukla*, (Man 'thari Poon m, the holiday of Hindu nuptial life), Gajshunker was sent for in the *darbar* on pretext of business. He sat in the *darbar* a few minutes and then gave him *pan soparee*, (betel and leaf) to eat. Immediately after he chewed this *pan soparee*, he felt a shooting pain in his brain and rolled down on the ground. The *darbar* men bore him home senseless, and when his wife, half-distracted, went to awake him by shaking his hand, he had the strength left only to sign to her by first pointing to the head and then turning it round.

The wife, a poor girl of 12 years of age and married only 5 years ago, was, according to Brahmanical custom, consigned to lifelong widowhood, and though all the town felt sympathy for her, none dared speak out in the face of the tyrant's will."

What man is there who can read this account without feeling the utmost abhorrence for the Government which could be guilty of such a foul iniquity? And yet it is a wonder to us, that with such charges openly preferred against the Government of His Palitana Highness, the supreme power in the land has ordered no enquiry. Can it be that the representatives of the Empress of India have not as yet heard anything of the matter? However improbable that might be, for the gentleman who has at his own expense translated the Guziastan pamphlet must have done his best to direct the attention of the British Indian Government to the publication we are yet constrained to believe that it is so.

Case No. 3 is, even, if possible, worse.

"(3) At the base of the Palitana Hills, a tribe of Charans, called "Bhoondur, formed a settlement three centuries ago, which they named Langdho nesh. Their cattle might possibly have more than once strayed into some of the durbar's field. Under this pretext, Alee, another Memon, went with a squad of men and set fire to the entire nesh or settlement and when the poor Charans, some scorched and burnt, took to flight, they were taken up and held prisoners for several days together, and not released until they signed a relinquishment of their right to the settlement with an agreement to emigrate from the same. Some half a dozen children were even burnt to death in this fire."

We have scarcely any words left for marking our sense of detestation for the wretches who could be guilty of such wholesale murder and incendiarism. Again we ask ourselves, are we reading the accounts of facts or tales forged by the most despicable of enemies that it is the lot of Native Princes to have? Without further remarks, we will proceed to case No. 4.

"(4) The Village of Gorajiu belonged jointly to the durbar and another tribe of Charans. The Thakoor, being avaricious, tried to

" obtain a share in the produce of the Charans' freehold ; and this being
 " disputed for a long while, he embraced the pretext of their cattle
 " having strayed into his fields to carry an armed attack upon them, in
 " which several were shot down and the rest taken up and imprisoned.
 " The few, who escaped, complained to the British Agent ; whereupon an
 " Assistant came down to investigate. With smooth words, helped on
 " possibly, by the free distribution of money, the matter dropped and the
 " *Saheb* returned with the assurance, that the Charans had secreted
 " opium in their houses, in which search being organised, they committed
 " *tragan* or self-immolation !"

It is not to be wondered that the enquiry broke down, for men who could be capable of perpetrating such foul deeds could as well terrify honest witnesses, and by successful tricks bamboozle an Assistant political officer

It would seem that acts of spoliation are of ordinary occurrence in the state of Palitana and for which no pretexts even are wanted, if we are to believe Mr. Jaishanker. We will select certain typical cases.

" (9) " The Memons are great adepts in getting up scandals. That
 " the morality of the set of low-born, uneducated men is beastly, is
 " apparent to all Palitana ; nevertheless, they sit as censors upon the
 " morality of others, and where their own bestial passion has been
 " baffled or then hopes of gain disappointed, their tongues glibly raise
 " scandals against the wives and daughters of respectable families, and
 " even against the Queens of the Court ! The old aunt to the father of
 " the present King, aged 70 years, was even at such an advanced age,
 " when chastity would be no particular merit, accused of immorality
 " and under that pretext, her estate of Valukad was escheated and her
 " self fined and imprisoned."

" The Memons having entertained a grudge against Madhavjee Rajgor,
 " the family priest of the durbar, and, as priests have access into the
 " *zenana*, got up that the son of the priest was in unlawful love
 " with the Queen of the Rajah, even the mother of the Heir-Apparent
 " himself ! The Rajah under this accusation confiscated all their property
 " and drove the whole family of the priest out of his dominions with
 " what bare clothes they had on their body."

"Ishvar Jootha, nephew to the priest, having accompanied his uncle some way off and given the family food to eat on the way, was also turned out of the state and his house sold off on state account for the crime of feeding his uncle in his distress."

"(18.) The King formed a partnership with Govind Sangan, goldsmith, —(note here the avarice of native Kings)—and Govind drew sums of money, as he had occasion to require in the joint trade from the durbar's firm under Deva Krishna. His account, it seems, had continued open for the last five or six years, when Deva Krishna ran away. The durbar, finding items to his debit, recovered them all by maltreating the poor fellow; and when he asked to deduct from them his half share of the annual profit of Rs. 800 made through his shop and paid entire into the firm for all these years, he was told to claim it from the absconded manager."

"(19.) As with the goldsmith, so with all these unfortunate traders and business-men, who had any account with the durbar's firm. All items found against their names in the books were recovered by strong measures: but, for any amount written to their credit, they were referred to the absconded manager."

"(20.) "Some Mod Brahmuns possessed land in the district of Parodi since generations past, but the present king took them away by force, whereupon the Brahmuns, in order to excite the Rajah's sympathy, let grow beard, forswore bed and took one meal a day and that for years together without avail."

It is needless to follow these abhorrent details any further. They are alike distasteful to the writer and the reader. We will close our quotations with the account of the treatment that our author's family has been subjected to.

"Deva Krishna, Brahmin, brother to the author of the vernacular publication, was employed for thirteen years as manager of the firm of the durbar, as well as at the *Mandir* or station for collecting *octroi* duties. As the Memons wanted to have in his place one of their castemen, they attached his books on suspicion and sent his assistant, Megha, a Bania, into jail without trial. The same evening Megha's father was sent for in the durbar and told that as his son had been

"doing away with the durbar's money, he had better show up what ornaments he had at home. As the father pleaded entire ignorance with Megha's doings, he was ordered to suffer fifty lashes. The old man writhed so woefully under the infliction that even the Bheel, who flogged him, relaxed his hand after the 10th stroke whereupon the durbar kicked the striker away, and gave the lash with his own hand and sent the old man home half-dead ! Apprehending complaint of this brutality to the Agent, the durbar set a piquet of men round his house and prevented him and his family from going out anywhere, even for buying food for four days together. The piquet was removed, when Megha's brothers, under constraint of starvation, gave a settlement in writing, inculcating their family - (note the ways and means of Native states' minions, wherewith they blind British officers !) The books of the firm, when examined, showed no irregularity ; still, the durbar imposed on Megha a fine of Rs. 5,000 - (note, again, the amount of the fine ; and that, for a man who used to draw only Rs. 6 a month !) - and, under the infliction, sold off all his and his father's property ! Megha, being unable to pay the fine, has remained imprisoned for the last three years and is suffering under the heaviest infliction.

"Deva Krishna, seeing the father of his assistant so brutally flogged, immediately fled the kingdom ; and his family does not up to this time know his whereabouts ; or, even whether he be alive or was murdered in the flight. He had, when he fled, two sons by his first wife, a second wife, and a widowed sister in his house. When the sister went to the durbar to seek out his whereabouts, she was proscribed the kingdom and the two sons put into jail in the place of their father and the family residence turned to state account.

Comment would be superfluous upon the above. One such instance of cruelty should cost the mightiest monarch his throne. The Hindu is meek by nature, and often would silently weep their proclain his suffering. His faith in *Destiny* has been his ruin. He succumbs to tyranny and mistrule without ever wishing to strike a blow, believing that destiny is all-powerful and cannot be reversed by anything that he can do. But whatever the social characteristics of the Hindu, he is after all a *man*, and possesses necessarily, in common

with his fellow men, a nature and disposition that rises superior to the predominating influence of climate and faith, of time-honored institutions and venerable prejudices. There is a point beyond which the mind will not endure, and when that is reached, the weakest disposition will rise superior to the most terrible of torments and laugh at the tyrant before whom but the moment before it had crouched with fear. We may be sure, therefore, that ground down and trampled upon as the people of Palitana appear to have been,—spiritless and stricken with terror—even they by this time could have trampled upon their oppressors if the latter had not British Indian bayonets ready to uphold them in the hour of need.

After what is done in broad day-light—in the open streets of a populous city—in the market place, and in the public court of the Prince—it is needless to enquire what is done in the dark cells of the prison house where none but the choice instruments alone of cruelty have the privilege to pry. But yet we feel an irresistible impulse to draw public attention to the state of the Palitanian prisons. Here is how Ranchod speaks of them.

"The state of the prisoners requires to be closely investigated, as it betrays the worst passions of the Rajah and his advisers. Those who have been adjudged criminals, fare better in imprisonment, as there could be no decent hope of squeezing money out of them. But the plight of the prisoners of royal displeasure is pitiuble and our Political Agents will do well to spare a little of their British humanity to them. Soiled flour is given them to make their bread and water actually mixed with salt to drink ; while not a rag is given either for dress or bedding even in the coldest season. Chains weighing as heavy as one, and in some instances, a maund and a half, are put upon them and with this weight dragging down to the ground, the prisoners are brought out in the street to work,—the sepoys laying the lash on the back till it bleeds profusely. And who are so cruelly treated ? Not the murderers or highway robbers either, but 1st, men who have had the misfortune to have any account with the dumar's firm, and failing in trade, are unable to meet its claims ; and 2ndly, those who have been either under the ill-will of the Memons or have any service,

"friendship, or even family ties with such people, as have fallen under the whimsical displeasure of the King. Several men are trepanned by instigating loose women to set up charges of adultery, when the Memons have to wreak their spite and they are so cruelly treated. Frequently also, men are imprisoned for months and years together only on accusation, and without a trial or record in the prison register and when the prisoner complains to an English officer happening to visit the jail, the peons in charge have been instructed well enough to specify a few days or weeks at most to the unsuspecting officer."

If we are to believe in the truth of this account, are not the Palitanian Prisons worse than those of His Sicilian Majesty and to which Mr. Gladstone first drew the attention of the civilized world by the publication of his celebrated letters to the Earl of Aberdeen? Europe was in a blaze of excitement. Sentiments of sympathy were echoed from every organ of public opinion for the unfortunate victims of oppression, and tears of sorrow were shed in many a house-hold for their sufferings. The worst of Governments was struck with fear, and bent upon nothing but the preservation of its existence, temporarily forgot to pursue its inequities, and stooped to bribe every pamphleteer who would be dishonest enough to cover its misdeeds. The bar of public opinion is an awful place. The mightiest of despots, though they might challenge it for a time, must ultimately quail before it. The *Defence* of Settembrini and the speech of Poerio, when they became known—mere letters and words—threatened the very existence of the Neapolitan Government, although the persons of those who wrote or uttered them were yet at the mercy of that very government.

In the case at hand, there is no Gladstone to detail his own experience of what he saw and heard, no Luigi Settembrini to recount his own woes, no Poerio to paint his own sufferings, but a simple Brahmin, almost illiterate, and a host of obscure men not one among whom is able to appeal to public opinion. But because illiterate or dumb, are we to conclude that their sufferings have been less? If these many victims of alleged tyranny had been suddenly inspired with the eloquence of a Settembrini or a Poerio, or if Ranchod Jaishankar himself had been suddenly invested with the position and influence of a

Gladstone the world by this time would have been ringing with their notes of sorrow, and men would know no peace till outraged innocence had been righted and the shameless perpetrators of the foulest of deeds have had a fit reward, "*Mother, take pity on us, and satisfy thyself that our complaints are true*" are the words of this simple Brahmin to Empress Victoria. Shall the representatives of that Empress, out in this land, refuse to listen to so just a prayer? *That is impossible.* No, Jaishanker, when thou *hast* spoken out, rest assured, that the day of thy sorrows is wearing nigh, and even thou shalt have the satisfaction to see thy and thy fellow-countrymen's wrongs inexorably righted even if it should mean ruin to the oppressor, provided thou *hast* a wrong and he *is* an oppressor.

SCIENCE

DALTONISM, or color-blindness, is very prevalent in France. Dr. Favre has examined 1,050 railway employes between 18 & 30 years of age and found 98 afflicted with daltonism, or 1 in 10.7. Dr. Feris at Lorient, similarly examined sailors, and found the proportion exceed that revealed by Dr. Wilson in the case of England, viz, 1 in 20. M. Favre observed among the persons that he examined that they committed errors respecting colors, as follows, 78 times with green, 50 with blue, 54 with violet, 11 with Yellow, and 10 times with red. This imperfection has a peculiarly grave relationship with safe railway and sea travelling, where signal and look-out men are expected to distinguish colors, in order to prevent collisions. Sailors ought to have no defective vision respecting red, white, and green colors, common to ships and light-houses. The ordinary means for testing the presence of color-blindness is the Holmgren plan; the individual is supplied with a skein of purple wool, and requested to select the same color out of a

heap of various colored skeins. Those who are unable to perceive red, confound it with blue and violet, and so with other colors. One can cease to suffer from daltonism, but unhappily the affection can return, so that a primary test requires subsequently to be again controlled. Wounds in the head, and accidents about the eyes, can alter the perception of colors, as well as a serious illness, the abuse of tobacco, and hard drinking. The disease is curable by constantly looking at colors, in fact by practising a kind of ocular gymnastics, and living abstemiously.

Ordinary light is composed of seven elementary colors, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red, the union of all producing the sensation of white light, as is only seen when the latter is passed through a prism. Now these rays are vital bodies, possessing each their peculiar properties, being chemical, luminous, or heat giving. Modern science sees in such imponderable bodies as heat, light, and electricity, only a difference in the rapidity of movement of the same fluid, and physiology concludes that the sensation of sight is only the vibratory disturbance of the retina by the luminous movement alluded to. Now, the perception of diverse colors, is due to the irregularity in the quickness of movement, of each elementary ray, as it impresses itself on the sensitive membrane of the eye. When the latter is in a healthy condition all the elementary colors are perceived and with the same facility. There can exist a lively sensibility of colors, and the opposite of light and *vice versa*. Such sensibility, further, can be intact for some rays and imperfect for other, so that the gamut of colors is incomplete. This incompleteness, this partial blindness, constitutes daltonism, and volumes could be written about its ludicrous, sad, and tragic consequences, of artists painting meadows red, for green, and of people incapable of recognizing blue and violet.

Further, every one knows, that both sun and moonlight "devour colors;" the chemical rays of the light decompose the coloring matter, and thus tissues fade. M. Capronnier of Belgium has experimented with, not stuffs, but butterflies, and found the brilliant colors of the latter could only be conserved by their being kept in complete obscurity. He placed the various colored wings of the insects under little

cylinders of different colored glass, exposing all to the sun; green and red became altered in the course of 15 days, and the destruction of the color was complete in 90; the other shades suffered less, but all were affected. Yellow glass alone displayed a protective power, hence entomological collections, to avoid being reduced to blackness, ought to be placed under yellow glass. Furniture in green or red colors rapidly fade, green becomes yellow, and the charming new shades produced from coal tar make only "a breakfast for the sun." A yellow curtain then or a yellow blind, is the only effective bar against the destructive chemical rays of light. Hence why photographers adopt that color for their black operating room.

The ancients believed amber to be formed from the tears of the sisters of Phœthon; moderns regard it as the morbid excretion of the the spermaceti whale. M. Reboux, a celebrated engineer, has read before the Academy of Science, a paper setting forth, that while formerly amber was derived from Sicily—the depôts there being now exhausted, it is the Baltic that at present yields amber. Also, M. Reboux maintains amber to be the resinous product of the fir forests that once existed in the space at present occupied by the Baltic Sea. In dredging this sea to the depth of two yards below its bed, 32 species of fir have been discovered, one poplar, an ash, two willows, a chestnut, and some junipers. The resin exuding from these firs, has been transformed by the earth into amber which explains at the same time why not less than 1200 distinct objects—insects, reptiles, plants, leaves, fruits, shells and salt water have been found imbedded in amber. The latter is much employed in the preparation of perfumery for its aromatic qualities; empirics make it the base of their philters, and formerly it was much consumed by fashionable persons in France in the form of lozenges.

It has often been said of the French, they know how to invent, but not to profit by their inventions; they apply their own discoveries after other nations have done so. Professor Marey of the College of France experimented in 1873, with an apparatus destined at once to lessen the fatigue of horses, and the chances of breaking the pole and the traces. Germany and Belgium have applied the invention this year in the case

of mail coaches and artillery. M. Marey laid down, that animal locomotion is effected by a series of jerkey movements. A man drawing a hand-cart for example, with a looped strap over his shoulder, and fixed to a point within the shafts—very common in Paris, displays that strap or trace alternately tight and slack; if he walks quickly, the tension is abrupt, if he runs, a veritable shock occurs at every step. These shocks, whether in the case of a man or a horse, are the results of the intermittent efforts. Proceeding by jerks, the draught is naturally accomplished by shocks. The problem is, to make this traction uniform instead of intermittent; this is effected by the intervention of a spring, whether of metal or India-rubber, or encased rings of both, between the trace and the vehicle. The shock annihilates the living force; the spring stores that force and utilises it, and the man or the horse is no longer fatigued by inconvenient jerks. The experiments in Germany confirm those already executed in France, that by the interposition of an elastic trace, between the horse and the waggon, 25 per cent of the motive power is economised; in a word, the quarter of a horse gained.

The French seem decided to create an inland sea in Algeria and Tunis. M. de Lesseps pronounces not only the scheme to be feasible, but industrially profitable; he also, testifies to the accuracy of the survey of the projected isthmus completed under terrible difficulties of climate, by Captain Randaire. Apart from the valuable fishing region that would be created, the neighboring desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose. Since the execution of the Suez Canal, it now rains twice a month, where it only rained once a year; the heat in the Sahara is felt to be less oppressive, and plants are springing up in the desert, where such never existed. It is not to be apprehended, that salt would accumulate in these inland seas, as the consequence of, evaporation of the saltwater. In the saltlake of the Isthmus of Suez the saline bank has diminished, no accumulation is observable, nor can such occur in the opinion of M. de Lesseps, so long as the denser current of water can find an outlet to the sea, by means of a deep cutting to induce the under-stratum of the water charged with salt, to discharge itself. The Algerian Sea will have eighty times the superficies of the isthmus of Suez.

The important experiments—and still being conducted—of M. Bertholet, tend to demonstrate, the direct absorption of nitrogen, by animal and vegetable tissues, whenever the air is charged with electricity; oxygen is also absorbed, and hydrogen more than either. M. Bertholet is inclined to attribute to this direct absorption of nitrogen and oxygen, coupled with other chemical changes in the tissues, the singular uncomfortableness people experience pending thunder storms.

After much patient labor, Messrs. Deville and Debray have obtained a sufficient quantity of the metal osmium—so named from its odor, “to be able to examine it attentively.” It is a metal found associated with platinum and its ores, and is very rare, owing to the difficulty of its extraction, it possesses a beautiful blue color tinged with grey, and takes a violet hue by the multiple reflection of light on its surface, it is sufficiently hard to scratch glass easily, and is superior to all metals in density. Respecting platinum, this metal is now employed for tipping lightning conducting rods, the platinum is poured into a cavity in the iron rod. In the manufacture of these rods a fraud had been practised by the substitution of lead and tin to the extent of 6 to 17 per cent so that several public buildings in the city have to be supplied with new conductors. Worse, several of the platinum rods were manufactured for the University of Naples, the first thunder storm melted the tips like wax; they were nearly all in lead. The manufacturers have been severely punished.

Professor Boubouze of the Sorbonne, continues to prosecute assiduously his remarkable experiments tending to supersede telegraph wires by means of a river and the soil, and taking advantage of that electric current always existing in the earth, and known as the telluric current. He establishes an electric pile at the St Michel bridge, communicating with the Seine and the earth, by means of a galvanometer placed a few miles distant at St Denis, equally on the river, the transmitted current was registered on the galvanometer, the sole intermediary being the river and the soil. In case of war such a plan of communication would be invaluable, the enemy by installing on the line of route, a galvanometer could detect the existence of the signals, but he could not stop their transmission without stopping the

river, nor could he interpret them, not knowing their key. Perhaps we are on the threshold of telegraphic perfection.

The term *seiches* is applied to a singular movement observed in the Lake of Geneva, consisting of the water rising to a variable height, and without any apparent cause, pending the space of twenty minutes. The explanation of Professor Forel of Lausanne is, that the lake is like a basin, and its surface fluctuates with the variations of atmospheric pressure. This does not account for the great elevation of six feet. Perhaps Geneva and other lakes, as is common with the surface of the ocean, like the latter may trace their upheavings to oscillations produced by earthquakes.

Dr. Obet, physician to the French trans-atlantic mail boats, has since several years been occupied with the question of the prevention of sea-sickness. He has experimented with every known "remedy" even to the most recent electricity and injections of morphine under the skin. He found chloral to be the most efficacious. From the first day on board, Dr. Obet administers to the passenger in a single dose, taken as a syrup, 15 grains of chloral, which produces a calm sleep; on awakening, the passenger if not cured is sensibly better. The days following, according to circumstances, the doctor prescribes 23 grains of chloral, the syrup to be taken per spoonful, every hour. In the course of two or three days the traveller becomes accustomed to the sea, and can take his meals at the common table. According to Vulpian, Ore, and Carville, chloral diminishes the general sensibility, and the reflex power of the nerve-centres. Sea-sickness is supposed to be caused by the irritation of the spinal marrow and the chloral acts on the anatomical elements of that marrow. The chloral employed must be free from alteration, especially moisture; if liquified from atmospheric exposure, the chloral instead of calming, would but increase the nervous excitement. To raise the depressed spirits of the sufferer, is the primary object; this is obtained by inducing sleep; the physical exhaustion must also be repaired, commence by inducing the patient to come for a little time on the deck and breathe some fresh air; to assuage the thirst, administer a spoonful of iced champagne every quarter of an hour; every half hour give a morsel of

bread and meat, or other food, have no fixed hours for meals, and permit the sufferer to eat according to caprice.

It is not only in Paris, the consequence of the strange substitutes for food pending the siege, that the increase of the tape worm malady is to be attributed. The same unpleasant fact is very general in the provinces, and above all among the well-to-do classes. M. Decroix attributes the cause to the decadence in the art of cookery, and to the extending use of half cooked, or raw meat. His remedy in the eyes of many will appear as bad as the disease. When raw meat is ordered, he recommends that of the horse to be preferred, as being "more healthy and more nutritive than that of mutton, and pork." It is peculiarly suitable to weak persons or those whose occupation demands great muscular exertion; it is easily digested and more fattening. Further, the horse is comparatively free from the worm affections, that produce diverse species of tapeworm and of which the human body is the receptacle.

M. Musie, naval apothecary, announces that zinc or mercury will preserve bullets, iron &c. from the attacks of vermin and other insects. From May to December 1870 he placed bullets &c. in a wide-mouthed bottle, open and of the capacity of a quart, in some he placed a bar of iron weighing 3 ounces, in the others 3 pennyweights of mercury. The mercury preserved the iron as fresh as the first day, and the iron putridly so. Apart from their danger the fumes of mercury are not palatable to insects, and the iron in oxidising may produce an astringent salt. Chemical agents have frequently been employed to preserve grain. Chemist Pighians plan of preserving meat for months, by means of chloride of iron, is a failure, the tins on being opened displayed only a malodorous matter.

KAPALAKUNDA

CHAPTER VI

• WITH THE KAPALI

କଥାକ୍ ବିଗଡ଼ ମଂତ୍ର ଓ ମିଳନ

ନବୀନ ଚରଣାବଳୀ

ବଃ ବଳୀ ।

Why so quick art thou getting this? If halter !
I'll take thee hence ———

KAINAVATI

HAVING entered the hut, Nobocoomar shut the door and sat resting his head upon his hand. Nor did he lift it presently. "Was it a goddess, or a human being,—or a mere phantom called up by the *Kapali*?" Nobocoomar, without moving, kept revolving these things in his mind. But he could make out nothing.

Owing to his abstraction Nobocoomar failed to notice another thing, a log of wood had been blazing in the hut from a time prior to his return thereto. Afterwards—when very late at night he came to remember that his evening services remained yet unperformed, interrupted from his thoughts by the necessity to get water,* he could see the strangeness of the thing. Not only light but rice and some other materials for cooking were there. Nobocoomar, however, was not surprised—he thought that also to be the *Kapali's* work—and therefore, no matter of surprise.

"*ଶମ୍ୟକ ଗୃହସାଗତ*" (gram come home) is no bad saying after all. But "*ଡୋଇକ ଉଦରାଗତ*" (dules come into the belly) would be a still clearer one. And Nobocoomar was not quite insensible to the wisdom of the adage. After performing the evening services he boiled the rice in an earthen pot found in the hut, and despatched it.

* For morning and evening services, water better if Ganges water—is absolutely necessary to a Hindoo and the watery libations are generally poured, during the service from one tiny copper vessel into another which resembles a saucer.

Early next morning, immediately after leaving his bed of hide, he made for the sea shore. Because of his rambles of the preceding day, he had no difficulty to find out his way now. And there, after concluding his morning services, he remained waiting—for whom? We cannot say how far he had such a hope as that the vision of the day before should again make its appearance there grown strong within him, but he could not quit the place. Even when late in the day, no one came there. And then was it that Nobocoomar began to ramble about the place. But vain was the search! Not the least sign of a human being met his eye. So he returned and sat down in his former place. The sun went down, darkness gathered apace, and Nobocoomar came back to the hut disquieted. On coming back from the sea-shore in the evening Nobocoomar saw the Kapalic sitting still on the bare floor of the hut.

Nobocoomar at first asked him something, in an abrupt manner, to which the Kapalic made no answer. He then asked, 'Why have I been so long denied thy felicitous presence? I was engaged in my own sacred office—and the Kapalic Nobocoomar expressed his desire of going home and said 'I am not familiar with the route and have no money for travelling expenses and I have been waiting here in the hope of receiving proper instructions when I met your holiness again.' But the Kapalic only said, 'Come with me.—and, so saying, the ascetic rose.

Nobocoomar followed him expecting that some facilities might be offered for his journey home.

The evening light had not as yet quite faded away—the Kapalic was walking first—and Nobocoomar bringing up the rear. Suddenly the latter felt on his back the soft touch of fingers. On turning round he became motionless at what he beheld. The figure of that wood-nymph with the long massive hair—motionless as before! Whence had this vision suddenly come behind him? Nobocoomar saw her finger placed on her mouth. He understood that the maiden was enjoining silence. Such an injunction, however, was needless. For what should he speak? He stood there amazed. The Kapalic could see nothing of all this—and went on in advance.

When he had passed beyond ear-shot, the girl said something in a low voice, and the words—"where are you going? Do not go. Go back—fly"—fell on the ears of Nobocoomar.

As soon as she had concluded these words, the speaker, without waiting for a reply, noiselessly withdrew. And Nobocoomar stood there for a while like one bereft of his senses. He became eager to follow, but could not make out in which direction she had gone. He thought—"Is it a vision conjured up by any one? or that I am myself mistaken? What I heard of course bodes danger; but what does the danger point to? The Tantries* can do any thing. Shall I then flee?—but where is the refuge?"

Nobocoomar had been thinking thus, when he saw the Kapalic, missing his company, retracing his steps. The Kapalic asked, "Why are you lingering?" When men are at a loss what to do, they naturally follow the first direction they are invited to. Called once more by the Kapalic, Nobocoomar followed him without a word.

After walking some distance, he saw before him a hut surrounded by a mud-wall. It might be called either a hut, or a small house. But we have nothing to do with it. Just behind it lay the sandy sea-beach. The Kapalic was taking Nobocoomar to the sand by a flank of the house, when the above-mentioned girl darted past him like an arrow; and while she did so she whispered in his ear—"Still but fly. Don't you know that the Tantrie's Poojah† is not complete without human flesh?"

At this perspiration broke forth upon Nobocoomar's brow. Unfortunately, however, the girl's words had reached the Kapalic's ears; and he exclaimed, "Kapalakundalay!" And the voice sounded like the roll of thunder in Nobocoomar's ears. Kapalakundala, however, gave no reply.

* Followers of the Tantras—a portion of Hindu Mythology treating of Kali and Kali-worship.

† The Pooja offered to Kali according to the Tantras. The chief accessories of this worship are wine, woman, and a dead body. And the aim of the votary is, by these hideous means, to conquer his passions in this world, and obtain beatitude in the next. Every reader of Dr Norman Chevers's Medical Jurisprudence is aware of the nature of the sacrifices offered.

Holding Nobocoomar by the hand the Kapalic walked on. At the touch of the murderer's hand the blood cours'd with a hundred times its usual speed in his veins, and his lost courage returned. He said, 'Let go my hand.' But the Kapalic made no answer. Nobocoomar entreated him, 'What are you taking me to?' 'To the Pujapati,' answered the Kapalic. 'Why?' questioned Nobocoomar. 'For sacrifice,' replied the Kapalic. Upon which, with a quick and violent effort, Nobocoomar wrenched his hand, and he did this with a force at which a common man, far from being able to retain hold of his hand, would have fallen a plump upon the earth.

But it moved not a muscle of the Kapalic, and Nobocoomar's hand remained in the grasp of the Kapalic. He felt his bones as if broken at the joint, and he felt the Kapalic's arm coming down.

Upon being turned round the Kapalic Nobocoomar beheld that upon the preceding night a fire was burning there made of wool, and preparations for the Hindu Puja by all the Brahmins, men which was a hummer but full of vim—but it was dead today. From this he could perceive that he had been left to die. He had to supply the place of a corpse.

Some hard and withered shrub in the copers had previously been procured and kept there. With these the Kapalic began to fasten him tightly. Nobocoomar resisted with all his might. But resistance was of no avail. He felt convinced that, even at that age, the Kapalic possessed the strength of a furious elephant. The Kapalic finding him struggle, said,

'Fool! Why do I thou resist? thy life has been blessed to-night. To Bhau-dg* will be offered up thy whole lump of flesh. What better fortune could await a man like thee.'

After binding him fast the Kapalic left Nobocoomar on the sand, and presently became engaged in the Puja and other preliminaries to sacrifice.

Very strong were those dried copers—very tight were those fastenings—and death was imminent! Nobocoomar gave himself up to the

* Kali—Goddess of destruction and blood shed

thought of the god of his faith. For a moment came to him thoughts of his country, of his own sweet island home. For a moment, too, rose before him the faces of his loved father and mother, and a few tear drops fell among the sands and the grass.

The preliminary sacrifices over the Kadikur from his seat to get the sacred weapon. But in the time where he had just kept it strong—and the Kadikur was in what he held. He had a distinct collection that he had kept it in its wanted place nor had he moved it there—why would it have gone? The Kadikur searched her and then she could find it. Then turning toward the above, she called out to Kadikunlubb and even so she did not receive a response from her. Upon which the Kadikur said that she had become confused. With rapid speed she would leave. No one could seize this opportunity for making another effort to break the crepters that bound him—but that attempt also failed.

At this moment was heard the sound of several footsteps close by, and they were not of the kind turning her eyes in that direction, Nobuoomi beheld—the *in*—*ama*—*Kyô-kandô*—and the weapon was waving in her hand.

"Hush!" and Kujaku told the boy to pick the wax upon the
with me, - I have seen that before.

And with that, Kyalaku hit with a very manly hand at to cutting the leg from within the iron chain and set him free. She said, 'I'll follow you all the way.'

And so saying, Kaputkun took his bow and arrows leading the way and Nobocooman bound the children.

* For a description of this weapon see *111th Regt. Dr. Norman Cheever's Medical Jurisprudence* which contains also drawings representing the instrument. * It may be seen at H. Alight and elsewhere.

CHAPTER VII

IN QUEST.

And the great lord of Luna
 Fell at the deadly stroke
 As falls on mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak

—LAWS OF ANCIENT ROME

HERE the Kapalic, having searched every nook and cranny of the room, but finding neither the weapon nor Kapalakundala, returned to the sand with his suspicions astir. Arriving there he saw that Nobocoomar was gone; at which he was very much surprised: and presently his eyes fell on the sundered creepers, and then being able to guess the truth, the Kapalic ran in pursuit of Nobocoomar. But then, in a lonely place, it is extremely difficult to ascertain which direction or which way a run a-way has taken. Owing to the darkness, he could descry no one within sight, and so he wandered about a great deal, marking the sounds of voices; but these sounds even were not always audible. He, therefore, for the purpose of looking more minutely around him, got upon the summit of a high sand hill. The Kapalic ascended by a side; but that, on the opposite side of it, the base of the mound had been worn away by streams of water in the rainy season, he was not aware. No sooner had he got upon it than the hill-top—tottering already—gave way under his weight, and, with a tremendous crash, came down upon the earth. And the Kapalic, too, like a buffalo slipping down from a mountain precipice, fell headlong with it.

DOLE JATTRA ; OR THE LOVE STORY OF KRISHNA

বিহরতি হরিরিহ সরস বসন্তে ।

নৃত্যতি যুবতি জনেন সমংসখি বিহ জনসা দুরন্তে ।

—জয়দেব: ।

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD, the translator of the sweet lyrics of Jayadeva, says, if I remember aright, that the story of Radha and Krishna's love is simply a poetical allegory—Radha—the heroine—being the feminine, and Krishna—the hero—being the masculine, embodiment of the passion of love; and that they are, like other literary creations, mere figments of the poet's brain. But we, in all deference to the classical gentleman who is himself a poet, beg to differ from him and say that these mythical personages did exist—according to our Shastras—long before the eastern lyrist could lisp the name of his mother, and still exist in the imaginations of the Hindoos.

However, for our present purpose, we should suppose that they did exist; and not only did they exist, but they lived, breathed, and acted, like us mortals of the nineteenth century.

Krishna was the son of Bashudeva and Devaki—his wife—both subjects of Kangsha, the king of Mathurah.

Kangshah had been informed that a son would be born unto Bashudeva and Devaki, who, if suffered to live on, would dispute his throne and do him serious harm. Under this superstitious awe, Kangshah had immured Devaki—enciente then—in a prison, and taken very great care that the child might not live long after it was ushered into world. But the schemes of the tyrant were singularly disconcerted: the father of the child, as soon as it was born, contrived to carry it out, and, with his precious burden, fled as fast as his legs could carry him, until he reached the edge of a river (Jumna) that flowed across the country. It was dark midnight then, and a storm raged furiously

and the rain poured in torrent. The river, swollen to the brim, had become one seething mass of foam, and neither man nor beast could anywhere be found. How to cross the river at such an hour?—And the old man stood there dumfounded—scarcely knowing what to do. Of a sudden a fox appeared on the scene, and swiftly cuddled across the stream, as if it were a dry field. He took the cue and followed the animal, and in a few minutes found himself with his precious charge safe on the other side of the Jamna. After that he repaired to Brindaban and there left the babe to the care of a well-to-do villager named Nali, who kept a dairy and was a considerable milk vendor. That very night he returned to Mathura and was to be found in his usual business, but he had not had much to do from this place.

When Kamsash, the tyrant of the district, heard that he had sent his men to where *Dede* was, and that they had but the changeling—a kite, which flew away at their approach.

The child left at Brindaban was carried by a female creeper of Jashodah, the wife of Nali, and many a joyous tale of her life related of Krishna—how he stole the butter pots of his mother—how he broke the milk-pail of the old maids—and how he snatched kisses from the flushing cheeks of his mother and his friends. On one occasion it is said that, as all his stock of milk had somehow or other, been squandered away, Jashodah threatened to cast him as the thief. But the boy, amidst tears and loud protestations declared his innocence. Upon which the mother told him in a sort of wrath to open his mouth immediately. And lo! what beheld there—not her cream, but the venuses and the even well-blown *Vishnu*, and *Maheshwari*, and all the wonders of heaven.

Once upon a time, on the advent of a serene and calm when the sky was of the bluest, the water was of the clearest—and nature donned her grayest robe—and the birds poured forth their sweetest melody—and the soft breezes heavy laden with the fragrance of citron and other flowers, wandered listlessly and fluttered the leaves, a youth of scarcely eighteen summers—of a dark olive complexion—with a pair of large diamond-shaped eyes fringed with long lashes, and with a straight nose and black

up turned brows, and a smiling mouth that had a charm of its own, might be seen sitting upon a branch of a Kadaumba tree on the banks of the Jumna. He was very fantastically dressed: a yellow *dhotie*—with a differently-colored rim—covered his lower limbs from the waist down to the knee, and was gathered up into a sweeping line of fold above fold, one end of which was secured between the hem of his cloth and the body of the wearer just over the navel, and the other end twisted into countless creases dangled loosely downwards. A chudder of the same color, twisted into a roll coiled round the part just below the loins, and was secured in a fantastic knot over the line of folds above-described.

Over against his smooth brow there nodded a crest of the peacock's plume fastened to a hairy knot. The whole got up bespoke infinite care on his part, and was, of course, meant, in conjunction with his rare personal charms, to make a havoc upon feminine hearts. He had a bamboo flute in his hand, such as Harold & Co. might envy, which he looked to ever and anon with the air of a connoisseur, and as if for immediate action; just as a soldier upon a battle-field looks to his rifle 'before the attack'. And, in the intervals of such examinations, he would part the thick foliage of the tree in order to reconnoitre the land beyond.

This young blade was, I need scarcely, Krishna, and the hero of Jayadeva.

His loves were, they say, as many as there were fair faces in the neighbourhood he dwelt in. This must, however, be said to his credit, that he never wasted a thought upon women that were plain or *passee*,—young though they might be, and was a devout worshipper at the shrine of Beauty. He knew every garden where fair flowers grew, and would not rest until he had culled their sweets. Really, a person of such exceptional powers deserved apotheosis at the hands of his followers. Even in our own day, cases of such dedication are not wanting; and the quarter in which they are to be looked for are the religious sects. Mr. Hepworth Dixon would have done well if he had taken his notes in India for his "Spiritual Wives."

It was the sweetest of spring-tides. The sun was fast sinking behind the hill-tops amidst gorgeous tints of purple and opal. The

THE DOLE JATTRA ; OR THE LOVE STORY OF KRISHNA.

shady groves on the Jumna's banks were filled with the twitter of sweet-throated birds ; the shadows were creeping over the placid water of the stream ; and every now and then the wind blew and broke it into myriad ripples which danced and sparkled in the mellow haze of the setting sun—disturbing the peaceful image of the leafy trees that fringed the river ; only the murmurous monotone of the waves lapping upon the pebbly beach of the Jumna broke the stillness of the hour. It was an hour in which 'pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts into the mind ;'—an hour that will make you live your life over again in memory, and sigh over days that are numbered with the dead ;—an hour when 'old familiar faces' will crowd the new faces out of your mind, and smile once more the smile which no one else can.

With long waiting, the young man at last grew quite fidgety, and peered out through the foliage more often than was consistent with his art. At length a faint noise of musical laughers came to him borne on the evening wind—followed by tinkling sounds. And he pricked up his ears, if I may say so, and clutched his bamboo instrument and held it to his mouth. He was in a fever-heat now, and his breath came fast and thick ; and, shall I say, he had a narrow escape of slipping down. I doubt very much if he could have lived after such a contretemps, even if his physical frame had endured it, to think of all the shame and ridicule which a sprawl like that would have put him to.

A group of young maidens—all in the first flush of youth, fair and pretty,—clad in rustic kirtles, and with brass pails 'upon their heads—presently hove in sight. And immediately the young Orpheus began to blow at his instrument. He puffed and puffed at it, and yet no sound would come forth. By this time the group had become fully visible, and their hilarious laughter rang out upon the air, and their ornaments tinkled musically.

This was really too much for human forbearance. In rage and despair he was about to fling the thing down, resolving to retire from the business for ever, and never more to disgrace it, when another puff blown in sheer despair gave an unexpected turn to affairs. The music rose ringing and trembling through the air. A strange fire now

shone in his eyes, and all the melody of his heart found utterance in curiously-blended notes of the weirdest and wildest music. It startled the maidens like a bevy of birds, and they looked up towards the Kadamba tree. The song was to be heard but the singer nowhere to be seen. Like Wordsworth's boy listening in wonderment to the note of the cuckoo, they looked this way and that—but in vain. The soul-touching melody flowed on and on, and filled all the air and filled their hearts until they knew not from whence it proceeded.

They had for some time listened entranced to the music. But domestic duties must be performed, and they, one by one, moved on—their feet reluctant to go. The wonder was not yet quite gone out of their eyes, and their manner—from one of frank hilarity—had changed to an usual thoughtfulness. They went and lingered—and lingered and went and looked back—how many times I know not. Even when they drove back the water in eddying circles, and dipped their fingers with a gurgling sound, they looked back often and often towards the Kadamba tree—oblivious of themselves—oblivious of their duty—oblivious of their companions—and thus lingering by the river's edge an unconsciously longer time than they meant.

One girl, however, was among them, who, to judge from her appearance, had been so taken up with the music, that she was startled to find herself alone on the river beach, the rest having gone away at least a quarter of an hour before. She was a slender but symmetrically framed girl. Age not more than sixteen. She had a strange spirituelle face—with a mouth sweetly sad. I doubt if she could have got rid of that sadness even if she had tried, or the sweetness that blended indistinguishably with it either. Her eyes—not very large ones—had strange depths in them, and looked—no one could say—in which way. With these she had a complexion that glimmered in that fading evening light.

All this while Krishna had, I need scarcely say, been looking intently at this picture of feminine loveliness.

She was lifting her pitcher slowly and absently—the music still swelling in her heart—when another burst of the same melody greeted her ears. She had already despaired of hearing it again, and she start-

led her like a fawn from her unconscious reverie to a real something—whose notes woke up strange echoes in her heart. The pitcher slipped down and lay there unheeded; the water coursing down to where it had been taken from. The strain gradually gained in passion and pathos until its sweetness suffused the whole being of the girl. From that time the melody became a part of herself, and she knew not how to forget it.

Daylight had almost faded now;—only the topmost twigs of the trees appeared like a rick on fire; the evening shades had closed over the landscape, and a beautiful calm lay over all nature.

The lover in ambush now came silently down, and, in a graceful attitude,—with the right leg slightly bent and crossed over the left, and the head, with its nodding plume, a little inclined to the left, stood under the Kadamba tree. The same touching air he played again and again with many roulades and flourishes. The girl had all this while been gazing mutely at the performer, and, with her whole soul, drinking in the melody, so that when the song ceased, and the last faint notes died away in the evening breeze, she felt her longing scarcely satisfied.

She, however, bore that music in her heart, and heard it all night long—and ever afterwards. In the face she had just now seen she had found something that was akin to the music and to something in her own heart.

Suddenly she became conscious of her lonely position, and of her broken pail; and she was about to hurry away home, when Krishna waylaid her, and, in the politest of words, asked the honor of escorting her home. The growing dimness of the hour hid her deepening blushes; and she muttered some excuse—almost inaudibly—in the sweetest of tones possible, and sped homeward alone.

It was now night. The stars had one by one come out in the sky. The song of the birds was hushed in the grove. And, amidst the silence of the scene, the Jumna flowed murmuring on.

That night the maiden had a sharp talking-to from her domestic tyrants, as she had expected. But she was too much occupied otherwise to feel its smart. She did not sleep soundly that night, and

dreamed of hitherto unknown bliss. But the music she had heard seemed to be in every thing. When she awoke next morning, she could hardly think herself the same being of the day before, and felt as if something unusually bright had passed away from her for ever. Gradually she came to remember the events of the preceding day, and a heavy sigh escaped her—she scarcely knew why. From that time her day dreaming and night dreaming began. Every day she saw Krishna, and heard the music on the Junna's bank. Many a subterfuge did she invent—and many a white lie did she tell to account for her unusual delays and unreasonable strolls to the spot by the river side, where the young lover had taken up his vantage-ground, although, on each of those occasions, the fault was scarcely hers but of the unavoidable stranger who would, by all manner of means, prevent her from acting strictly up to the programme of her domestic duties. Her companions, however, were shrewd enough to take care not to let her alone, and twitted her with her newly discovered weakness. All this she bore with a meekness that surprised even her friends.

Gradually her (Ritha) love for Krishna became a definite—tangible something—a part of her existence which she could no more avoid than she could avoid herself. Life became a pain to her without Krishna. Particularly domestic duties made a most unjust call upon her attention which was all reserved for her lover. When her love could no longer be concealed—when her very eyes—her very breath—and every thing about her told of her love,—and every one suspected it, they, at her home, tabooed her journeys to the Junna's bank, and thereby took away her only solace on earth—a chance sight of Krishna. She took this new difficulty so much to heart that from that time she began to pine away. She would often sigh, and say to herself—

“Love, whenever I think of you, I look up at the newly-gathered clouds. When I am at my work, I sing your praises, and find many occasions for my tears. Had not God made me a woman, I would have been with you with me and travelled from clime to clime.”

Here Krishna who had from the day of first sight, ceased to be heart-whole, found it a sore trial to pass his day without a sight of that

face. The groves on the Jumna's bank was filled day and night with his mournful lay to which the murmur of the river and the sighing of the wind bore, indeed, a sad refrain. Many a maiden had come and gone that way—with pitchers poised upon their heads,—and with many a laughter. But none of them had a charm for him. He looked this way and that and missed something which seemed to him the spirit of that lonely and lovely spot. Days and nights thus passed away; and still the desired object seemed farther and farther and at the same time nearer and nearer.

Then a companion of Radha, whom she had made a confidante of, took compassion upon the pining maiden and brought their woes to a termination by carrying many a message of love from one to the other. Many a moonlight meeting did she arrange, in shady nooks and bosky dells, and under the spreading boughs by the Jumna; and many a dance did the pair lead upon the velvety and moonlit sward. There were also lovers' quarrels and reconciliations (which no real love could be without) and there were also jealousies and heart-burnings; for Krishna was cruel and mischievous enough to try her love by a false faithlessness, and at many a trysting place where they had promised to meet—Radha alone had to pass the night in the vain expectation of her truant lover.

They say that he had other loves. But they are calumniators, I fear. For, love is but one and knows no division, and they who love many love not one.

Love, like murder, will out, and every one at length came to know about Radha and Krishna's love. It gradually became a household word. Whenever and wherever love was the topic, there was the inevitable reference to their love as the ideal of what love should be.

Still their meetings were secret; for Radha had a husband whom, they say, she did not like, and, in fact, could not like, for the life of her. She herself, of course, had no hand in her marriage, and no amount of self-schooling could enable her to master the passion that permeated her whole existence.

The dute of Krishna had become such a known fact in the neighbourhood that all the women of the place—whether young or old—

would flock to him to hear him play. Many a loving glance would be cast at him, and many a wedded wife would leave her husband's side to listen to the midnight music of Krishna. One thousand women he is said thus to have captivated by his soul-entrancing melody.* Whether he reciprocated their love is a matter of considerable doubt. But he would take a prominent part in all their sports and pastimes, and, when the spring season came, and the trees put on new leaves and the cuckoo's note smote the ear, and the moon had filled her horn, he would allow them to assemble by him under the interlacing branches in the shady avenues of Brindaban. Many a merry-go-round, had he—pushed by fan hands, and amidst a confusion of musical laughter. When one maiden was tired, another took her place, and, with all the strength of her tiny arm, sent the laughing Krishna whirling in the air. And there would be no end to these gyrations, unless when all of them were tired. They had all in their hands *pitchkanis** from which they would spurt out at another, even at long distances, water colored with hoohe powder, and pelt with all their might bigballs of shell-lac against each other which, no sooner they fell upon their victims, broken in numerous fragments, (so brittle they were) and left them besmeared with the red powder. And, in this manner, the whole grove—the trees, the leaves, and the ground, became red and dim with constant showers of the powder, and resounded with their laughter and cries of “Hori Hori!”—and merry songs sung in chorus.

This national festivity has since been very popular, and is universally observed by the Hindoos. At Brindaban, the scene of Krishna's love, it rages most. There it commences earlier (at least its preparations) and lasts longer than elsewhere. About this time of the year the streets and public thoroughfares of Brindaban present a curious spectacle, and the people almost rave over their rejoicings.

* Large rattles

This article though sent by the writer in time for the Dole Jatra was unavoidably held over.—Ed. N. M.

R E V I E W

UTTIRANTHA PREM.—By Chandra Babu Chatterjee.
Calcutta. Anubhanga Press.

AMIDST the rubbish that is daily floating from the Vernacular Press, we are glad to pick out the book before us as a precious gem, almost unique in character.

This is a fair specimen of Bengali literature, and as we can justly say, a most admirable piece of poetic prose. The book comprehends seven chapters, one of which, viz.—*Smasane ramana*, (wanderings in the cemetery) we remember to have read and re-read, we believe, in a number of the *Bungadarsana* of the old series. These chapters are so many effusions, which springing from one and the same source, and running through different channels in smooth happy currents, usually fall into one and the same ocean. The source whence they arise is the author's own love, the ocean where they fall is the author's memory of his beloved wife snatched by the hand of Time. Praying for the soul of the departed, we are at a loss whether to curse the hour that snatched from our author's arms his dearly loved wife, for, were it not for that unhappy event, we would not perhaps have seen, a like thing coming from Chandra Babu's pen to help the development of the resources of Bengali literature.

We must candidly confess, it is seldom our good luck to find such a harmonious combination of philosophy and poetry in an original Bengali work, written in a style as simple as sweet. But let not our readers understand by this, that we mean to say the work is faultless. Faults, certainly it has, as, indeed, every human production, literary or otherwise must have. But we say the demerits of the work before us, are much less than its merits.

We welcome the book with joy and request the author to give us some more productions of his brain. It is with great pleasure that we commend the book to the attention of our readers.

SERAJUDOWLAH—An Historical Drama.—By Lakshmi
Duran Chakrabarty

THE author of this Drama is not a novice in Literature. His first dramatic work *Nandabangsochedu*, was very favorably received by the

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public. His second, *Kulintang*, in spite of some adverse criticism, is equally admired. *Serajudowlah* is his third production in the dramatic line. We have read it with pleasure and have no hesitation in saying, that it is considerably superior to the ordinary run of Bengali dramatic literature of the day. Some of the characters have been very ably sustained. The author has called his work "an Historical Drama." This has not been a misnomer. The intrigues that resulted in the deposition of *Seraj* have been very graphically described. It has been remarked, more than once, that no professed *History* of the Norman period gives a better idea of those times than one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. We think we do not err, when we say, that this drama gives a better idea of that period of the history of Bengal with which it deals than all professed histories written to the present.

AN ADDRESS delivered at the Sanskrit College, Calcutta.

This address, delivered at the Sanskrit College, by Babu Surendra Nath Dharjee, late of the College, is a very interesting and valuable work. We are sure that if Babu Surendra Nath had written it, he would have no need to have called himself a Sanskrit scholar. But the Address, such as it has been, is altogether inferior. No, it is throughout eloquent and pointed, though not characterised by a ripeness of style such as one would expect from a person of Babu Surendra Nath's culture. Possibly, the Babu had been called upon to make the effort without much time for preparation having been allowed.

SAPATNEE SORO.—By Hurro Chunder Ghose. New Bengal Press, Calcutta

The book before us is a simple and unaffected story of Bengali peasant life,—written in a touch-and-go style—and scarcely aspiring to the reputation of a 'Govinda Samanta.' It reminds us of a painting of the Dutch School. And although it has no intricate plot—no romantic love-affair—no midnight murder—no pretended claimant or forged will to boast of, it yet contains scenes touching enough to move the reader to tears. The parting scene between Golap Kumaree and he

Humiliar—the tragic end of Baboo and the deserted corner of Babu Babu's house after his mother and sister had left it, depicted with a touch as tender and realistic as could be desired.

We knew Baboo Hurro Chunder Ghose to be a poet and dramatist and now we know that he is a novelist as well; and this is his performance in the new line.

Drama, poetry, painting, and fiction are sister arts; and we know no reason why a man who excels in one should not, if he be a persistent worker, do well in another. Bulwer Lytton, in one of his essays remarks that if a knowledge of one of the arts be brought to bear upon the execution of another, new hidden laws with regard to the particular art may be discovered, and thereby a higher standard of excellence may be reached. Many labor under the impression that one cannot be proficient in one thing during a lifetime, and that there must be a many-sided genius. This is a false impression, and some of those versatile men who are well-known to us in England there was Sir Walter Scott whom Bulwer thought of as a poet rather than as a novelist. There was Bulwer Lytton himself—novelist, dramatist, and poet, and orator as well; and there is, of the present day, Tennyson, Robert Buchanan—a Scotch poet and novelist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti—the pre-Raphaelite painter and poet, W. B. Scott of the same school as Rossetti, and a host of lesser luminaries. In France there was Theophile Gautier—the celebrated *Romancist*, Georges Sand (Madame Dudevant) and there is the still living M. Victor Hugo—the acknowledged head of the romantiques. In Germany there were the great Goethe and Schiller of whom Carlyle was so enthusiastic an admirer. In America we shall find Professor Russell Lowell—poet and general literateur, Dr. Wendell Holmes, poet and physicist, and Bret Harte, a rising man of scarcely forty whom England has learnt to respect.

We can, however, hardly call the present performance of the author a novel. It is of too sketchy and hurried a character to be fairly entitled to the designation. But we can predict that if he should attempt a regular novel, he would achieve far better and lasting results.

THE

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LITERARY.

ACCORDING to M. Raoul Rosières, the crusades sprang solely from two causes, the hardness of feudal life, and the love of pillage and adventure. They were not religious wars, still less "sublime madness," as writers of the Eighteenth century maintained. The men of the Middle Ages, notwithstanding their piety and superstition, were incapable of tenacious and persevering fanaticism. The earnestness of their faith was on a par with their prompt inclination to heresy. The barons pillaged without scruple, the monasteries on their domains; some openly protected the Jews, and others, as in Languedoc boldly professed heresy. If the barons persecuted the heretics, it was because they were within their reach, but their hate never went so far as to seek them in the East. The church could only arm the nobles against the Albigeois, by exciting every feudal hatred and covetousness. The Jews were massacred only when their riches appeared too insolent, but no one entertained the thought of exterminating them. The barons were strange devotees, for on setting out for the Holy Land, they brought with them their dogs, their falcons, their jugglers, and their concubines. These strange pilgrims also pillaged every holy place on their road, and stripped the roofs of churches of their lead, to sell it. Instead of preparing for the crusades by fasting and penitence, the barons gave greater rein to their passions and excesses of the table. The love of war, not their faith, stirred the barons to deliver those

combats to the infidels, only equalling in ferocity, to what they indulged in on their own fiefs. As at home, so they were towards the Saracen the day after a battle, they exchanged visits, they danced together, and Christian singers were accompanied by Arab musicians. Saladin sent to the Christian kings from their arrival, presents of Damascus plums and other fruits. In fact, the King of Navarre demanded the hand of a daughter of the Almohades; Richard Cœur de Lion declared himself to be brother in arms of the Sultan Malek Adhel, and offered him his sister, and Henri II. threatened the Pope that he would become a Mahometan. Hatred of the Mussulmans did not proceed altogether from the clergy and the monks; the Vaudois asserted the Pope committed a mortal sin in persecuting the Saracens; Albert d'Aix maintained that God never intended to force any one against his will under the yoke the Catholic faith, and Thomas d'Aquin laid down, that only those who had seceded from the Church, not those who had never belonged to it, ought to be compelled to re-enter it. The Crusades were not then, following M. Rosières and his numerous authorities, an explosion of fanaticism, they sprang from a social necessity, such as Urbain II. formulated in his address to the Christians at Clermont, 1095, to take the cross—"the territory you inhabit is too confined for you, your numerous population wants more space to furnish more food and greater wealth; hence, why you are ever engaged in internecine massacres; calm your hates and take the route to the Holy Land." The Emperor of Greece tempted the cupidity of the barons, by pointing to the untold wealth of the infidels. The descendants of the Gallo-Franks, had all the fieriness and adventurous spirit of their ancestors; imprisoned in their castles, they felt themselves dying from tranquillity and inaction; peace was no longer supportable in their eyes, only with the prospect of war, hence their dreadful local wars, the desire to escape into larger space; hence too why William and his vassals passed into England, other Normands into Italy, and Henry, of Burgundy, into Spain. The voice of Peter the Hermit, called the masses to seize the long expected pretext of making war far from their homes. The Promised Land appeared beautiful; the pilgrims on their

return related it was full of marvels, palaces, and riches; the baron headed his vassals to lead them to that fabulous country, the serf quitted his glebe the more willingly, as he left all his sufferings behind him, the clergy then took him under their protection; no creditor could pursue him, and he could sell his goods without permission of the baron, the monks were not sorry for a change in their monotonous life, the bishops rejoiced in an augmentation of their power, made at the expense of the nobles and following in the train, came all the *enfants perdus* of France—brigands, robbers, murderers and adulterers. But if the Crusades were only a social necessity, how explain that they have not endured as well as feudalism itself, and that they only occurred on six occasions? In reality, there was but one Crusade, which lasted 500 years—from the tenth to the fifteenth century, and the six great expeditions were only the acute periods of the struggle now during these five centuries the crusades were incessant as represented by bands of armed pilgrims constantly setting out to attack the Saracens, not alone in the Holy Land, but wherever they were to be encountered, in Asia Africa, Spain, Greece and Lithuania. These immense blood lettings were salutary for France; they prepared the national unity, they forced men of all provinces and of all stations, to see each other to live together in common, and so become welded together.

Baron de Neervo's, "Gustave III, king of Sweden, and Anckarstroem," is a very readable book. The agitated life of that monarch is always interesting, he introduced peace and progress into a kingdom torn by anarchy; he shook off the yoke of an arrogant nobility, emancipated himself from a Legislature that questioned his choice of a simple domestic and he led his troops nearly under the walls of St Petersburg. The tragic death of Gustave is largely detailed, and the author shows, that it must not be attributed to the regicide doctrines of some French Revolutionists, but to the Swedish nobility smarting from the loss of their prerogatives, and desirous to prevent a *rapprochement* between the people and the king. Three fanatical nobles drew lots as to who would slay the monarch, and fate decided the rôle to Count Anckarstroem." The Count had

also a personal enmity against the king, for his majesty, in order to prevent some years previously the Count's marrying one Bassi, an Italian dancer, and so reflect on the "Blue Guards" in which he was a Captain, ordered the girl to be seized in the night and banished the realm. Ankarstroem armed himself with two pistols, and a large poignard on which he made teeth with a file, he mixed camphor with the powder, and charged the pistols with small nails, and balls cut in two, but rolled in a piece of leather glove. Gustave was to be assassinated on entering the masked ball, and when a conspirator gave the signal by touching the king on the shoulder, and repeating, "Good night, beautiful mask" His majesty was warned by an anonymous note, not to appear at the hall, he was frightfully wounded, but remained conscious to the last. The assassin was condemned to be publicly scourged for three days in the public streets, and on the fourth his right hand was to be cut off, and then his head. He died courageously, asserting he would recommence were the deed not accomplished. When Scribe and Auber brought out the opera of "*Gustave*," or the "*Bal masqué*," the former was not quite satisfied with certain points in the scenery, he called on the old Comte Ribbing to cast a glance at the rehearsal, and who suggested some changes. The Comte had been one of the actors in the assassination but who had fled to Paris for shelter.

The Cardinal de Retz stopped as one knows in his *Memoires*, at the point where the account of his youthful libertinage and the intrigues of his ripe age, went to make peace for his long and glorious struggle against Cardinal Mazarin for the defence of the rights of the Archbishopric of Paris. M. Gazier, in his study of "The last years of Cardinal de Retz," appears to have fathomed that almost fathomless problem—the mystery of the latter days of de Retz. The Cardinal admitted himself, and public opinion unanimously agreed with him, that he "had a soul the least ecclesiastical in the universe," yet he, only just escaped from civil war, had become the champion and hero of the church; he, the ancient *frondeur*, who for two years was master of the pavement of Paris, the adventurer who boldly wove conspiracies, who prowled during the night under a Spanish mantle and a

sword at his side, and pending the day traversed the barricades in episcopal robes, and consecrating "holy oils," said not to be free from saltpetre. This impetuous coadjutor, who had so long carried a poignard in guise of a breviary, and who solemnly officiated at Notre Dame between a gallantry and a conspiracy, suddenly found himself the chief of all that was Christian in France, of all that was devoted to the Church. From whence came his great power, for he was devoid alike of virtue and courage? He derived it from the holiness of his cause and the invincible devotion of his friends. And while so many exposed their lives for him, he was leading the life of a libertine in the inns of Germany, Holland, and Flanders, filling the role as he said, "allotted to him in that false called life." The dominant trait in the character of de Retz, was hypocrisy erected into a system, practised with constancy, and fortified by experience; he had for rule, to designedly commit evil. From the middle of a debauch, and languishing from its fatigues, he could preach, as Voltaire said, "against the corruption of manners with an eloquence that moved his congregation to tears." At the conclusion of his contest with Mazarin, and on resigning the Archbishopric of Paris, he retired to his domain of Commercy, and led the life of an Epicurean, sumptuously receiving the most distinguished visitors, offering them the most exquisite hospitality; his park was stocked with all kinds of game, his ponds with fish, his library contained the rarest books, and his theatre displayed the best musicians and the most accomplished singers.

A very singular volume has appeared - "Electoral Corruption under the Romans," by a writer signing himself Cremutius Cordus, assumed to be one of the first magistrates in France. The ancient Cremutius, called Cassius "the last of the Romans," so that it is not astonishing he was condemned to death by Tiberius, and to save the Emperor trouble, destroyed himself by starvation. The book in question is remarkable for the many points of electoral resemblance between ancient Rome, and France today. But men are every where the same, and why not electors as well as candidates? There appears not to be much difference between the means employed two thousand years ago to captivate electors and those in fashion at present. Cicero wished that

the people should see him every day, he was always accessible to them, "even when he was asleep." Julius Cæsar as well as Augustus recommended their friends for representatives to the electors, and differed but little from the system of Official candidates under the Second Empire. Cremutius shows, that the Romans in the last century of the Republic were a prey to electoral fevers, and that their strength was expended in sterile struggles and personal rivalries, and draws the moral that too frequent elections only fatigue the honest and laborious elector, alienate men from public life and confirm the apathetic and indifferent in their abstention from the virus.

The debate waxes strong on the subject, is there any direct relationship between the establishment of Christianity and the abolition of slavery? One camp asserts, that slavery flourished just the same under the Christian as under the pagan empire. M. Paul Allard, in his "Christian Slaves" &c, takes the opposite view, maintaining, that from the birth of Christianity, the moral equality of men was recognised, but at its commencement the Church was too feeble to decree the abolition of slavery; besides, such had to be effected prudently, as in pagan Rome, the organisation of work reposed on slavery; the possession of slaves represented so much wealth, and society could not be violently shaken. M. Allard seems to overlook, that the ground had been prepared for Christian work by philosophical teachings. Augustus opened the march by softening the hard condition of the slave, and Claudius showed himself much interested in their fate, beheading citizens who violated his orders. Seneca and the Stoic school asserted, that slaves were men like others, and broached the doctrine of fraternal love. Christianity adopted and expanded these humane views, but the Early Church never went so far as to exact that the Christian ought to enfranchise his slaves, to make such a condition for admission into its bosom.

M. Desnoiresterres has published the eighth and concluding volume on "Voltaire and French Society during the 18th century." The author appears to have cemented together all the materials to be found regarding Voltaire's life, and delivers his opinion on them as an impartial judge. It is an immense work, well terminated. The name

of Voltaire acts upon many as the red rag on the bull; he is judged no more; he is either crowned as an idol, or, not being able to overthrow the statue, it is bespattered with mud. There is much to be learned from the life of Voltaire, which was a series of accessions of fever. The author destroys many fables concerning Voltaire, and in the present volume relates his last sojourn of Ferney, his return to Paris, his death, funeral, and later, the profanation of his remains by the royalists, who emptied the coffin into a rubbish hole. Cromwell fared better even. The book is full of gossip, and entertaining anecdotes about celebrated personages.

Boys will be glad to learn, that Jules Verne has brought out the first volume of his new story, "Michel Strogoff," detailing the moving accidents by flood and field that Michel encountered in order to deliver a letter in Siberia, specially confided to him by the Czar, for his brother who was surrounded by hostile tribes; the adventures also of a French and English newspaper correspondent are simultaneously related. Grand natural scenes are described, and almost insurmountable obstacles conquered.

KAPALAKUNDALAH.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN SHELTER.

"And that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee to Mantua."

—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ON that pitch-dark night, being the night of the new moon, they dived breathless into the wood. The wood-paths were unknown to Nobocoomar. To keep his youthful companion steadily in view, and follow her was the only alternative left him. But, in that dark wood,

the girl was not always to be seen while she ran in one direction Nobocoomar would go in another. The girl, therefore, said—"Hold the end of my cloth"* Nobocoomar held on to her cloth's end and moved on. Gradually they slackened their pace

Nothing was to be seen in that darkness save where, at intervals, the white top of a sand hill became dimly visible in the star-light—or the shadowy outline of a tree spangled with glowworms met the eye

At last Kapalakundalah, accompanied by the stranger, reached the lonely heart of the wood. It was midnight then. Before them, in that dark wood, the pinnacle of a lofty temple was now seen, and close to it a house surrounded by a brick built wall. Kapalakundalah, approaching the door in the wall, began to knock at it, and upon the knocks being repeated, some one asked from within—

"Who is that—Kapakundalah?"

Kapakundalah said, "Open the door"

And the person within came and undid the door. This man was the Shebait or priest of the presiding goddess of the shrine. He was past fifty years of age

Kapakundalah drew down his bald head with her hand, and brought his ear close to her mouth, and, in a few words, explained to him the position of her companion

For a long time reflected the priest, with his head leaning on his open palm, and at last said—

"It is a very serious matter. The holy man can do anything he chooses. However, no harm shall touch thee, by the grace of mother † Where is that man?"

Kapakundalah then invited Nobocoomar to enter saying, "come in." Nobocoomar, who was waiting unseen, being thus invited, entered the house.

The priest said to him—

"Remain here concealed for the night. Early the next morning I'll see you on the way to Midnapore."

* The unworn end of a Hindu woman's cloth.

† All goddesses are, by the Hindoos, addressed as 'mother.'

In the course of the conversation, the priest came to know that Nobocomar had as yet had no supper. And on his busying himself to get his meal ready, Nobocomar showed his utter disinclination for it, and simply wanted a bed. Upon which the priest prepared a bed for him in his kitchen.

After Nobocomar had got into his bed, Kapalakundalah prepared to return to the sea-shore. The priest, however, casting an affectionate look at her, said—

“Do not go,—wait a moment—I have a boon to ask of thee.”

Kapala.—“What is it?”

Priest.—“Ever since I saw thee, I have called thee mother: and I can swear upon the goddess’s feet that I love thee more even than my own mother. Say thou wilt not refuse my prayer.”

Kapala.—“I shall not.”

Priest.—“My prayer is that thou shalt not go back to that place again.”

Kapala.—“Why?”

Priest.—“Because there is no safety for thee, if thou goest.”

Kapala.—“That of course, I know.”

Priest.—“Why dost thou ask then?”

Kapala.—“Where else could I go?”

Priest.—“Go to some other country with this traveller.”

Kapalakundalah remained silent. On which the priest asked, “Mother, what art thou thinking?”

Kapala.—“Did you not tell me, when your disciple was here, that a young woman ought not to accompany a young man like that, and why do you tell me to do it now?”

Priest.—“I had then no fear for thy life. Especially, the advantages which could not be expected then, can now be had. Come, let us go and take leave of mother.*”

So saying, the priest, lamp in hand, went to the door of the shrine, and flung it open. Kapalakundalah followed him. Within the temple was, about a man’s size, a green figure of Kali. They both

* The idol in the temple.

bowed before it with profound reverence. The priest, sprinkling a little water into his mouth, took an untorn Bael-leaf from the flower-pot, and sanctifying it with *Mantra*, placed it on the foot of the image, and remained gazing thereat. A moment after, he said to Kapalakundalah,—

“Look, mother, the goddess has accepted the offering ;—the *bael-leaf* has not fallen ; success will surely attend our project. Thou canst safely accompany this stranger. But then I know the ways and habits of wordly men. If thou wert to accompany him as a drag, this man might be ashamed to appear in society with a strange young woman. And men will hate thee too. Thou sayst the man is a Brahmun, and has the sacred thread about him. If he marries thee and takes thee with him, all is well. Otherwise, I, for my part, cannot advise thee to go with this man.”

“Marries”—very slowly did Kapalakundalah repeat the word.

“I often hear of marriage from you,” continued she, “but what it is I have no clear idea. What am I to do ?”

The priest smiled and said, “For a woman, marriage is the only road to virtue ; and for this reason one’s wife is called one’s partner in virtue.* The mother of the universe is also the married of Shiva.”

And he fancied that he had explained everything to her. Kapalakundalah thought that she had comprehended all. She said,—

“Then let it be. But I am rather loth to leave him.—He has maintained me so long.”

Priest.—And dost thou not know for what purpose ? Art thou not aware that the *Tantric* does not reach the goal of his desire, unless he ravishes the chastity of a woman. I, too, have read the *Tantra*. Mother Jagudamba† is the mother of the world. She is the chastity of the chaste—and the chief of chaste women. She never accepts a *poojah* that has anything to do with the ravishment of feminine chastity. For this reason I am about to do what the holy man may not

* (Sahadharmince) or partner in virtue, is another name for wife—in Bengalee and Sanskrit.

† *Jogai* means—world, and *amba* means mother.

approve. And if thou shouldst fly, surely thou couldst not be guilty of ingratitudo.

If thou hast escaped, it is simply because the time for it has not yet come. What thou hast done to-night threatens peril to thy life even. For this reason I advise thee to fly, and it is also the command of Bhahani (Kali), therefore go. If I could hide thee here at my place, I would have done so. But thou knowest that such hope is useless."

Kapala—"Let the marriage then take place."

So saying, they both ex-¹ited out of the house. Leaving Kapalakundalah seated in a room, the priest went to the house of Nobocomar, and sat down by the pillow whereon he had reclined.

He then asked, "Are you married, sir?"

Nobocomar was unable to answer the question. He had been pondering over his fate, and he answered, "No."

The priest said—"I have just looked in to see who and what you may be. You are a Brahman?"

Nobo—"Yes."

Priest—"What class?"

Nobo—"Radhra."

Priest—"We, too, a Radhra Brahman. Do not think us Utkal (Ours), Brahman. In birth a Koolahujya, but now am a devoted servant of mother.†

Your name, sir?"

Nobo—"Nobocomar Sharma."

Priest—"Native place, sir?"

Nobo—"Saptagrama," (seven villages)

Priest—"Which denomination (गण) are you?"

Nobo—"Bandyaghati."

* There are, in Bengal, three classes of Brahmin,—*Radhra*, *Baidika*, and *Barendra*, of which the first numbers more in Upper Bengal, the second numbers more in Lower Bengal and the last is a minority every where.

† The presiding goddess of the shrine is here referred to.

‡ This is the general designation for all castes of Brahmins.

Priest — "How many wives have you got?"

Nobo — "Only one."

And Nobocomar did not give out all the facts. In truth he had not a single wife. He had married the daughter, Padmabati, of Ramgovinda Ghosal. After her marriage, Padmabati remained for some time in her father's house, but now and then visited her father-in-law's house. When she was eighteen years of age, her father with his whole family had gone on a pilgrimage to Pooree. At this time, the Pathans, expelled from Bengal by Akbar Shah were, with their followers, settling in Orissa. And the Emperor was trying every possible means for their subjugation. When Ram Govinda Ghosal was returning from Orissa war had already commenced between the Moguls and the Pathans. On his way he fell into the hands of the Pathan soldiers. And the Pathans were then more pectors of prey on wealth than on law. They threatened to attack the innocent traveller for his money. Ram Govinda was of an irascible temper, and began to abuse the Pathans, and the consequence was that he with his whole family got imprisoned, and at last was obliged to purchase liberty by the whole family abjuring their own faith and becoming converts to Islamism.

Although Ram Govinda Ghosal returned home safe with his family, they were renounced by their friends and relations on account of their conversion. Nobocomar's father was living then. He was obliged to cut his apostate connection together with his apostate daughter-in-law. And Nobocomar never more saw his wife.

Deserted by friends and relations and banished from society, Ram Govinda Ghosal could not reside long in his native country. For this reason, as well as from his ambition to rise high through royal favor, he with his family went and settled in the metropolis of Dacca.*

After adopting the new creed, he and the rest of the family had assumed Mahomedan names. So after their emigration to Dacca, Nobocomar had no means left him of knowing what became of his father-in-law or of his wife, and even up to this time could know nothing of

* Every reader is, perhaps, aware that Dacca was at one time the chief city of Bengal.

them. From sheer disgust, therefore, Nobocoomar did not marry again. And so we say that Nobocoomar had not one wife even.

The priest did not do all these things. He thought—"What is the harm in a *koolah** having two wives? And spoke out—

'I came to ask you something, the girl who has saved your life has rendered her own life lost for another. The holy man under whose protection she lives is of a very temperamental nature. If she were to return to him the same fate would be hers as was about to overtake you.—Can you not devise some means to prevent it?'

Nobocoomar sat up, and said, 'I too, have been entertaining the same fear. You know everything, you can find some means. If somehow my life can deliver her, I am ready for it. I am thinking even of going back to that man, and laying down my life. And that will save the girl.'

The priest laughed, — 'You are mad. What can it avail? You will be killed, of course, and yet the holy man's wrath towards her will not be appeased. Only one way there is for it.'

Nooo — 'And what is that?'

Priest — 'It she should escape with you. But that is very difficult. If she were to remain here, in a day or two she would be detected. For the holy man visits this shrine often. So, I see, a dark fate is certain for Kan 't'undalah.'

Nobocoomar eagerly asked—"How is escape with me difficult?"

Priest — 'You do not know whose daughter she is—what family she is born of. Nor are you aware whose wife is she or how is her character. Would you have her for your companion? And even if you did so, would you admit her under your roof. And if you deny her the protection, where will the helpless woman go to?'

Bravo! Koolachurja!

Nobocoomar, reflecting for a moment said—

"Nothing is impossible for me to do for the saviour of my life,—She shall live as one of our household."

* A *koolah* Brahmin has generally got from one to one hundred wives, and it is seldom, if ever, he can visit them all. His object is no other than money.

Priest—"Well, but then when your friends and relatives would ask you whose wife she is, what would you say?"

At which Nobocoomar again reflected and said—"You better furnish me with her history, and the same I shall give to any body that asks me."

Priest—"Well, but then how are two young people to travel this long distance alone together. What would the people say, if they saw or heard it? How will you explain it to your friends and relatives? And, for my part, as I call the girl mother, how can I send her away alone to a distant place with a young man whose character is unknown to me?"

Again we say, bravo! Koolachuge!

Nobocoomar said—"Accompany us then."

The priest—"I accompany you—who will then perform Bhanabi's Poojah?"

"At this Nobocoomar felt mortified and said—"Is it then that you can find no way?"

Priest—"Only one way there can be—and that depends on your generosity."

Nobo—"What is that? What is there I would not consent to? Tell me what the way is."

Priest—"Listen then. She is a Brahmin's daughter. I know the whole of her history. When a child, she was levanted by terrible Christian pirates, and, during ship wreck, deserted by them on the yonder sea-shore.

But all those things you can afterwards fully learn from her. The Kapalic having found her, brought her up for the purpose of completing his *Yoga*, and would, before long, have fulfilled his own object. She is still unmarried. Her character, however, is as pure as can be. Marry her, therefore, and take her home. Nobody then will be able to say any thing, and I shall unite you in strict accordance with the *Shastras*."

Nobocoomar sprang from his bed, then began to pace with rapid strides to and fro. But he made no answer whatever.

A little while after the priest said,—“You can sleep now. Early in the morning I will wake you. If you like, you can go alone, and I'll see you on the road to Mithapore”

So saying, the priest left, and while going, thought to himself—

“Can I have forgotten the match-making art of our country?”

The author replies—“Results will show”

CHAPTER IV

IN THE TEMPLE

কব ।—অলং কুদিতেন ; শিরাভব, ইতঃপস্থানমালোকয় ।

—শকুন্তলা ।

KANNA —It's no use weeping,—be still,
And see the way herefrom

—SAKUNTALAH.

MALE readers, you will pardon me. Could you have seen Kapalakundalah on the sea shore, even then whether you would have lost your hearts to her I cannot tell;—nor can I tell whether from a simple obligation to one who had saved your life, you would have consented to marry her. I think not. For Kapalakundalah was a rough-haired ascetic mere.

But Nobocoomar purveys wood for others. And only the wood-cutter of this world can understand the ascetics. For his ingrate fellow passengers Nobocoomar had carried a wooden load upon his head;—what wonder, therefore, that for his benefactress—the hermitess, he should agree to bear upon his breast the burden of her incomparable beauty?

The priest came to him in the morning, and found him still sitting up. Then asked—“What to do now?”

Nobocoomar replied—“From this day forth Kapalakundalah is lawful wife. Should it be necessary for me to quit the world for her, I would do that even. Who will give the bride away?”

And the face of the arch match-maker lighted up with joy. He thought to himself—"By the grace of Jagadamba my Kapalam is, I think, safely settled at last. Then spoke out—"I'll give her away."

The priest then re-entered his dormitory. In a case there were a few faded palm-leaves. In these he used to record the phases of the moon and the movements of the stars and other calculations of his.

After having carefully looked into these, he returned and said—

"Although to-day is not a particularly auspicious day for marriage, yet no harm will attend it.

"I will give the bride away at dusk." You have only to fast to-day. As for family usages, they may be observed, when you are at home.

For a day only I have permitted to come to you. If he should come to-day, he will not be able to face you. Then in the morning, after the marriage ceremony is over you will go away to your home."

Nobocoomar acceded to this proposal. Ceremonies were then performed as much in accordance with the Shastras as the present circumstances permitted. And at the hour of dusk Nobocoomar and the hermit-girl whom the Kapalam had brought up became man and wife.

Nothing was heard of the Kapalam. Only the next morning they three prepared for their journey. The priest was to escort them as far as the road to Midnapore.

During the ceremony of *Jatra*,† however, Kapalakundalah went to bow before the image of Kālī. Bowing reverently, and tucking up an untorn Bael-leaf from the flower-pot, placed it upon the foot of the image and remained gazing at it. The kaffet fell.

Kapalakundalah was a very devout woman. Seeing the leaf slip down from the foot of the image, she felt rather frightened, and sent word to the priest. The priest, too, was saddened. He said—

"No help now. You have only to look up to your husband now.

* Dusk is an innoxious hour, coming between the day and the night—for the performance of ceremonies like marriage &c.

† This ceremony is enjoined by the Shastras to be performed before departure from a place, so that the change be all for good, and the intending traveller may keep out of harm's way.

Even if he should go to a burning-place, you could not but accompany him. So come on quietly."

They all moved on silently. When the day was far advanced, they found themselves on the road leading to Midnapore. And now the priest took his leave. Kapalakundalah began to weep; for her only friend on earth was about to leave her. The priest, too, wept, and brushing away the tears from his eyes, whispered in her ear,—

"Mother, thou knowest that, by the grace of the supreme goddess thy son lacks no wealth. All the people of Hijlee (Diamond Harbor) high or low, offer her Pooja.* Make over to thine husband what I have knotted in an end of thy cloth, and tell him to get thee a palanquin. But bear thy son in mind. So saying the priest turned away weeping. Kapalakundalah too wept as she went."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE HIGH WAY.

— There—lean on me;
Place your foot here—

—MANFRED.

A German writer has said that man's life is a kind of romance. The first chapter of Kapalakundalah's life is now ended. And what comes next?

Had not men been blind, as regards futurity, life would have been utterly devoid of happiness. For no one, seeing the certain future danger, would have indulged in any pleasure.

Had Milton known that he would become blind, he would never have acquired any learning. Could Shahjehan have foreseen that Aurangzeb would immure him in a prison in his old age, he would never

* Such Poojah is accompanied with votive gifts presented ostensibly to the image, but appropriated by the priest who officiates.

mounted the throne of Delhi. Had Bhaskaracharya* been prescient that his only daughter would become a widow for life, he would never have married her. Had Nobocoomar, or his newly-wedded wife, known what the consequences of their marriage would be, their marriage would never have taken place.

Arriving at Midnapore, Nobocoomar engaged for Kapalakundalah, with the money given by the priest, a maid-servant, an escort, and palanquin-bearers, and sent her away in a palanquin. For insufficiency of funds, he himself proceeded afoot. Nobocoomar was already tired with the toil of the day before; so, after the mid-day-meal, the palanquin-bearers left him far behind.

At last evening came. The sky had become overcast by the thin clouds of winter. Then, as evening crept away, the earth grew dark some, and drops of rain began to fall.

Nobocoomar became impatient to join Kapalakundalah. He was quite sure in his mind that he would meet her at the first *Serai*; but no *Serai* was at present visible. The night had gradually advanced to seven o'clock. With a quickened pace Nobocoomar now pursued his way. Suddenly his feet knocked against some hard substance. Under his heavy tread it broke with a crackle and a crash. Nobocoomar stopped, then moved again; and again was the same noise heard. He took up with his hands the thing his feet had touched, and saw it to be something like a broken plank.

Even if the sky is clouded over, the darkness is scarcely ever such as to prevent the shapes of tangible objects from being discernible in an open place. Before him lay a large thing; and he perceived it to be a broken palanquin; and instantly he saw danger for Kapalakundalah.

Then in moving towards the palanquin, his feet came upon something very different. And the touch of this object felt like the soft touch of human body. Sitting down, he pressed its hands, and found it to be a human body, indeed. The touch of it was very cold; and along with it he felt some liquid substance. On feeling the pulse, he saw that there was no pulsation, and that death had ensued. Upon a closer

* The oriental Mathematician.

examination, however, a sound as of breathing could be heard. * Respiration there was, then why no pulsation? Was it a sick person? Placing his hand under the nose, he found that there was no breathing; whence the sound then? Perhaps there was some living being close by; and with that impression he asked,

"Is there any one alive?"

A faint voice answered, "I am."

Nobocoomar asked, "Who are you?" The reply came, "Who are you?"

And the voice sounded in his ear as that of a woman. And he eagerly asked—"Is that Kapalakundalah?"

The woman said—"Don't know who Kapalakundalah is.—I am a traveller, and have been rifled of my *Kundals* (ear rings) *"

Nobocoomar felt amused by the banter, and asked—"What is the matter?"

The woman in reply said—"Robbers have smashed my *palkee*, killed one of my bearers, and the rest have fled. The robbers, after taking all the ornaments on my person, have left me tied to the *palkee*."

Looking closely in the dark, Nobocoomar actually found a woman tightly fastened to the *palkee* with a piece of cloth. With a nimble hand he set her free, and asked, "Will you be able to rise to your feet?"

The woman said—"I too had a blow of the *lathi*; I have, therefore, got a pain in my leg. But I think I could rise with a little assistance."

Nobocoomar reached out his hands, and with the proffered help the woman rose.

He then asked—"Will you be able to walk?"

Instead of making a reply, the woman asked—"Did you see any traveller coming behind you?"

* The ear-ring above alluded to is unlike the two little pendants or drops worn at the tip of the ear by European ladies, but is a larger ring worn round the ear. It is made either entirely of gold studded with pearls, or set with brilliants and other precious stones.

-The pun is very significant, as the name of Nobocoomar's wife was also (Kapal) Kundala.

"No," replied Nobocoomar.

"How far is the serai?"—Again interrogated the woman.

"Can't tell how far, but I think it is near,"—replied Nobocoomar.

The woman then said—"What am I to do sitting alone in this dark meadow;—I had better go with you as far as the inn. If I got some thing to lean on, I think I could walk then."

Nobocoomar said, "In time of danger, hesitation would be simply foolishness. Lean on my shoulder and walk on."

And the woman did not act like a fool: she did lean on his shoulder, and moved on.

In fact, a Serai was near. In those times, however, the robbers would not scruple to ply their nefarious trade even near a Serai. Before long Nobocoomar, with his female companion, arrived there.

In that very inn Nobocoomar found that Kapalakundalah had been putting up. Her servants and servants-maid had, therefore, taken a whole compartment. Nobocoomar engaged another room adjoining it for his companion, and billeted her therein.

Agreeably to his orders, the wife of the inn-keeper* brought in a lamp† lighted. And when the lamp's rays streamed in upon his com-

* The owner of a hovel like an Indian *Serai* can only by courtesy be called an inn-keeper. Like the publicans of Europe, he has no ready meals or cooked food to sell to his guests. Coarse rice, half-shelled *dals*, thick mustard oil, and rancid *ghie*, and faggots of sticks for fuel are all that constitute his stock-in-trade. And the house which shelters travellers is a thatched one divided into compartments—and fit only to be a cow-shed—with generally an apology for a tank behind it, no bigger than a horse-pond, and filled with tangled weeds, and sometimes with water-cresses, rendering passage through it almost impracticable.

Many are the tales told of murder and robbery perpetrated in these Indian hostilities at dead of night, in which the Serai-keepers themselves,—their kith and kin—have been the principal actors. Innocent and unsuspecting travellers dead asleep after the day's fatigue have met with their doom at the hands of these unscrupulous rascals, and their stifled cries have penetrated no further than the house which pretended to give them shelter. Even in these days, a *serai* would scarcely be a safe place for a lonely traveller with a purse about him.

† The Indian primitive lamps called *prolecp* are generally earthen, and burn through a clay wick.

panion, Nobocomari saw that she was uncommonly handsome. With the waves of her countless charms, the plumage of her youth was well-nigh bursting—like a river in Srabun

CHAPTER II

IN THE SIRAI

কৈশা ষোষিৎ প্রকৃতিচপলা ।

—উদ্ধবদূত ।

Who is this restless woman ?

—UTTAMURDOOT

I have said that the companion of Nobocomari was unusually handsome. And now if I do not proceed to depict her charms according to established rules, my male readers will be very much disappointed, and those women who are themselves good-looking will, on perusing this, say, "This woman, I think, must have been plain and passable." I am, therefore, obliged to enter upon a description of this lady. But wherewith am I to describe her beauty? At times I am possessed by mother muse of Burtolah.* By her grace I can get up a goodly present of fruits and vegetables and somehow or other get through the work of delineation, but I would not make such an attempt, lest the reader's appetite should flame up at once at the very mention of pomegranates, plantains, and other fruits †

* Swaraswati is the muse or goddess of learning among the Hindoos, and she is addressed by them as mother. But Burtolah, the Gub Street of Calcutta—famous for its scribblers and penny-a-liners—has, of course, its own presiding genius, who inspires these writers. The author very significantly says that he is at times possessed by this muse of Burtolah.

† The Sanscrit classical authors have, when describing feminine beauty, found most of their metaphors among the fruits and vegetables, most of the edibles; e.g., the breasts are likened to pomegranates, the shapely thighs to *ambha*, a kind of plantain tree, &c. The author here very facetiously and wisely says that he would not attempt a description of the lady's beauties, lest, at the very mention of these edible fruits, the reader's appetite should be aroused.

Had this woman been faultlessly beautiful, I would have said, "Reader, she is handsome as your wife," and to the fair reader, "She is beautiful as the image in thine glass, and thereby the highest point in the descriptive art would have been reached. But unfortunately she was not a perfect beauty, and I am, therefore, obliged to remain quiet.

The reason for my saying that she was not a perfect beauty is—first of all—that her figure was slightly above the middle height, secondly, that her lips were rather compressed, and thirdly, that she was not exactly what is called fair.

Her frame was rather tall, but her hands and feet and the breasts and other parts of her body were perfectly rounded and fully developed as a tree, in the wet season, sways with the luxuriance of its foliage, even so swayed her figure from its fullness, so that that tall figure even, from the fullness of its development, seemed to render her still more charming.

Of those whom we can really call beautiful, some have a complexion like the light of the full moon, others have a color like the rosy-faced morn. The complexion of this woman resembled neither, so that, strictly speaking, she cannot be called a fair woman. But, in its bewitching power, her color was hardly inferior to the others. She was dark complexioned. It was not, however, the dark complexion of which "Shyama ma" and "Shyam Sunder*" are illustrations. She had the dark color which belongs to *molten gold*. If the reflection of the light of the full moon, or the morn crowned with golden clouds, be the likeness of the color of fair women, then the beauty of the new mango-leaves called forth by the spring might be said to represent the color of this dark-hued lady.

Many amongst you, readers, may prefer fair complexion in a woman. If, however, any one should happen to be enthralled by the spells of such a dark-colored woman, I could not say of him that he has no eye for color. Let him whom this remark of mine displeases once picture to himself the tresses festooning over that dark-bright brow like a line

* Mother Kali—whose image is painted dark. Shyam Sunder is a name for Krishna, who is also painted dark.

of beetles* ranged on new mangoe leaves, let him imagine that pair of eye-brows which almost touch the hair, upon a forehead shaped like the seventh crescent of the moon; let him call to mind those cheeks glowing as a ripe mangoe, and that little deep red mouth, and you will be inclined to regard this foreign woman as the queen of beauties. The eyes were not very large, but fringed with beautifully curved lashes—and unusually lustrous too. Her glance was calm, but, at the same time, soul-penetrating. If it fell upon you, you would instantly feel that the woman was seeing you through and through. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the soul-penetrating glance would undergo some change, and the eyes would melt with soft and tender feelings. At times, too, they would wear only a languid expression induced by a dreamy sense of ease, and appear as if they were the dream-bed of Cupid. Sometimes they would dilate with desires—and swim in a passionate lustre. Sometimes, through the corners of those restless eyes, would shoot forth significant glances, like lightning-gleams through clouds. Two inexpressible charms there were about that face;—first—the brightness which intelligence lends to all the features; secondly—her great pride. Therefore, when she stood with her swan-like neck slightly bent, one could not but conclude that she was the queen among women. The age of this fair lady was twenty-seven—a brimful river of Bhaddra.† And like a stream in Bhaddra, her charms were full and unsteady and ready to overflow. And more than her color, more than her eyes,—more than all, the flood of this youthful grace of hers appeared to be enchanting. Under the weight of her full-blown youth her figure always swayed a little as a river in early autumn‡ sways without wind; and this unsteadiness served to display some new beauty every moment. Nobocomar was, with droopless eyes, watching those ever-shifting beauties.

* This is the droning beetle entirely black as jet, which has been the favorite of the Hindoo poets. The color of these beetles, when sitting in a line on new mangoe-leaves, contrasts beautifully with that of the leaves, which is a smooth light green with a dash of yellow.

† The Bengallee month covering some parts of August and a portion of September.

‡ In India Autumn sets in after the rainy season.

Seeing Nobocoomar with that fixed look, the fair dame asked, "What are you seeing?"

Nobocoomar was a gentleman;—he hung down his head somewhat put out of countenance. Finding him mum, the foreign woman said laughingly again, "Have you never seen a woman?—or you are thinking me very handsome?"

Naturally such words would sound as a rebuke; but the smile which accompanied them showed them to be nothing more than banter. Nobocoomar saw that she was a very brusque and blunt woman; and to a blunt woman why should he not retort? He said, "Woman of course I have seen, but never one so beautiful!"

"Not a single one?"—proudly asked the lady.

The image of Kapalakundalah was glowing vivid in his heart; and he, too, returned proudly, "Not a single one—that I cannot say."

An iron stroke fell upon flint; and the woman in reply said, "Still well. Is that your own wife?"

Nobo.—"Why? What makes you think so?"

Lady.—"The Bengallees think their own wives the prettiest."

Nobo.—"I am, of course, a Bengallee. But you, too, are speaking like a Bengallee—what then is your nationality?"

The young lady glanced at her own dress and said, "I am not a Bengallee,—I am an up-country Mahomedan."

Nobocoomar, scanning her well, found that she, in fact, looked like an up-country Mahomedan. Presently the young woman resumed, "Sir, now that you have cleverly got out my history, favor me with yours. Where is that house wherein this unrivalled beauty reigns?"

Nobocoomar said, "My home is at *Sapatagram* (Seven-villages)."

The foreign lady made no reply. Suddenly she hung down her head, and began to stir the lamp. After a while, she said, without raising her head, "The name of your humble servant is *Moti*. May I not know yours, sir?"

Nobocoomar said, "Nobocoomar Sarma."

The light went out.

THE DOORGA PUJA
OR
THE JOURNLY OF THE DIVINE PAIR.

(A M L D L I)

PART I

Rains! rains! rains! - nothing but rains. Rains by day, rains by night, rains on the land, rains on the water, -every where rains. Rains rushing through gutters and gargoyles coursing down window-panes, dripping from the eaves - and glistening leaves of trees. 'O what a rainy world is this! Will the rains ever cease? It seems not. O how long ago since we saw the sun last! and how our heart yearns for that lovely sight once more! That bright patch of sunlight, which we last saw playing upon the velvet lawn before our house, comes back to our memory brighter than ever making these dark days unendurable. A black pall hangs over the sky, hiding those bright and beautiful objects which - so distant though - gladdened our eyes. The sun-god, debarred for a long time from a sight of this earth, burns once more to have a peep at it, and, with his reticent fingers, tries to part the murky veil, but shudders back at what he sees below. For a moment the earth is lighted up with his ghastly smile, and is left again to dun and darkness.

Where are those dark days now? Are they not gone the way that all things will have to go? And we thought that they never would end. How foolish we were. Did not the summer sunshine, which, we thought, never would fade at last fade away and usher in days of gloom?

It is autumn once more, and Earth, smiling through her tears, looks up at the sun-god whose golden pomp spreads the azure east. Golden sun-shine floods the earth, -sparkling on the emerald leaves of trees, -dappling the greensward besprinkled with watery pearls, and dancing on the crisped stream. Cool and balmy blow the breezes of the south, ruffling the breast of the river into myriad ripples. The fleecy clouds scud gently across the azure void, in quest of heaven knows what, and this earth altogether wears a holiday look, and hardly seems to be the earth it has so long been. The days have become shorter, and the nights grown longer; and the early dews of heaven

have begun silently to fall at night, producing a dreamy sense in minds alive to all nature's moods that winter is near. Beautiful, indeed, now looks the earth. But how much more beautiful must look that place where there is neither sun nor sorrow nor what men call death, and where peace and joy reign for ever

Our scene now changes to a place seldom trod by human feet, and to which there is no shorter cut than through Yama's gate. This gate, however, is always shut, and stands on the marge of the river which flows dark and unseen between this world and the next

No sooner does the ferry-man, *Charon*, or any body else, who plies his phantom craft day and night, land his cargo of *de-humanized* beings, than the bolt of the mighty gate is hurled back with a thundering noise by an unseen hand, and, in an instant, it stands open to receive the strange travellers, displaying a gaping void of tangible darkness, which eye-sight cannot pierce, and within which there is no shape or sound or motion or order or any thing that we ever saw or felt on earth.

The region of which we shall presently speak is so far removed from the haunts of humanity that even a *Marcopolo* or a *Vambery* would think twice before undertaking a journey thereto. It is full of beautiful sights and sounds. Yet, I think, the fashionable tourists who, when the London season is over, swarm to the German baths and crowd the Paris boulevards, or steam away on a blue mountain-girded Norway *Fjörd*, will no more think of paying it a visit than to the Russian steppes.

The rainy season is over, and a September sun, fast careering to the west, sheds an unusual splendour on the face of nature,—lighting up, in its lurid haze, the golden domes and cupolas of a magnificent, though fantastic, mansion on the windy heights of *Kylash*. Turret above turret—embattled, with empty embrasures though, rise high up in the air,—so high that the sun himself with an offended majesty burns fiercer when riding near it—the face of the night's queen becomes blanched in its presence—and the starry hosts tremble at sight of their gigantic neighbour. Lofty and sombre pines surround this edifice, and, with their monotonous murmur, add to the romantic loneliness of the scene.

It had formerly been a strong castle—like a baronial castle of old—built by the Chief Engineer to the Hindu gods. Fabulous sums were expended upon this structure, (outlay of course exceeding actual expenditure,) to render it impregnable; and, when it was complete, it became the dread of its barbarous foes. For centuries it had withstood their attempts to reduce it, and the creed of its owner had become the creed of all, till, at last, its foolish owner, carried away by the modern frenzy for ornamental architecture so zealously preached by Ruskin, and for the comforts of civilization, in an evil hour gave the order that the bastions and breastworks and counter-scarps should be forthwith replaced by columned aisles, columned facades, balconies, and oriel windows abutted on fantastic cobbles. In place of rough flag-stones, tessellation was strictly ordered; and richly carved wainscoting soon graced the walls of the apartments. Stone-stairs gave place to wooden ones with heavy and polished mahogany balustrades. The guns pointed in the embrasures were mercilessly hauled down; and to crown all, vases of fragrant gaudy-hued flowers were ranged on the parapet, along the verandahs, staircases, and in the apartments too. The golden domes and cupolas were the result of an earthly tour in which the Tajmahal of Agra had made a lasting impression on him.

Most of the flowers planted there were roses; for rose-leaves formed a delicious ingredient in the composition of Gunja of which Shiva was so very fond. Bhang was to him the elixir of life.

Throughout the rainy season, and, in fact, whenever the weather became foul, it was the habit of the owner of this house to keep the doors closed, the windows and shutters closed, and every chink or hole, which, by any possibility, let in the chilly wind, carefully stopped.

On the present occasion, some four or five persons were seated together in a small room at the farthest extremity of the house, and the least exposed to the east wind. The interior of the room presented an appearance scarcely in keeping with the other parts of the house, or with its august proprietor—Shiva. Although he had immense wealth he took care neither of his person nor property, and suffered every thing to go the wrong way till brought round by my Lady parament. The room itself had a general aspect of untidiness,—the walls were

bare with the exception of a few antlers placed at odd corners, from which dangled curiously constructed sudy bags containing bhang and many other Abkairry commodities,—a few tiger-skins suspended along, which constituted the whole wardrobe of the great deity,—and a buff horn and trident hung on hooks. These were all his goods and chattels. The beams and the rafters were begrimed with smoke, and no sort of cleaning process was ever resorted to, for the simple reason that, on the very next day, they were sure to relapse into their former state.

From the ceiling to the pavement along all the corners, the spiders were busy working at their nets unmolested. Her Ladyship who, from her constant visits to the earth, and association with highly civilized beings, had acquired a taste for the fine, had tried her best to instil sanitary principles and general notions of beauty into the mind of her husband, and had even, on one occasion got him outfitted in the height of fashion at a modern emporium. But, horror of horrors! within twenty-four hours of his leaving the establishment, an inconceivable number of holes were burnt into his coat, into his trousers (how fine trousers they were!) and into his linen-fronted cambie shirt, by the *cheelum* of his *hookah* suddenly tumbling down upon him. And it was not until his flesh had been singed that he became conscious of the occurrence. At this her Ladyship took her husband severely to task, and at last tabooed the use of *cheelum*, and placed him under a conjugal quarantine for an unconscionable period of time. But habit gradually got the better of him, and made him violate her Ladyship's edict. After days of abstinence, one day, when it rained hard, and rained day and night, the veteran smoker of Gunja caught cold which none of her Ladyship's recipes could cure.

Finding at last every remedy fail, he, in a sudden accession of rage and indignation, thundered out a resolve that he would shake off the conjugal yoke, and then and there ordered his *factotum*—the famous Nandi—to prepare a *cheelum* and a bowl of bhang. He uttered the resolve, however, in a voice not loud enough to reach his wife's ears. This resumption of his former habit had not as yet come to the knowledge of her Ladyship, or else it would have gone hard with the husband for his Punic faith.

The rainy season was over, and every thing lay bathed in golden sun-shine. Gentle and cool breezes fluttered the leaves of trees still wet with the rain; and birds, in their fullness of joy, twittered and flew from branch to branch. The sky looked of the serenest blue, dotted over with fleecy clouds; and kites and other birds, wheeling round and round in their eyrie flights and uttering faintly-heard screams, showed as specks against the azure void.

But the sanctum of our hero had still all its doors and windows and shutters carefully closed. The occupants, about four or five in number, with Shiva for their head, sat still and silent. Shiva, with his portly paunch, (one that Dominic Sampson would have called pro-di-gious!) his white and shining complexion, his large but half shut dreamy eyes, and with a coil of tangled hair over head, sat conspicuous on a tiger's skin,—his left hand resting on the ground and his big burly figure towering above all. In his right hand he held a *Tanpura* which he thrummed every now and then with his large fore-finger calling forth deep and sonorous notes. A tiger-skin covered his lower limbs from below the navel down to the knee, leaving the other parts of his body bare; strings of beads encircled his neck; a *Cobra de Capello*, with crest upreared and hood distended, hissed over his head—comfortably coiled round the hairy knot; and a crescent moon shone in the midst of his brow. All about his neck was of a bluish color, the consequence of swallowing copious draughts of the poison which, when the gods churned the great sea, is said to have sprung therefrom. It was only his gunja-smoking habit which enabled him to do the other thing so famously. But it cost him many a sleepless night before he could completely rally from its effects. And he has since vowed strict and exclusive adherence to his old friends—*bhang* and *gunja*. Such was the Chief of that curious company. On his right hand side—a little to the rear—stood the grinning and spindle-shanked *Nandi*; and on his left stood *Bhringi* with his ill favored muzzle,—creatures the like of whom have never been seen. They had projecting mouths like those of goats, with small and black rolling eyes, which, in that dim light of the room, glowed like live coals. Their unusually big bellies contrasted curiously with their lank jaws, lank arms, and lean necks. And the effect

their pitchy complexion was quite heightened by the glimmering of their snow-white teeth.

The room in which this goodly company sat was filled with smoke curling up from a *cheelum* of gunja placed on the top of a small *hooka* held by a somnolent inmate. A perfect silence reigned in it, broken only by the bubbling of the hooka, the thrumming of the *Tanpurah*, and the grating noise made by one of the party in pounding bhang in a stone-pot with a thick and stout club. A pine log was still crackling and sputtering in the fire place (for the chilly season was even then scarcely deemed by the inmates to have passed away); and a tabby cat made quiescent by virtue of the gunja smoke, was purring away lustily near it. The reason for the admission of these pets was the havoc made by the rats on the master's tiger-skins and bling bags.

All his boon companions, with the exception of those who were engaged, sat still and motionless, their heads resting upon their knees joined together, and appeared to enjoy perfect peace of mind. But the case was different with their chief who grew more and more fidgety as the preparation of bhang was progressing, and every now and then cast furtive glances towards a door which he had forgotten to fasten. However, he sang a few of his favorite songs to the accompaniment of his *Tanpurah*, with a mastery of execution scarcely equalled in these days. In the course of the singing, his half-sleeping cronies now and then nodded approval. The bhang at length was prepared and a fresh *cheelum* of gunja was got ready to be smoked after the bhang affair, for the purpose of heightening its effect. Bowls of the green beverage were circulated and quaffed. Shiva, who was the first to taste such things, cried out "excellent!" in such loud tones that the rafters rang with them,—some of his cronies raised their heads in surprise, letting them down though again; and the tabby cat was startled from her pleasing reveries about rats. Bhang over, the *cheelum* of gunja was handed to the mighty chief to have the first, and, therefore, the strongest whiffs of it. At this moment a glint of the golden sun-shine somehow or other stole into the room; and, as his half-shut and dreamy eyes lighted upon it, Shiva, in a sudden ebullition of joy, bellowed out "The rains are over!—the rains are over!" at which his drooping

comrades started, and one of them—the most energetic of the party—hobbled up to a window and flung it wide open—letting in at once the dazzling splendour of a ‘westering’ sun. Some of the party began to blink like cats at that excessive light, and moved inch by inch up their *haunches* to finally instal themselves in the shade. The sea wind blew in and dispersed the smoky contents of the room and carried the odor where it ‘listed.’ Hard puffs were now being had at the hubble, and the fire in the cheelum ever and anon leaped up in the bluish flames,—spreading a stronger odor than ever.

While the company was thus regaling themselves, let us have a peep into her Ladyship’s boudoir. It was a spacious apartment unlike that of her husband, and commanded a splendid view of the mountains, the thundering cataracts, and the green and undulating valley below. The apartment—furnished as it was—showed the perfection of the upholsterer’s art. The walls were covered with the richest mosaic-work, and hung with the master-pieces of Millais, Turner, and other pre-Raphaelites whose productions fetch fabulous prices at the market. The floor was paved with marbles of the richest vein. Large console mirrors reflected the rich and bright objects there. Sevres china stood in the niches. Candelabra and epergnes with their unique designs graced a polished mahogany table, with a perpetual fountain throwing up jets of perfumed water in the middle. And from the gilded ceiling was suspended cut-glass chandelier large enough to have alone lighted the whole room. What with these and other objects—the satin-cushioned chairs and sofas, the dazzling mirrors—the elegant ormolu and buhl-work, and a thousand other bric-a-brac; the murmur of the fountain, and the cool and fresh scent of roses and heliotrope borne in by the gentle of winds,—it was simply talisman to be there.

Almost all these objects were her Stridun (woman’s peculium), her gifts from her father’s family, among whom she is wont to visit every year.

Now that we have described her heavenly habitat, we must say something about the personal charms of the presiding goddess herself.

She was not a ninny-faced girl that, like a Charlotte or Julia, did every thing but what her duty enjoins; and, by turns, cries and smiles.

and blushes and pouts her pretty lips almost in the same breath. In her the beautiful and the terrible were one; and she looked what she meant. Not that she had terrible eyes, terrible nose, terrible lips, or the proportions of a giant; but the terrible lay in the beautiful, and the beautiful in the terrible. Yet she had many of the weaknesses of her sex.—Although she was not so passionately fond of fineries, yet she suffered herself to be tricked out *a la mode* by the nimble hand of her pretty abigail.

At the present moment she was contemplating herself in a large glass; and her cherry-lipped buxom hand-maid, who was much shorter than herself, was doing her long dishevelled hair which covered a snow-white and shapely back—as evidenced by the snow-white and rounded arms; and her small and nimble fingers gracefully holding a golden comb glanced lightning-like among the masses of her mistress's hair; and she herself, every now and then, stood on tiptoe to steal a glance, over her mistress's shoulder, at the charming image of her charming self in the bright and polished mirror. Suddenly she sniffed the hand and curled up her nose—and said to her mistress—

“I smell gunja, madam; perhaps, my Lord has again taken to that noxious drug. Those companions of his will work his ruin. O what a health he had. That green thing and gunja are taking all the life out of him. I have seen and heard many things, madam, about the secret doings of master, but have hitherto kept sealed lips over them, and, by divulging them, I should incur your Ladyship's displeasure.”

At this her Ladyship, who was not naturally of a jealous or suspicious disposition, pricked up her ears—if I may say so,—like a sleeping hound suddenly started up; when a puff of wind impregnated with the odour of gunja convinced her, beyond doubt, of the truth of the handmaid's story; and presently followed that outburst of passion which the sun-light had caused. All the slumbering fires of her nature now at once flamed up. But she said nothing, and bade her handmaid also be still. This sudden check to her volubility proved very welcome to her. For, it was with day and night's watching and eaves-dropping at keyholes and other out-of-the-way places, that she had gathered these precious bits of information. And when should she be telling them—if not now?

No sooner had her Ladyship smelt the odorous air, than she made for the place where Shiva, with his inevitable associates, was enjoying himself. Her toilet was scarcely finished. The mass of her raven hair hung loosely over her shoulders. The snow-white arms were bare. The lips were compressed with an unusual tightness. The eyes had a strange light in them like that of old, when she, like a Semiramis, had worsted the whole legion of Daityas (devils) who had warred upon the constitutional monarch (Indra) of heaven. Although the worsting of a husband is not a thing much to speak of, yet by nature and habit, the old fires were again aglow; and with a stately speed she began to thread the maze of apartments (followed, of course, by the curious maid)—her rich *saree* dragging along the floor. Some say that most of her Ladyship's jewellery were but paste and Brummagem; and so she might well afford to have them spoiled or soiled leading the spectator to believe that she did not care much for those gewgaws. But they are calumniators, and we may as well turn deaf ear to what they say.

While her Ladyship runs on her sacred mission of conjugal correction, we will return to the unhappy object of her displeasure the enjoying delicious whiffs of his favorite narcotic. His friends sat to him in the same posture as before. Some hundred choolums had been smoked and re-smoked, and fresh choolums succeeded with a rapidity that was really marvellous, considering their powers of activity, and all the objects in the room—both animate and inanimate—were hid in a canopy of smoke relieved by frequent flashes from the choolum.

One of his companions thus said to Shiva, with closed eyes—and after much effort at utterance, "If her Ladyship should come, what would you do?" and he again became hopelessly mum.

The waves of sound enlarged and enlarged till they became faint and passed into outer space; and yet no reply. The deep and monotonous thrumming of the *Tunpura* went on as before, accompanied by the bubbling of the hookah. After a lapse of some minutes Shiva tried to raise his eye-lid slowly; but, apparently failing in the attempt, slowly let it down again. Then, after a minute or so, he renewed the attempt, and this time partly succeeded.

"Her Ladyship—" replied he—(pause)

"If———" resumed he—(pause)

"If her Ladyship——" (pause)

"If her Ladyship should come"——"What Ladyship?——"Where?"

At this moment a light broke in upon him, and he said—

"I don't care." And this he uttered with something of a warmth

"We shall soon get rid of her"—resumed the arch smoker—"as the Dussurahi is near; and then, during the days she will remain away, we shall, indeed, have a jolly time of it." And so saying he took a hard pull at the orifice of his hubble, as an earnest of his intentions with regard to the future. The water bubbled out into his mouth, but no smoke. Then another pull and another—but with no better result. At which mishap he divined, in a vague and dreamy way, that something was rotten in Gunjadam, and thereupon his left hand unconsciously and listlessly travelled up the shaft of the hookah and rested upon—its cheelunless top! And as if by a miracle, his eyes opened and lighted upon the looming figure of his spouse—standing before him—like some spito or reflect suddenly sprung from the spot. Her head was thrown back in a scornful attitude, and the keen and steady gaze of her large dark eyes was fixed upon her cowering ord. My Lord winced. My Lord's cronies, who had so long been in the land of Nod, huddled together panic-stricken. The hubble-bubble—the bhang pot,—the club for pounding bhang,—in short all the treasures of Shiva—had, some how or other, found wings, and the transformation scene could not be more complete. Presently, however, the ominous silence was broken thus,—

"For shame—for shame—my Lord! Really I do not know what to do with you. It's scarcely a month, my Lord, since you pledged your word of honor that you would never touch those odious things again. And you are at them again. I am not a toy, my Lord, to be trifled with one moment, and then taken up the next.—I must have my due." This torrent of invectives burst forth from her irate Ladyship much to the bewilderment of her tripping mate.

"Really, I had no intention whatever of offending your Ladyship. I have always been a dutiful husband."—mumbled out Shiva, scratching

his shaggy head—for want of a better explanation. Upon this she flamed up at once, and cried out—

“Pie! pie! my Lord—do not perjure yourself. The moment before you have been speaking of getting rid of me, and of enjoying yourself during my Dussurah absence.”

Again my Lord winced, and muttered some excuse.

“You needn’t vindicate yourself. I know what you are—what you have been.—All that you can now do, if you wish to remain friends with me, is to renounce those worthless and sneaking friends of yours, and vow to mend your own ways.”

Against this insulting reference to his friends—in his friends’ and his own presence, Shiva, with an air of offended pride, entered but a feeble protest, saying,

“This is really going—hum—a little—hum—too far.”

The above expostulation, unluckily for him, instead of silencing her, fanned the smouldering embers of her wrath; and, without saying any thing further, she, with her own hand, took down from under the tiger-skin (Shiva had no box or any other receptacle) where they had been thought to be secure from the peering eye of his feminine detective,—a spring of new cheelums made to order, quite to the taste of Shiva—a bag of excellent bhang—such as the newly appointed Commission might recommend the use of—and a number of ripe Dhatur (Stramonium) fruits. These she took, and quietly went away. This last item of plunder was a crowning piece to the rest, and stunned Shiva no less than his dumb-founded associates. They remained gazing stupidly after the retreating figure of Doorga followed by her favorite maid.

Autumn was far advanced, and the sky became more and more blue and sunshine became more golden; and night became calmer and softer under the soft and benign influence of a harvest moon that bathes the lofty pines and the golden domes and cupolas of the great house in a flood of silvery light.

And yet the hearts of the divine pair did not as yet soften toward each other. Shiva was no longer that man, if I may be allowed, for convenience sake, to apply the word to a deity. He had left off

smoking habit. His smoking friends saw him no more, neither he saw them. Not a hubble—not a cheelum—not a wisp of smoke even—other than what proceeded from the kitchen-chimneys,—could be seen in that house. At first, for some days, he had been disconsolate at the loss of his treasures. But time took away the sting of his grief and left him a comparatively sobored and reformed being—a veritable teetotaler. Nevertheless, the pair was not on speaking terms. As regards Shiva, had the breach arisen from any other cause, he would have been the first to speak; but as his best and rarest treasures had been looted by her, he never would speak unless spoken to.

Thus did things go on for a time, when one day, out of sheer vacancy of heart, he got upon the terrace for a walk by himself.

The sun had set; and still the sky was crimson with the fast-fading colors of eve. The wind was blowing cool and fresh.

Gradually the colors faded away, and on the verge of a mass of deep blue clouds a star appeared trembling. A feeling of loneliness and sorrow now stole into his heart, and he was turning this way and that, when his eyes lighted upon the moon just emerging from behind a tree, which, in the gathering gloom of the hour, showed like a giant standing motionless against the sky. And the sight of the rising moon waked memory within him, and led it back to the day of first sight, and then to the days of courtship and marriage and honeymoon, (which last, by the way, somebody says, is the parenthesis of life,)—and a sigh unconsciously escaped him. The remembrance, also, of his old Abkarry friends—Bhang and Gunja—came back to him and revived within him a wish not to be gratified now. In such a night, and with such sweet thoughts, oh that he could enjoy a single cheelum! But alas! the invisible sword was hanging over him; and it was not to be thought of even. However, as the melancholy thoughts came crowding in, and as he had never read a page of Burton, he thought he would find solace in his *Tanpurah*, and therefore called for it. Nandi—his *valet de chambre*—brought it from downstairs and handed it to his master. After stringing and tuning the instrument, (for it had remained long neglected) Shiva, with all the glow of his genius, began to pour forth the divinest melodies that ever found utterance in words. They

were all composed by him—both word and music—at an age when Mendelssohn or Mozart could hardly lisp. He always extolled melody over harmony, and in this point at least never yielded to her Ladyship who preferred the piano to the Tanpura, voting the latter a bore, as all women do.

But she was a rich soprano, and sang like a Patti. My good Lord however, poo-pooed all that, and called it bosh—only fit for unrefined and uncultivated ears. Leaving the question, however, to Mr. Clarke, or Dr. Souindra Mohun, or his learned coterie, we must pass on to say that the moon-light singing had an effect scarcely intended by the singer. Her Ladyship sat in her balcony all alone. The moon-beams fell upon her now softened and strangely beautiful face; and the evening breeze fanned her cheeks and played with her love-locks and by every means tried to rouse her to lively thoughts; but she sat on motionless, and thus said to herself in a low voice.—“This is the five hundred and fiftieth time he has broken his word.—Is it not likely he will break it five hundred and fifty first time—five hundred and fifty-second time—five hundred and fifty-third time, till there will be more five hundreds than I or any body can count? Then why this useless attempt on my part?—Why this trouble and constant bickering? Besides, I shall have to leave this soon for my father’s house, for which I could, of course, leave of my own accord; but what will people say? However, I must wait till he surrenders. Until that time, no quarter.”

At the end of the soliloquy, her face again assumed its wonted expression of rigidity. The leaves of the creepers swayed by the gentle night wind fluttered about her face in the hope of bringing back the sweet smile to her lips; the roses flung their odours to soften her, and the moon shed her softest light to please her;—but all in vain. Nothing could move her. At this moment the soft notes of a strange and weird melody fell on her ears. She started; and an unusual and unfathomable look of mildness came into her eyes; and her whole self was changed in a moment. She began to drink in the word and spirit of the song, and, when it ended, drew a deep sigh. The gods and goddesses even, it seems, are not free from those ills which poor humanity is heir to.

Now we must leave her Ladyship for a while to see how the lonely husband was improving each shining hour—not of day—but night. He had laid aside his *Tanpurah*, and was standing there ready to seek her Ladyship's apartment. For, after much thinking, he had resolved upon an immediate *camisade* to reduce the stronghold, in place of that protracted siege under which it bade fair to hold out to the end of time. Shiva was now suffering from all manner of complaints consequent upon long abstinence—particularly flatulency. Appetite he had none. And professional skill failed to restore his health. Only if he had been allowed a single *cheelum*, and all would have been right. This he could not expect to have without her Ladyship's permission, and to have that permission the differences must first of all be squared. Unable to check his growing *thirst* for *cheelum*, he resolved to storm the fortress, and with that purpose proceeded towards her Ladyship's quarter. He meant to watch her in her unguarded moments, in order to see whether the separation had, in any way told upon her, so that, if such should be the case, immediate action might be taken in the matter without fear.

He had a white dress on which glimmered in that moon light. His feet were bare, and trod very softly. His tall figure towered almost to the ceiling, and, at that time, had acquired such agility of motion as one could hardly associate with his Brobdingnagian proportions. He had to pass a window which disclosed the profile of her Ladyship sitting on the balcony; and he passed it in the twinkling of an eye.

Meanwhile her Ladyship was in a brown study, and looked neither to the right nor to the left but only before her. Her mind was in that state now in which the least noise disturbs the dreamer. She had, like the rest of her sex, a great dread of ghosts, and imagined the house to be tenanted by all sorts of supernatural beings. And a sight of one of them, which would be very easy to her, was sure to throw her into hysterics. She could cope successfully with tangible foes, however powerful they might be; but supernatural ones she could not dare to see. Even the ghost of a small bird would scare her out of her wits. As she was thus sitting alone in that moon light night, she heard a rattling noise near her, and she quickly turned her face in the direction from which it came, and in so doing, she caught a glimpse of a tall

white figure sitting past the window. She simply gave a scream, and rushed through her apartment adjoining the balcony, and, before she could clear the threshold of another door, fell into the arms of Shiva. This was, of course, an unexpected denouncement to him, but so it was, and let it be.

Thus was the matrimonial horizon of the divine pair cleared at last from the cloudy spot which had so long darkened it, and now lay bathed in the shun-shine of love and happiness. That very night, by special permission, he gratified his long pent up desire for choelum by taking such hard whiffs at the hubble that for three consecutive days he remained insensible.

The time of Doorga's annual exodus to her father's house was approaching. The children—particularly, Kartic and Ganesh—had become clamorous for the intended visit. Their Pooja vacation had already commenced, and was fast losing its days. Kartic was a fine fellow of twenty, and fond of much more than mathematics. He was a great dandy too, and led the fashion of the day. He always rode a peacock instead of a horse, and twirled his moustaches in a military fashion. He wore neither whiskers nor beard, and had a mass of crisped hair glossy like silken floss. He could also twang a bow and handle a long sword—and withal an excellent shot. In love-making too he was desperate. But he was too prudent to commit himself. The first gentleman in Europe had not better manners than our gallant Kartic. Whenever a fan dropped from a fair hand, he picked it up so soon and with such exquisite grace that its fair owner was captivated at once. And women willingly let their fans drop to have them picked up by the immutable Kartic. Manœuvring mothers with unmarried daughters on hand that were plain and passcoo invited him to their dinners as often as was consistent with decorum; and heaps of nosegays accompanied by perfumed billets-doux daily accumulated on his table.

Ganesh, on the other hand, was a dumpy young man with a bulging belly and a repulsive visage; and no fair dame ever favored him with a look. He had a mouse for his pet. But he had a wife for all that to whose apron strings he was tied wherever he went.

Doorga had also two daughters—married, but still in their teens,

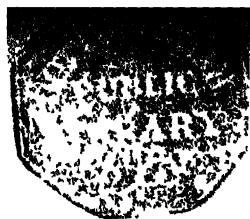
Lakshmi (none of Baroda fame) was an unequalled housewife,—and 'red as a rose was she' Swaraswati was a female Maltenas, and herself was no mean artist, and in beauty too, she vied with the moon. Her forte was the *Vinah*.

Such were the family group who, on a bright September morning, stood gaily dressed on the marble perron of their hall ready to start on their journey. It had at first been arranged that they should travel upon an elephant, but the programme was subsequently changed in favour of a wheeled conveyance—at an ululant protest being entered by Kartic and seconded by Swaraswati. The latter had, on many a previous occasion, fainted away at sight of the uncouth animal; and although now she was accustomed to it, the jerking was too much for her fragile frame, and disarranged her costly dress and elignon.

The splendid state-carriage drawn by four fiery steeds rumbled into the porch; and instantly a liveried groom alighted and flung the panels open on which the crest and motto of the family were emblazoned in golden characters. The young gentlemen first took their seats; then her Ladyship with her two blooming daughters got into the carriage and sat opposite them. Her pet—a lion—then entered—panting and licking, and made himself comfortable on the rug at his mistress's feet. The favorite maids followed suit. The rest of the retainers had all gathered on the spot, and with tear-dimmed eyes, stood gazing after the lessening outline of the carriage, from which handkerchiefs were being waved to them—until it disappeared in the distance.

Simultaneously with them started Shiva to escort the party to some distance on his fat and stout bullock which—faster than horses—ran in advance of the carriage—its tufted tail flung aloft, and its hump moving merrily—and ever and anon bellowing at the top of its voice to express satisfaction at the sort of work it was put to. The burly figure of Shiva—clad in a tiger skin, and holding a buff-horn in the right hand, and a trident in the left, sat upon the fast-flying animal. What with the rattling of the bells round the bullock's neck, the bellowing of the bull, and the blowing of the horn, the air resounded on all sides.

Bidding God speed to the divine pair, now we must bow to the ruler and depart.



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MARINE CURRENTS.

A Marine current is defined by one of our popular authors to be a motion "affecting the whole mass of water and constant." It is said that currents are of two kinds; "some are constant and permanent, other temporary and periodical.—some are deep and continue their course for thousand miles, others are shallow, and are soon turned and checked. The latter are drifts; the former streams." First, let us consider the streams. The most important of these is the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. It is, however, so intimately connected with a number of other currents that to understand its course we must refer to the currents of the Indian Ocean. Strictly speaking, the Gulf Stream issues from the Gulf of Mexico. It may be said to rush on thence towards the North, between Florida and the Bahamas, having at the Narrows of Bemini a width of 32 miles, a depth not less than 20 fathoms, and a velocity of nearly 5 miles per hour. Off Cape Hatteras the width is 75 miles, the depth 120 fathoms, and the velocity diminishes to $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. Further, it turns to the East, describing a curve from the Narrows of Bemini to the shores of Ireland. The current touches the bank of Newfoundland where it is intersected as it were, by the course of the Arctic currents bearing down icebergs. The width is here much greater and the depth reduced in proportion.

As it crosses the Atlantic, it widens and shallows, and its rate of motion is diminished to a mile an hour. Approaching the shores of Europe, it is turned Southwards, and dies away or is interfered with by other currents off the African coast. It issues out of the straight of Florida with a temperature of nearly 90° Fht, and considerably above that of the adjacent ocean, and cools gradually as it crosses the Atlantic. The whole course of this remarkable current is not less than 3,000 miles. Although liable to some change of direction, it is, on the whole, wonderfully persistent. The Gulf Stream takes its name from the Gulf of Mexico, because it emerges from that warm sea, but we may connect it with another current, called the main Equatorial current, which enters the Caribbean Sea, with a temperature of 96° Fht. The latter current is connected with another which originates in the Indian Ocean, passes through the Mozambique Channel, and doubling the Cape divides itself into two, one of which enters the Atlantic and passes Northwards, and the other turns towards the South and enters the Antarctic Ocean. The former of these branches meets the main Equatorial current and ultimately forms a part of it.

Some of our popular authors ascribe this wonderful current as due to the Trade winds, which blew constantly in the same direction near the Equator, and thus set it in motion. It may fairly be asked, how that can be the case. If they assert that this is due to the N. E. Trade, then the course would be reversed, and would run towards S. W.; and if to the S. E. Trade, which probably they mean, then, they are mistaken, if we may venture to say so; since it is a patent fact that this wind only reaches up to the 15th parallels of N. Latitude utmost, while the Gulf Stream originates at about the 24th parallel of N. Latitude. The Anti-trade can never be the cause of it, since it meets the Earth's surface at about the 30th parallel of N. Latitude, or at the distance of about 6° , i. e., about 417 miles north of the Narrows of Bemini. Besides, it moves N. W. and would possibly turn it in that direction instead of assisting its N. E. movement. So, the Trade winds can never cause the current, and similarly it can be shewn that no other wind can be the cause of the motion; for if we consider the Monsoons which blow in the coast of Mexico we can

not ascribe the current to their action, for besides their being periodical, they blow N. Westwards from May to December, and S. Eastwards from December to March. Neither of these atmospheric movements, therefore, can in any way assist this stream's N. E. motion.

Secondly, if we consider the movements of the mass of water in the Red Sea, we observe that a large quantity of water enters this sea from October to May, during which time the sun moves to the south of the Equator. The arid deserts of Australia become heated to the utmost, and the N. E. Monsoon sets in which taking the place of the Trade winds in the Indian Ocean can in no way assist the N. Eastward motion of this current. Similarly we can shew that in the case of the Black stream of Japan and the main Equatorial current and other minor currents, *wind* can in no way be their cause.

We cannot but wonder how some of our text writers equivocate in this matter, sometimes saying that wind alone effects this motion, and sometimes, that wind assisted by heat; we, on the contrary, think it more probable that heat alone is the only cause of these constant currents. The motion communicated by the wind impinging over the surface is only due to friction, and the waves are superficial like the waves of the cornfields,—waves at the top but not affecting the immense mass of water lying below. But such is not the case with the Gulf Stream; its effect is felt at a depth of 200 fathoms or 1200 feet, where it is greatest, and 120 fathoms or 720 feet where it is moderately less. At this depth the pressure is very large and if air enters the mass of water at this depth it will possibly be transformed into other substances. But heat, says Professor Tyndall, is a mode of motion—and motion is caused by heat. Heat is possibly the sole cause of these great currents in the ocean. The rays of the sun, passing through the ocean of air and entering the vast mass of water, heat it by conduction in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance from the sun. The diminution of temperature goes on at very different rates in different seas; varying, near the Equator from 1° in 7 fathoms to 1° in 14. The part of the ocean within the tropics is therefore too much heated by the direct and oblique rays of the sun

which thus set the water in motion by the heat generated, just as they produce motion in the atmosphere. This heated mass of water becomes lighter and bodily moves towards the poles where the water is cooler and which proceeds towards the Equator as an under-current. These two motions are slightly modified by the rotation of the Earth which is imperceptible. Thus are produced the main Equatorial current and other currents of the inter-tropical seas, all of which are affected again by the formation of the coast lines and large shoals under the water.

The great Equatorial current of the Atlantic thus moves towards the Caribbean sea, only because its northward course is impeded by the sargassos weeds of the Atlantic and moves towards the Gulf of Mexico with a temperature of 96° Fht, where it part with its heat and passes out of the sea with a velocity of 5 miles per hour. It then moves onwards round the sargassos sea, putting with its heat and consequently with diminished velocity. At about the 45th parallel of N Latitude, near the island of Newfoundland, it meets with the cold Arctic current bearing the icebergs, and a vast amount of vapour is condensed covering this island by a dense mist for a great part of the day. Now the cold current proceeding southwards to replace the hot currents move with a certain velocity and these two forces are modified by the motion of the Earth and the coast lines. The Gulf Stream running N E and the Arctic current running S E meet together off the island of Newfoundland. They simultaneously act on the mass of water and by the law of the parallelogram of forces produce a motion in the direction of the diagonal, taking the direction of these two forces as the sides of the parallelogram. This happens incessantly and a great curve is produced, which diminishing in velocity as it crosses the Atlantic, ultimately vanishes where an equilibrium of the temperature is established between itself and the main mass of water. This curvilinear movement is owing to the fact that the eastern parts of the sea are colder than the western, and the light hot water moves towards that direction owing to the same cause that occasions the Equatorial and the Polar currents.

Some authors speculate that in course of time the Gulf Stream will make its way out by cutting the Isthmus of Panama. This may

probably happen, in course of time, owing to the constant pressure with which the water of the sea presses against the land. Had wind been the cause, this current would never have vanished, and similar currents could also have been noticed in the more expansive Pacific Ocean, where the wind moves more freely. But if we accept the conduction theory, we will soon be convinced that this sea being more broad and open, the course of the heated water is not directed to a definite channel and consequently is imperceptible. But that current which is called the *Black stream of Japan* is owing to the motion of the heated water modified by the friction of the shoals beneath, and also owing to the fact that the western part of the sea is warmer than the eastern.

The inflowing and outflowing of the Red Sea may similarly be ascribed to heat. It has been observed that a large mass of water flows in through the strait of Babelmandeb from October to May and flows out during the rest of the year. The sun from October to May moves south of the Equator and consequently the water of the southern sea being more heated acquires a motive power and is replaced by cooler water of the north and moves up the Red Sea where a demand is constantly created by evaporation.

Similarly, during the rest of the year the sun shines directly above the northern hemisphere, and consequently the water of the Red Sea being confined, isolated, and unconnected, becomes more heated and flows out of it.

The currents of the Indian Ocean originate near about the Equator and move towards the south in the direction opposite to the trade winds and monsoons in this sea, and being modified by the coast line proceeds to replace the cold water moving upwards.

The Arctic and the Antarctic drifts, as has been proved, are the great masses of water moving up towards the Equator to replace the hot water in the tropical seas, and are never produced by winds which move in these parts of the Ocean directly opposite to their course. Thus in all and every case we can shew that heat and only heat is the probable cause of these currents, and that wind in no way can produce currents except those which are superficial.

RAIN AND FIRE.

(BY A FRENCHMAN)

AFTER reading the telegraphic announcements of the terrific fire at Chicago, I turned to my wife and said: "There will be heavy rains at Chicago after this. Just look into the papers to-morrow or next day and you will see that I have been a true prophet."

"Prophesy! bah!" replied my wife, with an absence of that reverence for my high pretensions which neither wives nor valets de chambre feel for the genius, the greatness, or the wisdom of their lords or masters. "No one can prophesy now-a-days, not even Zadkiel, or the author of Moore's Almanack. Modern prophets are all impostors and humbugs."

"You are right, though you use strong language," I replied; "but if we cannot prophesy, we can predict and calculate. We can tell to a minute when there will be an eclipse of the sun or moon, next year or ten years hence; and we know to a certainty when a comet will re-appear on the horizon: so I do not prophesy. I predict, or rather I calculate, that this terrible fire will be followed by a heavy down-pour of rain upon Chicago."

I had not to wait long for the verification of my forecast, for in the morning papers of the next day, contained the following: "Advices from Chicago, dated midnight, state that the fire continued raging. The wind is violent and changing, and spreads the flames in all directions. Two-thirds of the city have been destroyed. One hundred thousand of the inhabitants are houseless and starving. The conflagration raged until an early hour this morning, *when a heavy rain fell and extinguished the flames.*"

There was a slight, a very slight degree of triumph in my looks and in the tone of my voice as I read this aloud. My wife, with something of the spirit of St. Thomas, or Bishop Colenso, about her, was not content to accept my reading as proof positive that I had not invented the passage to hoax and mystify her, and requested me to hand her the paper. I did so, and she read the passage for herself. She straightway began to question me, for she has an inquiring as well as an incredulous mind,

on the how, the why, and the wherefore of great rains after great fires. The information I gave her may be interesting to those who, as the late Lord Derby said of himself, "were born in a pre-scientific age," or who, having been born in a scientific period, have been too busy, too careless, or too unprovided with opportunity, to study the great phenomena of nature.

The atmosphere surrounding the earth contains, as everybody knows, a certain quantity of humidity or watery vapour, supplied by evaporation from the ocean; which is either held in invisible solution in the upper air, or collected visibly in clouds, when it descends in cold weather in the shape of hail and snow, or in warmer weather as rain. When a wide column of air (such for instance as a column of air co-extensive with the circumference of a large city) is from any cause more greatly heated than the circumambient atmosphere, it begins, in consequence of the diminution of its specific gravity, to ascend into space. The colder air immediately rushes in from all points of the compass to fill up the vacuum, and coming in contact with the heat below, precipitates in rain the moisture which it previously held in solution. Thus the winds that blew so furiously over the unhappy city of Chicago, and the rain that fell in such copious torrents, were alike produced by the immensity of the conflagration. It has often been remarked by historians and philosophers that great battles by sea and land are invariably followed or interrupted by heavy rains. It was not so in ancient times when men fought hand to hand with sword and spear, and armies discharged their arrows at each other; but when vast quantities of gunpowder are exploded, either at sea or on shore, and great heat generated over a large space occupied by the combatants, the rain descends with the certainty of cause and effect.

In like manner, and for a similar reason, rain in such great and populous cities as London, Manchester, and Glasgow, is always more frequent and more copious than in the rural districts twenty or thirty miles beyond. The thousands and tens of thousands of chimneys of dwelling-houses—and the taller chimneys of factories—that pour not only smoke but heat into the atmosphere, produce the rain, from which the more sparsely peopled villages and towns, beyond the reach of the

too abundant caloric, are comparatively free. The tall chimneys of cotton-mills, foundries, and other factories with which most of our largest cities abound, act on a smaller scale the part played by mountains in the economy of nature. The mountain tops receive and discharge electricity, and the electricity precipitates from the clouds the moisture which they contain.

It has sometimes been asserted that the ancients were imperfectly, or not at all, acquainted with the constitution of the atmosphere, and that Descartes was the first natural philosopher who threw any real light upon the subject. The moderns, however much they may have distanced the ancients in their study of nature, are apt to overvalue their own achievements, and undervalue those of the early fathers of the world. The difference between ancient and modern knowledge may not be so great as we in our vain-gloriousness imagine. One difference, however, there assuredly is. In our day knowledge is freely communicated to the whole people. In the ancient day knowledge was jealously confined within the circle of the priesthood. The priests of Assyria and Egypt, and of nations that were great and highly civilised before the birth of Abraham, were by no means ignorant. They may have been impostors, but they were not fools, and used their knowledge to deceive the people, and keep them in subjection. They wrought apparent miracles by scientific means, and rigidly excluded laymen, even though these might be kings and conquerors, from participating in their secrets. And this brings me to the ancient story of Nimrod—the mighty hunter and king of Babel—who built a tower upon the plains of Shinar.

The literal truth of this ancient myth is no longer insisted upon by theologians; but like all myths it must have a meaning, if we could but discover it. The learned Eichhorn is of opinion that the story expresses, in a mythical form, the fact that originally the human race formed one family or nation; that they began to build a city and a tower; that in the progress of the work they quarrelled among each other; that they then separated, and that from their separation proceeded in course of time all the languages of the earth. But another interpretation suggests itself, which may or may not be correct, but

which at all events seems to be worthy of discussion, if the literal truth of the legend as a portion of authentic history be no longer insisted upon.

The climate of Shinar is such, the heat so great and the drought so excessive,—that the soil is unproductive without the aid of artificial irrigation. So Herodotus told the world in his day. Bearing this in mind, as well as the obviously mythological character of a story that makes the Almighty afraid of many being able to build a tower whose top may reach to heaven, unless extraordinary means were taken to frustrate the daring design, may we not ask whether Nimrod might not have been a philosopher as well as a king and a hunter? Might he not have intended to build a mighty tower—not up to heaven—but high above the clouds? And might not his purpose have been to maintain an enormous fire upon the top, night and day, during certain seasons of the year? And if he had succeeded in this purpose, would not the fire upon the top of the tall tower have brought down fruitful rains upon the barren plain of Shinar? And if Nimrod was a learned layman, would not the priesthood have been jealous of his interference in a matter of science, which the priests of the early ages considered as belonging exclusively to them? And, jealous of his superior science and indignant at his sacrilegious conduct, would they not have endeavoured to stir up the anger of the people against him, by expatiating on the horrible impiety of his design? And when they succeeded in exciting tumults and insurrections amongst the workpeople and consequently forcing an abandonment of the work, would not have this result been properly enough described as a confusion of tongues? In those days an offence against the priesthood was an offence against God, as may be seen not only in this supposititious story of Nimrod, but also in the cognate one of Prometheus, who stole the fire from heaven, and incurred the relentless enmity of the gods for the benefits he conferred upon man.

All these surmises and speculations and considerations, having been duly communicated to the fair partner of my joys and sorrows, she expressed her opinion on the matter by informing me that they were like the shake of Lord Burleigh's head in the play, and that there might, for all she knew to the contrary, be something in them, after all.

DINZO.

SCIENCE.

FROM a hydrophobia point of view, the dog-days are every day in the year, as the number of persons bitten by mad dogs is about the same during cold as during hot weather, and if a difference be perceptible, the excess leans on the side of spring and summer. What admits of less doubt unfortunately is that up to the present there is no cure for hydrophobia, and all medical skill is limited to the preventive and essential measure of profoundly cauterizing the wound as immediately as possible with red hot iron. A distinguished Russian physician, residing in Podolia, adduces over one hundred cases of hydrophobia in man and animals, that he has cured by employing the powdered leaves of the *xanthium spinosum*, common in the south of France and Russian Poland. Dr Grzymala asserts that this plant "infallibly" neutralises the virus, but on condition that it be administered before the access of hydrophobia sets in. In his district, rabies is very prevalent, produced alike by mad wolves as well as dogs. The effects of *xanthium* are profuse perspiration and abundant salivation; it acts also as a slight diuretic. The Brazilian plant *Jaborandi*, in these respects ought also to be efficacious. During the treatment the temperature of the body augments, appetite increases, digestion is not troubled, and the patient experiences from time to time "dazzling" sensations. The dose is nine grains per day, in three equal portions; for children under twelve years of age, half this quantity, and for a period of three weeks in both cases. Dr. Grzymala has found this treatment so unexceptionably successful, that since twenty years he has relinquished cauterizations. He enumerates instances of cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs, and cats, having been bitten by mad wolves and dogs; some of the attacked, he left to their fate, and they died of hydrophobia, while others, though simultaneously wounded, yet subjected to his remedy, recovered. It is rare that a mad dog inflicts several bites; however, in one case a dog had terribly mutilated a father and son; he put the dog into a cage; it died three days later from hydrophobia; he gave it no *xanthium*, but the father and son to whom he administered it, escaped. Of six dogs simultaneously bitten, he abandoned three to their

fate, the others he treated and they were cured ; similarly with oxen and sheep. An enraged wolf attacked six brothers ; three were under orders for the Crimean war and left despite their accident ; the others were administered xanthium, and recovered ; their brothers died in the hospital of hydrophobia. These are startling facts, and merit that the remedy be extensively tested, to conquer one of the most deplorable maladies to which man is subject.

It is thirty years since the question of the transfusion of blood has passed into the domain of surgery. Dr. Moncog established by a series of experiments on animals, that transfusion was possible, and later, that it was useful. Some marvellous reports were circulated as to its efficacy ; the moment of enthusiasm passed, a reaction set in. The fact is, the operation is surrounded with difficulties ; it is not easy "to give your blood to your neighbour" ; the opening of veins can occasion the inflammation of their internal coats, a disease grave and often mortal ; in the injection of the blood also, a bubble of air may pass into the circulating system and so produce death ; if left in contact with the air, blood will coagulate and alter, if its fibrine be extracted, its fortifying elements are removed, &c., Dr. Roussel of Geneva has invented an apparatus which claims to remedy all the mechanical objections against transfusion, and he asserts he has successfully treated divers forms of hemorrhage, as well as catalepsy accompanied with mania, suffocation by carbonic acid, &c. The dose of blood infused, varies from 8 to 10 ounces.

It is popularly supposed that Negroes and the colonists of warm climates, are proof against lead-poisoning, in the shape of saturnine colic and intoxication. M. Gubler has had under his care a family arrived from Martinique, and suffering from the symptoms of lead-poisoning. An epidemic had been general in the island, and an apothecary prepared a powder to combat it ; this powder on being analysed, consisted largely of white lead. M. Gubler was induced to ask for the powder, as one morning his patient arrived with a sore eye, to which he had temporarily applied the not uncommon remedy of a hard-boiled egg, which rendered the eye-lids absolutely black, and hence, suggested the presence of a salt of lead, that the analysis of the powder corroborated.

In March 1874, a shop-assistant aged 18, while imitating with a fork the swallowers of swords, let an ordinary plated table-fork drop into his stomach. A few weeks ago Surgeon Labbé successfully extracted it, and the young man after months of suffering and the commencement of a cancer, is now cured. There is nothing new in opening the stomach to extract a foreign body; here the difficulty was, to prevent the teeth of the fork tearing the tissue. Having accurately ascertained the position of the fork, the surgeon practised some morbid operations, rehearsed as it were his work in the dissecting room. He cauterized a portion of the region of the stomach, so that an exudation was induced, which prevented the escape of matters between the stomach and the coats of the abdomen; he made, after the patient was chloroformed, an incision, introduced the index finger of the left hand, turned the fork round, and seizing it by the teeth, drew it forth. Happily people do not swallow dinner forks every day, but there are numerous cases where persons refuse to eat by their mouths, and the lesson of the fork operation is this, that patients can have their food henceforth, directly introduced into the stomach, and thus be saved from dying from inanition.

Oysters every year form more and more an important element of our food supplies, and hence, we are interested in the question, at what age do oysters commence reproduction? Oysters are at once male and female; at a certain period of the year the oyster is full of eggs; after being fecundated and laid, the eggs remain in the beard of the fish, which beard consists simply of respiring tubes, or bronchioles. These microscopic eggs become in time tiny oysters, a mass of living dust denominated spawn, and which remains a certain period inside the shell: some fine day the lilliputians take their departure and vigorously swim towards a rock, to which they attach themselves and remain till ready for market. Oyster culture has chiefly for object, to gather this spawn, accommodate it with tiles instead of rocks, and to store the full-grown fish for a short time in a park, before delivering it for consumption. M. Gerbe, the colleague of the famous Caste, has observed, that young oysters not more than three quarters of an inch in size, are often gorged with eggs, but this does not authorize him to fix the age

at which the oyster commences to reproduce. Size is no criterion, as muscles, fish, and cold blooded animals generally, grow in proportion to the abundance of nutriment within their reach for absorption. If the infusoria on which the oyster feeds be plentiful, the fish will grow rapidly, and fat into the bargain; its flavor also depends on the quality of this food. M. Gerbe is of opinion, oysters a year old can re-stock beds, so that it is unnecessary to wait till they become of market size for that duty. A large oyster has simply three or four times more eggs than a small one. He thinks also, that oysters spawn twice a year; it is certain they do not lay all their eggs at once, but at successive periods, corresponding to the phases of the moon, which brings high or neap tides, and consequently more or less animalcule food.

The April, as well as "the young May," moon are subjects of serious consideration, as well as of study. They correspond with sudden transitions of temperature, and exercise effects more or less deplorable on both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The peasants accuse the April moon of not only disintegrating the stones of their houses, but of killing the tender shoots of plants. In April under the first rays of the sun, the days are warm; the nights on the contrary are very cold, for the earth has not had time to lay up a store of heat, so after the sunset, the temperature rapidly falls. The cold is more intense as the sky is clearer, because the absence of clouds, allows the heat to radiate into space. Hence, the young shoots are frozen during clear moon-light nights and the moon is at once set down as the cause. Sailors allege that "the moon eats the clouds," and which is easy to explain. When the sky contains water under the form of clouds, a very slight elevation of temperature suffices to change the drops of water of the clouds into vapor provided the atmosphere be not saturated with humidity. Now the moon is a gigantic reflector, that reflects the sun's heat on our planet the side of the moon exposed to the sun ought to represent a temperature of 1484 degrees. But this heat is absorbed in the higher regions of the air. Piazzi Smith estimates the heat of the moon on the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe to be equal to that emitted by the flame of a candle at a distance of 12 yards.

Clouds then floating at an altitude of one-quarter, or one-half of a mile, likely experience this lunar heat, so as to be converted into vapor. Every increase of atmospheric pressure tends to dissipate clouds; the moon, feebly compresses and dilates our atmosphere, and there is compression during April; hence, compression and elevation of temperature combine to dissipate or "eat the clouds," thereby removing that curtain which prevents the rapid radiation of the earth's temperature into space, and thus favors frost. The latter easily nips the tender shoots, the more readily as they are swollen with humidity. The April is but the equinoctial moon of astronomers; there is one in Autumn as well as in Spring, only in the former case it cannot injure vegetation, so its effects pass unperceived. The animal economy experiences these alterations also, and the more delicate the constitution, the greater the necessity to regard the approach of the equinoxes as a veritable change of latitude, and employ safe-guards accordingly.

Naval Lieutenant Brault has published his treatise on the general circulation of the lower strata of the atmosphere, in the north Atlantic. The volume is under the auspices of the French Government. It is a verification and completion of Maury's famous system of winds. The latter had for basis, 196,000 observations; M. Brault 650,000 representing a total of 20,000 days work to digest and methodize, by individualizing the labors of himself and staff. M. Brault states, it is necessary to abandon the zone regime of winds as laid down by Maury; the general movement of the winds he asserts is so continuous, that it is impossible to trace a limit superior to the trade winds. There are four meteorological keys to the Atlantic; the Gulf of Mexico and the Sahara, the highest region of calms, and the Azores.

The consumption of ice is rapidly becoming a necessity instead of a luxury, hence the importance of the means for conserving it. A simple plan consists in making a hole in a cool cellar, the width and depth, varying with the quantity of ice to be stored, at the bottom of this trench, excavate another hole, of a smaller diameter, depth according to the nature of the soil; fill it with stones, so as to act as a drain; having supported the sides of the first hole with planking, line it with rye straw, ears downwards; pack in the ice closely, cover it with a

bundle of hay enclosed in a morsel of tarpaulin, over which place a few wooden boards, and lastly a little straw.

M. Tallet's plan for the construction of barracks and hospitals having been adopted by the authorities in three cities of France with perfect success, deserves notice. The site ought to be chosen outside the city, on a permeable soil, and provided with water; each wing of a barrack ought to contain only 50 men, each ward but 30 patients; the distance between the wings ought to be twice their height, to admit air and light, and to consist of only one story, the superior stories being infected by those underneath; then the ascension is fatiguing, every ascent of 10 yards being equal in mechanical labor to traversing 125 yards, horizontally. The out-offices, kitchens, canteens, magazines, hospitals, &c., are distinct from the main building, and are erected according to a distinct circular plan. The interior of the rooms is round, to prevent dust lodging in corners, and to enable the walls to be more easily washed; ceilings are suppressed, as they only leave attics to accumulate the vitiated air; ventilators in the ridge should be ever open, and the upper parts of the windows ought to be self-opening, following the current. It is vitiated air, not draughts, that must be avoided.

The French scientific world, in which Mr. Lockyer has only friends does not extend to his spectral analyses of "simple bodies," of calcium particularly, the character of a definite solution. Experience is still wanting. No chemist now-a-days professes that simple bodies are really simple; they are only accepted as simple, because we have no means to extend farther, our means of delicate investigation. Many theoreticians sustain, that the ultimate element of all bodies in nature is hydrogen in defined proportions. Thus hydrogen, that we only know in a gaseous form, would be the constituent of gold, iron, arsenic, calcium, &c., in a different degree of condensation, and the fundamental element out of which nature has fabricated the inorganic kingdom.

The Northern Railway of France, after a series of exhaustive experiments with the electric light has decided to adopt that mode of illumination for its terminus and important stations instead of coal gas. It has the advantage over the latter in being one-fifth cheaper. To dimi-

nish the glare of the electricity, the lamp is placed inside a globe of unpolished glass, and the rays are directed towards the ground by means of a parabolic reflector. .

The anatomy and physiology of the honey bee, by M. Girdwayn, is an exceedingly interesting work. According to him, each colony of bees ruled by fixed laws and customs, consists of thousands of workers or neutrals, some hundreds of males, and only one female. The latter is fecundated once for all during her existence, she lives about five years ; the impregnation takes place above the hive, while on the wing, and high in the air. After the act the male dies. In 48 hours later the female commences to lay.

FRENCHMAN.

AH ! CANST THOU TH' TIME SO SOON FORGET.

Ah ! canst thou th' time so soon forget
When 'mongst the roses last we met ?
In silent speaking tears we parted,
With speechless grief half broken-hearted,
And lips with loving kisses wet.
Thy lips like tender leaflets shook,
Grew redder thy cheeks rosy tinge,
And washt was thy eyes soorma fringe,
With pearly drops of the shining brook,
And the burning drops my cheeks did singe
As gavest thou me the parting kiss,
—How sad was it and yet how sweet !—
I stored up in my heart that bliss
To give the back when 'gain we meet—
That ne'er can be !—the kiss all dear
I'll give to flowers thrown o'er my bier.

KAPĀLAKUNDALĀ.

CHAPTER III.

UPON MEETING WITH THE BEAUTY.

“—————ধর দেবি যোহন মুরতি ।
 দেহ আভা, সাজাই ও বর বপু আনি
 নানা আভরণ ।”

—মেঘনাদবধ ।

‘—————Wear, goddess, that world shape.

And give me leave that I may ornaments bring

And deck that fair frame

--MEGHANĀDABADHĀ.

NOROCOOMAR summoned the landlady and bade her bring another lamp. Before the second lamp had been brought in he heard the sound of a heavy sigh. A moment after the lamp came, a Mahomedan in a servant's attire made his appearance there.

Upon seeing him, the foreign lady asked, “How is this?—Why have you delayed so long? Where are the rest?”

The retainer said, “The slaves* were all drunk and in gathering them in and leading them, we fell into the rear of the *palkee*. Then the sight of the smashed *palkee* and your absence quite threw us out of our senses. Some of us are stationed there, some are gone in different directions in search of you, and I myself have come seeking this way.”

Moti said, “Bring them here.” The servant bowed and left. The foreign lady sat for awhile with her cheek resting upon her hand.

* As is known to every reader, a considerable portion of the servants of rich Mahomedans of India, whether male or female, were, in former times, slaves. In all countries under the Moslem rule the slave-trade still prevails.

Nobocoomar asked leave to go. At which Moti, started as from a dream, rose, and asked, as before, "Where will you put up?"

Nobo.—"In the room next this."

Moti—"I saw a *palkee* by that room, have you got any companion?"

Nobo—"My wife with me."

This gave Moti another opportunity for her banter, and she said, "Is she the peerless beauty?"

Nobo—"You will be able to judge when you see her."

Moti—"Is a sight possible?"

Nobo—(reflecting) "What harm?"

Moti—"Do be a little kind then. My curiosity has become very great to see this peerless beauty,—for I would bear the tale to Agni. Of course not this very moment. You can go now. I shall send word to you presently."

Nobocoomar went away. A moment after there arrived a large following of servants—male and female, and bearers with wooden chests and other things,—followed by a palanquin with a female servant in it*. Then intimation came to Nobocoomar that Bibee† had remembered him.

Nobocoomar came to Motibibee again, and this time saw a thorough change in her. Rejecting her former dress, she had arrayed herself in a costume embroidered, and variegated with gold, pearls, and other gems;—an unadorned person she had adorned all over with ornaments. Wherever an ornament could be put—in the tresses, in the braid, on the brow, beside the eyes, upon the ears, about the neck, upon the breast, upon the arms,—every where,—from amidst the gold, shone diamonds and other gems. Nobocoomar's eyes became unsteady. Most women, when studded with too much gold, generally lose something of their grace,—and many come to look like dressed up dolls. But no such ungracefulness or imperfection was ever possible in Moti. Like the myriads of stars bespangling the firmament, the multiplicity of the

* Rich Mahomedans, when travelling, provide their female servants even, who are generally slaves, with covered palanquins.

† A woman of rank.

ornaments seemed to harmonize well with that gracefully-developed form,—nay it added fresh lustre to her beauty.

Motibibee said to Nobocoomar, "Come let us go, sir, and be introduced to your wife"

And this she said, as before, in a tone of banter, but to Nobocoomar her voice sounded somewhat unnatural. Nobocoomar took Motibibee with him, followed by the maid-servant who had come in the palanquin. Her name was Peshmun.

Kapalakundala sat alone on the moist earthen floor of the *Serai*. Only an earthen lamp shed its feeble light, and her loose and luxuriant hair lay darkening behind her. When Moti first set eyes on her, a faint smile rose in the corners of her lower lip and eyes. To have a clearer view, she took up the lamp and brought it close to the face of Kapalakundala, and then that smiling look vanished, and her face became grave, and, with droopless eyes, she remained gazing at her. Neither spoke,—Moti quite entranced, Kapalakundala somewhat astonished.

After awhile Moti began to take the numerous ornaments off her person. Nobocoomar asked, "What are you at?" Moti replied, "see" Moti, taking off those ornaments from her own person, began to put them—one by one—on Kapalakundala. Kapalakundala said nothing. Nobocoomar continued questioning.—"What is that?" Moti made no answer to it.

"When the decoration was over, Moti said to Nobocoomar, "You were quite right. Such a flower is not to be found even in a king's garden. The regret is that I could not show a beauty like this in the metropolis. These ornaments become her only, and so I have put them on her. You, too, will be pleased, now and then, to deck her with them, and remember this rude-tongued foreigner"

Nobocoomar said amazed, "What is that?—the ornaments are very valuable. Why should I take them?" "I have others by the grace of God," said Moti, "and I shall not be bare. If decking her with them gives me pleasure, why do you oppose?"

So saying, Motibbee left with her maid. When alone, Peshmun asked Motibbee, "Bibee, who is this man?"

The Mahomedan lady answered, ' My husband

CHAPTER IV

IN THE PALANQUIN

খুলিল সন্মুখে
নকন, বলা, হার, মিথি, কঠোলা,—
কুণ্ডল, নুপুর, কাঞ্চি *

—মেঘনাঈদবধ ।

Let me tell you what became of the ornaments. Motibbee sent an ivory casket encased with silver to keep the ornaments in. The robbers could but rifle her of a few things—nothing beyond what was about her.

Leaving one or two ornaments on the person of Kapalakundala, Nobocoomar stowed most of them away in the case.

Early the next morning Motibbee set out in the direction of Bundwan, and Nobocoomar, with his wife, in the direction of Saptagram (Seven villages). Nobocoomar, after having handed Kapalakundala into the *palkee*, gave the ornament box into her keeping. The *palkee*-bearers soon left him behind and trotted along. Kapalakundala had got the door of the *palkee* open, and had been looking out on the surrounding scenery. A beggar, happening to see her, started alongside of the *palkee* begging for alms.

Kapalakundala said, "I have nothing,—what shall I give you?"

"What do you say mother, you have nothing, while there are diamonds

* I took off immediately the wristlet, bangles, guard, the ornament for the brow, the necklace, carrying the ornament on the feet, and the ornament about the waist.

and pearls on your person?" said the mendicant pointing to the few ornaments Kapalakundala had on.

Kapalakundala asked, "Will the ornaments satisfy you? The beggar was rather taken aback. But a beggar's wish is immeasurable. A moment after he said, "Yes, they will." Upon which Kapalakundala, without the slightest scruple, handed to the beggar the box with all the ornaments in it—as well as those she had on her person. The mendicant stood bewildered for a moment. His people could know nothing of all this. The beggar's bewilderment, however, was but momentary. Looking this way and that, he ran off with the ornaments with breathless speed.

Kapalakundala asked herself, 'Why did he run?'

CHAPTER V

AT HOME

শঙ্কখ্যেবং যদপি কিলতে ষঃ সখীনাং পুরস্তাৎ
কর্ণে লোলঃ কথয়িতুং ভূদাননম্পর্শলোভাৎ ।

—মেঘদূত ।

He who, from a desire to touch thy face would, in thy hand-maid's presence burn
To whisper in thine ear a tale that which could be said aloud

—MEGHADOOTA

NOBOCOOMAR reached home with Kapalakundala. Nobocoomar was fatherless. His widowed mother and his two sisters lived in his house. The elder sister, to whom the reader will not be introduced, was a widow. The younger, Shyamasundari, though she had a husband, was a widow still; for, she was a *koolin's* wife.* She will appear before us once or twice.

* The rank of a *koolin* is above that of any other, whether among the Brahmins, Kayasthas, or any other caste. A *koolin* Brahmin's daughter has to be married to a *koolin*. Otherwise the *kool* of the father becomes irreparably damaged. A

We are unable to depict the joy which the friends and relations of Nobocoomar expressed at his marrying elsewhere and bringing home an unknown hermitess. Indeed, he encountered no difficulty in this matter. Every one had despaired of his return. His fellow-pilgrims had, on their return, spread the report that he was killed by the tiger. The reader may think that these voracious men had spoken according to their own belief; but such an admission would do discredit to their imaginative faculty. Many of the returned pilgrims had positively testified that they had, with their own eyes, seen Nobocoomar fall into jaws of a tiger. At times, too, there had been discussions as to the size of the tiger in question; and one of them would say—"the tiger must be eight cubits long"—another would come with—"No—about fourteen cubits." The ancient pilgrim, erstwhile known to us, said—"But mine has been a narrow escape; for the beast had pursued me first. I escaped, Nobocoomar wasn't a courageous man - he couldn't escape."

Koolin bridegroom, however, is a rarity, and sells himself, or is sold by his parents, at a premium varying according to the circumstances of the case, and his own necessities. His demands are, at times, so exorbitant that they impoverish the person who has to satisfy them. Nor is this all. After the nuptial-knot is tied, the bridegroom slips away and renews his search for fresh opportunities for making money. Hymen is thus made to play the part of Mammon. In this way the koolin Brahmin goes marrying on, until he tires of his vocation. Desparity of age can be no let or hindrance to such a marriage. A nonagenarian, who is already booked for the world beyond, would scarcely scruple to marry a girl of ten. And even persons who have been borne to the edge of the Ganges—for the extreme unction, and who can with difficulty utter the name of their deity, have been known to marry, or rather to be married, and then allowed to depart this life. And no better shift, indeed, could these men have!

A Koolin-Brahmin, after he has married, seldom, of his own accord, returns to his wife; and every visit that he is induced to pay is, like a doctor's visit, adequately paid for, and the payment must be *cash* under penalty of his immediately leaving his wife.

The number of his wives sometimes exceeds a hundred, and throws Mormon polygamy into the shade. His visits to his wives are so few and far between that it often happens that he fails to recognize them and their children. On one

When these rumours reached the ears of Nobocomar's mother and others, there rose such a cry in the house, that it would not cease for days together. At the news of the death of her only son, Nobocomar's mother felt herself almost crushed out of life. At such a time, therefore, when Nobocomar came home with his wife, who would ask him of what race or whose daughter his wife was? Every one became blinded with joy. And Nobocomar's mother, with great empressement, and with the usual ceremony, welcomed her daughter-in-law home †

When Nobocomar saw the Kapalakundala kindly received, joy overflowed his heart. Dreading an unkind reception, he had not, even on possessing Kapalakundala, showed a single sign of gladness or love, and yet his heart was filled with the image only of her. It was from this fear that he had not hastily agreed to the proposal of accepting the hand of Kapalakundala. It was through this fear that, even after

occasion when a father had met his son, the father informed his son, that an invitation awaited him from one of his wives of such and such a place, requesting an early attendance. Upon which the fact of the son assumed a thoughtful look, and he immediately cried out,—'No no, father, it isn't I who have married there,—but you! —and so saying drew forth from his pocket a list containing the names and residences of his wives. The father did the same. And after a *comparison* of notes the doubtful point was settled at last. This practice has almost died out under the influence of English education.

† A characteristic ceremony is observed by the Bengalees when the bride, for the first time in her life, steps into the house of her husband, or more properly, that of her father-in-law. The mother of the bridegroom and all the other female inmates of the house—recruited by a whole host of neighbours and guests—all of their own sex—take their stand at the entrance to the *zenana*—attired in their gala dresses—in expectation of the coming bridegroom and bride. No sooner is the first faint note of the *Sana* (Indian clarinet) is heard than a thrill of gratified expectation passes thro the ranks of these women, and one of them, eagerly clutching the conch shell she is holding in her hand, sounds the approach of the returning cavalcade. Presently, amidst deafening noises of tom-tom and the squeaking and screeching of the so called English band (which, by the bye, is a genuine Ohnum Gulley affair,) and the ululations of a motley crowd, the chief personages the bridegroom and the bride—the one borne aloft in alibhai—the other in a *doolie* or *palkee*—upon men's shoulders,—are ushered into the

marriage up to their return home, he had not, for a single time, exchanged words of love with Kapalakundala;—allowed a single wave to break on the brimming ocean of his love; but this fear was at an end now. As when a stone, which lies as an obstacle, is removed from the onward course of a watery mass, an irresistible force is produced in the current, Nobocommai's love, with a like force, burst all its bounds.

outer court-yard and deposited there. The band strikes up again and again, the *senai* ceases not to send forth its shrill notes, the conch emits its solemn sound—and the women, in concert, make a peculiar tremulous and clicking sound with their tongues, which speaks for the joy with which the occasion has inspired them. The bridegroom—all glitter and spangles—his face beaming and bright as if he has reached the heaven of happiness,—has, of course, alighted. But the bride—like a tiny flower shrinking back at the first gust of a rising storm—sits huddled up within the covered *Palkee* with nothing but darkness around her—her eyes fixed in wonder—and her cheeks still bearing traces of the tears she shed, when she was made to part from her loving parents—her little naughty but now very dear brother—and all those pets of hers—"dolly" and others whom she used to hug to her breast even when going to sleep. And all this for one whom she has never seen before. Her little heart had at first fluttered with joy at the anticipation of marriage, which at that time meant only good clothes and good ornaments and an undreamt of prestige among her playmates; but the joy has now faded away and left her in the presence of something which she neither cares for nor understands. The only connecting link now between her joyous past and her vague future is the ancient maid-servant who has escorted her. She is old enough to have been long since gathered to the ashes of her fathers; and her single life would cover at least four generations. She has witnessed the birth of her grandfather, of her father, and of herself too; and still she seems to have a good ten years in her. Her masters respect her, and she addresses them familiarly by their names. She is, besides, a high authority on all doubtful points of Hindu ceremonies as observed by the women.

After the palanquin has been set down upon the previously watered spot of the courtyard, the old woman trots up to it to give the trembling bride some well-chosen hints as to how to conduct herself among her new connections. At sight of her, the lips of the little bride begin to quiver, and she bursts into a fresh flood of tears. The faithful and affectionate servant with difficulty quiets her, and tenderly wipes away the tears with her own cloth. Then a woman of

This awakening of love did not always find expression in words ;— but the tearful eyes with which, whenever he saw Kapalakundala, he would drooplessly gaze at her spoke it. The way in which, where there was no occasion, he would create occasions for seeing her, manifested it. The manner in which, when Kapalakundalah was not the topic, he would try to introduce her into it, showed it. The way in which, day and night, he studied her wishes testified to it. His always absent and preoccupied tread betrayed it, too. His very nature underwent a change : where there was lightness there succeeded a gravity ; where there was discontent, there came a contentment ;—and his face always wore a smiling look. His own heart being now filled with love, his love for others increased. His intolerance of those who had been disagreeable to him grow less ; every man became to him an object of love ; the earth seemed to be created only for good deeds ; and the world looked beautiful to him. Such is love ! Love softens the harsh, makes the dishonest honest, the sinner a saint, and illumines what is dark !

As for Kapalakundala ?—what were her feelings ? come, reader, let us pay her a visit.

the bridegroom's party comes and hands her down and conducts her through a crowd of women of every age.

The bridegroom follows close behind the bride who with a little porringer full of paddy on her head, and the bulging and refractory *chali* (silk cloth) in which she is enwrapped, presents a curious sight to the eye. At the entrance to the zenana they are told to take upon a pan (placed upon a stove) boiling and brimming over with milk. She is then asked, " what does it represent ? " The bride, by instruction, answers, " my happiness." After that the couple are made to stand upon two stone plates containing milk and lac-dye ; and a slippery fish is given the bride to clutch. Then the bridegroom begins to cut some of the tady on the bride's head with the nut-cracker (?) which he has been carrying about him for some days past. These over, they are taken into a room to receive benedictions of friends and relations. As Nobocoomar's marriage took place where, and under strange circumstances, as the reader is already aware, the entry of the couple into the bridegroom's house is unattended with the usual and eclat displayed by the Hindoos on such occasions.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE ZENANAH.

কিমিত্যপাস্যাভরণানিষোবনে
 ধৃতংস্তয়াবাক্ক'কশোতিবল্কলম্ ।
 বদপ্রদোষেষ্টুচন্দ্রতারকা
 বিভাবরী যদ্যক্লণায় কম্পতে ॥

—কুমারসম্ভবম্ ।

What's this (maid)?— the bark o' the tree,
 Which age befits, is worn by thee
 In youth rejecting ornament,
 Say it, at even tide, the night
 With the moon and the stars so bright
 Is for the (wanish) day light meant.

KUMARASAMBHARAM

EVERY one is aware that, in times past, Saptagram (Seven-villages) was an extremely flourishing city. At one time the tradesmen of all the countries—from the island of Java to Rome—used to meet at this great city for trading purposes.

But about the tenth or eleventh century—Bengal era—a decadence had already set in in the old prosperity of Saptagram. Its principal cause was the river, which washed the outskirts of the city, now becoming narrower and narrower, and, consequently, preventing large ships from approaching it. Commercial activity, therefore, began gradually to disappear. And when the commerce of a trade-enriched city fades, everything fades with it. Saptagram lost all. In the eleventh century, Hooghly, with its recent improvements, was rising a rival city. There the Portuguese had opened trade and begun to attract the commercial fortune of Seven-villages. But Seven-villages had as yet been shorn of all its splendour. The Foujdar (mayor), at other high functionaries of the Government had their abodes there. But the city, in many parts of it, having lost its splendour and its population, had come to look like a village.

In a retired quarter of the suburb of Seven-villages, stood the dwelling house of Nobocoomar. In the present ruined condition of the city, few persons ever visited it, and the highways were overgrown with shubs and creepers. Just behind the house of Nobocoomar there was an extensive and matted wood. In front of it, about a mile distant, flowed a small excavated river which, meandering about a little meadow, crept into the wood behind the house. The house was a brick-built one, and, considering the time and place, could not be said to be a very mean dwelling. Two-storied—but not very high. Many a single-storied house of the present day may be found with as much height.

Upon the terrace of this house stood two young women looking around them. Night was approaching. And pleasing, indeed, to the eye was the scene which all sides presented. Close by, on one side, was the dense wood filled with the twitter of numerous birds; on the other side, was the little rivulet spreading out like a silver thread. In the distance, glimmered the countless rows of buildings of the great city teeming with men tempted out by the fresh spring breezes. In another direction, afar off, the evening-shades were deepening apace over the broad vessel-lined bosom of the Bhagirathi.

Of the two young women who stood upon the roof the house one had a complexion like the light of the moon, and was half-hidden amidst a mass of unbound hair. The other was dark-bued. She was pretty-faced, and sixteen. Her frame was slender and small—face also small of which the upper part was festooned over on all sides by little ringlets of hair which looked like the leaves of a blue lotos encircling the middle part of it. The eyes were great, of a soft grey color—like the minnows. The fingers were small, and had been plunged into the hairy waves of her companion. The reader has, of course, seen that the woman with the moonlight color was Kapalakundala, and let us tell him that the dark woman was her sister-in-law, Shyamasundari.

Shyamasundari had been addressing her brother's wife sometimes as *bahu*¹, sometimes caressingly as *bon*², and sometimes as *Mri*no. As the

¹ Those female members of a family who are connected with it by marriage.

² Sister.

name of Kapalakundala was a very grim one, the family had christened her Minmoi. Hence she was addressed Minmo. And we, too, at times, will now call her Minmoi.

Shyamasundari had been reciting a doggerel learnt in early childhood. It ran thus. —

বলে—পদ্মরাণী, বদনখানি, রোতে বাখে ঢেকে ।
 ফুটায় কলি, যুটায় অলি, প্রাণপতিকে দেখে ॥
 আবার—বনেরলতা, ফেলে পাতা গাছের দিকে ধায় ।
 নদীর জল, নাগলেচল, সাগরেতে যায় ॥
 হিছি—সরসটুটে, কুমুদফুটে, চাঁদের অ'লো পেলে ।
 বিয়েরকনে রাখ্তেনারি কলশয্যা গেলে ॥
 মরি—একি জ্বালা, বিধিরখেলা, হরিশে বিষাদ ।
 পরপরশে, সবাইরসে, ভাজে লাজের বাঁধ ॥

“Will you alone remain a *toposhya* ?”

Minmoi answered, “Why—what *toposhya* am I engaged in?”

Shyamasundari took up between her hands the wavy locks of Minmoi, and said “Will you never braid and bind this mass of thy hair?”

— — — — —
 * It is impossible to do these lines into English poetry with any approach to the rhythmical mannerism of the original. Rendered into English prose they stand thus —

They say—Queen lotos hides her little face at night (but) opens the bud, (and) courts the bees at sight of her dear mate

Then—wood-creepers, putting forthleaves hastens to the tree,

The river, when red and swollen the rains mingles with the sea

Shame ! shame !—Bashfulness goes, and the lily spreads its leaves with moonlight

The newly-married girl becomes unmanageable as soon as the *flower-bed* (the second night after marriage) is over

Oh—What puzzle is this,—a nature's freak, and a thing to make you ill at ease—

Every maiden melts at the touch of a man and her barrier of bashfulness gives way.

* *Toposhya* --yoga.

Mrinmoi simply smiled and drew back her hair from Shyamasundari's hands. "Very well," resumed Shyamasundari, "do it for my sake at least,—dress thyself for once like a woman of our world.—How long will you remain a *yoginee*?"

Mrin—"I was, in fact, a *yoginee* before I met this Brahmin."

Shyama.—"And now you shall not be one"

Mrin.—"Why not?"

Shyama—"Do you wish to know why. I'll put a stop to thy yoga. Do you know what a touch-stone* is?"

"No,"—replied Mrinmoi

Shyama—"At the very touch of the stone even pinchbeck becomes gold"

Mrin—"What if it did?"

Shyama—"Women, too, have their touch-stone"

Mrin.—"And what is that?"

Shyama—"Man. The very touch about a man transforms a hermitess into a woman of the world—Thou hast touched the stone. And you will see—

I'll make thee bind thine hair,
I'll make thee fine hn'n wear,—
I'll deck thy head with garlands gay,
O'er brow the *sunth's* line,
Round waist the *moonwreath's* twine,—
To th' ears I'll put two earrings aye.
I'll give the incense sweet,
Potful of *pans* to eat,
And red lips will be tinted so
A babe,—a golden th' g
Into thy lap I'll fling,
And see if thou lik'st it or no "

Mrinmoi said, "very well, I understand Admitted that I have touched the stone,—become gold, have bound my hair, worn fine

* The philosopher's stone is, in fact, meant. It converts meaner metals into gold.

clothes, decked my hair with flowers; worn *moonwreath* in my *Sinthe*^{*}. ear-rings too depend from my ears;—even the frankincense pawn, and the golden babe are accomplished facts;—every thing, suppose, is complete. Even then what pleasure could I feel?"

Shyama.—“Will you tell me what pleasure there is in the blooming of a flower?"

Mrin. —“It delights men,—and what is that to the flower?"

At this Shyamasundari's face assumed a grave look, and her great eyes slightly trembled like a blue lotos swayed by the morning wind, and she said, —

“What is that to the flower?"—that of course I cannot tell,—for I have never bloomed as a flower. But if I had been a bud like you, I think I could have been happy by blooming."

Shyamasundari was a koolin's wife. We should take this opportunity of observing that to the flower blossoming is in itself a pleasure. To fling its odours and exhalations only is its delight. To give and take is the source of every joy in life. Third source there is none. Mrinmoi, living as she did in the wood, never realised, this; and so she gave no reply. Shyamasundari, finding her silent, said, “Well then, if this be not true, tell me what constitutes your joy."

Mrinmoi mused for some moments, and said, “Don't know, but I think I should be happy, if I could wander through that wood by the sea-shore."

* A gold or silver ornament having two semi-circular plates of the metal (plain or otherwise) which may be joined by means of a pin, and which have attached to them, on the convex sides, about three cubits long, six or seven chains of the same metal with numerous small polished circlets in each. The chains are adjusted in the waist, while the plates (being joined together by a pin) are allowed to repose on the pasteron prominent part of the female wearer. It is called *Chandrakara* (*moonwreath*). Mrinmoi says—“Worn moon wreath in my sinthe. But sinthe is only an ornament—the brow'ce we may call it;—and the error proceeds from her ignorance of every thing connected with the world. Sinthe, however, is never, in Bengal at least, worn by a girl above twelve or thirteen years of age."

Shyamasundari was rather surprised. She felt a little mortified, too, at the thought that Mrinmoi was not grateful for their kind treatment of her. She was also displeased a little, and she said, "How to return now?"

Mrin.—"No way."

Shyama.—"What will you to do then?"

Mrin.—"The *Adhikari* (priest) used to say—'as I am commanded so shall I do.' Upon which Shyamasundari placed her cloth to her mouth, and said with a laugh—

"Well said, Bhuttacharjya mohashaya! What does that mean?"

Mrinmoi gave a deep sigh and said, (explaining the Sanskrit quotation)

"I shall do as the Creator will bid me. Fate must prevail."

Shyama.—"Why—what could be your fate—but happiness. Why do you draw such heavy sighs?"

"Listen then," said Mrinmoi. "The day I started with my husband, I went, before departure, to put a triplet of bail-leaf on the foot of Bhowani. I never used to do any thing without placing a triplet of bail-leaf on the foot of mother. In case of a happy ending, mother would keep it; if there was any chance of ill befalling, the triplet fell down. I felt afraid to come with a stranger to a strange place, and I went to mother to ascertain good or ill. Mother did not retain the triplet of leaf, so I do not know what fate hangs over me."

Mrinmoi became silent. Shyamasundari started.

END OF PART II

* The expressions Bhuttacharjya Mohashaya are here applied ironically and loosely to Mrinmoi, and mean a great savant. In idiom it corresponds to wise head in English.

ABSENCE OF VOLUNTARY SELECTION IN HINDU MARRIAGE

I SHALL here cite a few examples of voluntary selection in marriage. They are taken from Col Dalton's *Ethnology of Bengal*—a work singularly interesting to all students of civilisation in general and to the Indians in particular. The Padam Abors have the institution of voluntary selection. The Singphos have something like *Sayambar*, where the bride selects her spouse from amongst the assembled young men. The Garo marriages also take place through voluntary choice and any infringement of the rule that the initiative shall rest with the *gul* is *summarily and severely punished*. Amongst Limbus the men select for themselves. Voluntary selection also prevails amongst Savaras, Mags, Mundas and Bhuiyas. The Bhuiya parents have very little to do in the selection of partners. The proposal of marriage comes in the first instance from the *gul* (?) They have a romantic way of bringing about matches. In each village, as with the Oraons, there is an open space for dancing ground, called *Darbar*, and near it, the *Dhangar-bassa*, where bachelors must sleep all night, and here drums are kept. Some villages have also a *Dhangarimbassa* or house for maidens, which they are allowed to occupy without any one to look after them. They appear to have very great liberty. Whenever the young men go to the *Darbar* and beat the drums, the young girls join them there, and they together spend the night in dancing and flirting, without any interference on the part of elders. The morning dawns on more than one pair of pledged lovers. The details of this marriage as related by Col. Dalton teem with romance and poetry, happiness and liberty. Ancient India had the institution of *Sayambar*, in which the bride selected from amongst the assembled kins the person she liked best. As for the European nations, we know that a latitude is given to the choice of the bridegroom and the bride, unknown in other countries. We are apt to talk sneeringly of what has been called courtship, and since the filthy books of Reynolds appeared, the conservative party have laid hold of it as a delicious morsel. These gentlemen forget that

nothing is perfect under the sun, that the most salutary institutions have a dark as well as a bright side, and that it is not entire innocuousness, but the power of bringing about greater good, which recommends an institution to a nation. The best religious and political systems have been known to be fought with very great dangers, which have at times overwhelmed a nation, but are they on that account to be done away? And who can doubt that under proper supervision, social morality is in no danger of being the worse for courtship? Isolated lapses must surely happen, but let us count the gain.

In our society the settlement of matches devolves upon the parents or the guardians of the bridegroom and bride. They decide what union will suit their respective charges. Without absolutely knowing, specially in the case of the bride—the other half, and knowing the one half at best but imperfectly, they take on themselves to decide on the best match. On the one hand, they know but superficially the character of the bridegroom and the bride respectively. What in fact does, for instance, the bride's father know of the appearance which shall square with the likings of his daughter? In fact, nothing. We admit that a sense of the beautiful and the ugly is universal, but the beautiful is a wide field containing practically infinite degrees and varieties, so that with one individual, a beautiful man may be conjoined with insipidity, while to another, he is free from this defect, nay, a man not positively ugly may have a something—graceful motion or smartness—which may appear acceptable. Then there is the consideration of the likings regarding the mind—a sphere invisible and infinitely complicated as it is, must as a matter of course remain a sealed book to the guardian. This for the one half. The other half is a veritable *terra incognita*, more particularly, as we have said, in the case of the bride. Then again, the father or the guardian may be actuated by motives of gain, or of respectability, &c., which could not materially affect the choice of the persons most intimately concerned, were matters left at their disposal. Considering all these circumstances, it appears that in Hindu marriages, the bridegroom and the bride are cast adrift on an unknown ocean, where the chances are that tempests will overtake them,

and the merciless waves will swallow them up. Let us but once realise in imagination the great mass of the most terrible suffering that is inflicted on society through the operation of this accursed system. It may be objected that this sorrow is a fiction, and that it is "all carved out of the carver's brain." Since if it had existed, complaints would surely have cried the system down. It is simply necessary to consider the position of the Hindu wife and the latitude given to breach of the matrimonial vow on the part of males, to justify our proposition. In a Hindu household, the wife lives in a threefold confinement first, the confinement of the outer gate, secondly, the confinement of the inner gate, and lastly, the confinement of the veil. She must own a pain of social death and infancy not only keep within doors, but must not come out to the outer part of the house, and must not come out of the confinement of the veil. She must not unveil or speak with her mother-in-law, or her husband's elder brother or father-in-law. Can a greater tyranny be conceived, and is it to be wondered at that complaints cannot penetrate through this three-fold confinement, and that they content themselves with entering the ears of some sympathising neighbour, or inmate? As for the male, he may indemnify himself at his sweet will, in other places than home, no body caring to find fault with him. Thus is brought about one of the festering sores of the social body. By considerations such as these, we find that our society is suffering from a grave social malady.

One of the disastrous consequences of parental selection in Hindu marriage is this that it greatly restricts the sphere for the operation of genuine love. As no two men are entirely of a piece in outward appearance, so no two individuals are exactly alike in mind. From the case in which points of character are diametrically opposite and antagonistic, to the case of perfect homogeneity, there are infinite degrees of difference. Such being the case, what is the chance of the sentiment of real, disinterested love springing up in our society, in which voluntary choice is unknown? Mr. Lewis says truly, "there is not a graver affair in a man's life than marriage". in it is involved the future joys and sorrows of his existence. Such being the gravity of the matter, should not the greatest safeguards against false selection be provided, and is not a system that

maximizes the chances of failure, and minimizes the chances of success in an infernal and highly iniquitous system?

It is impossible to conceive a happier state of existence than that in which a couple united by the bonds of holy wedlock, regard each other with genuine love, the one not loving what the other hates, but at the same time, mutually supplying each other's deficiencies. The external appearance as well as the internal features of mind not running counter, but gently and sweetly harmonising, they are enabled to experience the purest and the holiest delight in each other's company. A feeling of genuine disinterested love springs up as the consequence of this auspicious combination of circumstances, and the individuals are thus raised above themselves. Thus is paved the way for every virtue. And what is presented on the other side of the picture—the result of false unions? Bondage and the shadow of death! On the one hand, the step is irrevocable and endures to the end, on the other, fretting and fanning at each moment of each other's existence.

What is love? We doubt whether there could be found many in our society who could return a sufficient answer to the question. Brought up under an extremely vicious system of marriage, the nation wears out its life in ignorance of love, passes its life without experiencing *that*, which has power to create an empyrean out of the jarring elements of this world. This is perhaps the secret of the low idea we cherish of the function of women in our social economy. Amongst the Hindus, women are looked upon as unworthy to mix in the society of men, or to participate in the dangers and difficulties of the grave concerns of life. They are looked on as a race urgently needed for the satisfaction of the cravings of a most powerful instinct and for the perpetuation of our race. Love is not less any more than brass is gold. When we consider the engrossing selfishness characterising our sexual promptings, of which the conduct of the execrable Sextus is an extreme instance, when we consider that the lustful man feigns love so long as the blood burns, and that his *pseudo* love is as evanescent as the shades of the evening, and with it contrast the perfect disinterestedness of real love—the love of the unfortunate Lucretia or of Savitri, we cannot confound the animal gross, earthly, selfish thing called lust, with the refined, disinterested,

spiritual and heavenly sentiment called love. The incense which feeds Love's flame is instinct with joy and holiness, as the volcanic eruption of Lust is attended with smoke and lava, which destroy cities greater than Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The bearing of this vicious system of marriage on our *physique* is worthy of note. Science has well nigh succeeded in proving that the physical as well as the mental tendencies of parents are transmitted to the offspring. Now, when the Hindu parents meet each other under such circumstances, when their mental tone is diseased to the core, what is the possibility of the child inheriting a sound constitution of mind and body? Is it not on the contrary very probable that the child should bring with it from the womb the seeds of disease and discord and death?

Under such a system, seclusion of women has been rendered necessary. Where fetters of love are wanting, fetters of iron are a necessity, to prevent defalcation. In Europe no such institution is needed, because there unions are the result of true love. When a man and his wife love each other with their whole heart, fidelity becomes the most pleasing of duties, and its opposite, infidelity, the most rank ingratitude and crime. How shall I break the holy marriage vow, and prove unfaithful to one who loves me so dearly, and whose love I have returned?—becomes then an obstinate questioning, and a safeguard against aberration. But suppose the absence of true love, and suppose, as we well may, that the wife or the husband has met with a man or a woman respectively, who captivates his or her fancy. What safeguard against unchastity and sin, save iron bars and a padlock? Under such circumstances is verified the truth of Don Juan's sweeping assertion: "Wedlock and padlock differ but in name." From this, it is apparent that so long as voluntary selection is not introduced amongst us, it would be inadvisable to give our ladies freedom

L I N E S .

(*On a volume of Sermons, — by a Layman. 1870*)

“Thou, therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?”—Romans. Chap II. v 21

Or what avail is it to preach,
 In words concise and terse,
 And quote with seeming cognizance,
 From Scripture,—text and verse !
 Of what avail is it to say
 This, this is right—that wrong,—
 Commend true faith,—foul sin condemn,
 In language wisely strong !

O what boots it to sermonize,
 And learnedly expound
 That Christians should as brethren stand
 Upon one common ground ,
 That they should help each other when
 Sad, evil days befall,
 For the good Lord is over them, ‘
 And Father of them all ‘

What boots it gravely to repeat
 The words our Lord did say,
 That mutual love should be the rule
 ‘Of those who Him obey ;
 That we should learn our neighbour’s faults
 With kindly eyes to scan,
 And aye be prompt to share the grief
 Of every fellow-man ‘

What boots it I again affirm,
 To preach in style so high,
 When we observe 'our' preacher's deeds
 His solemn words belie ;
 When we observe that he who says
 All selfishness is sin,
 That feeling nurse with care himself,
 And cherish it within !

When motes in others' eyes to find,
 We mark him strongly prone,
 Forgetting in his innocence,
 The *beam* that's in his own .
 He says all Christian hearts should be
 With love full to the brim,
 -- His brother's sorest need he sees,
 And keeps aloof from him !

Then boldly hear we him declare
 With all a sophist's art,
 The Mystic Body's members should
 Dwell selfishly apart.
 -- Now what boots it, I say once more,
 To preach in such grand strain !
 When words and actions disagree,

All preachings must be vain.
 I'd rather for my teachers have
 Wild birds and crooning bees,
 Or wind that murmurs softest hymns,
 Among the twilight trees,
 Or waves that raise such solemn thoughts,
 Dashing against the shore,
 Than him, whose motto seems to be
 Words,—words,—and nothing more.

O. C. D.

TO LOVE.

Oh Love ' if thou art not completely blind,
 Why absent all but *one* in mortal-mind ?
 For you, why fame, wealth, name, friends, men forsake,
 Themselves to *one* absorbing form betake !
 Why ever in their fancy's noble dream,
 A favor'd man or woman rules supreme ?
 Invincible, relentless, unfeeling maid
 Do speedy counsel take and stop thy raid
 On hopeful minds ; and wing to darker sphere,
 Where chaos reigns and nought from you to fear,
 O maiden ! made thou wit for Heaven or Hell,
 And not this vain and busy Earth to dwell.

M.

REVIEWS.

THE SAMAJ OF THE PRESENT DAY, a speech, (in Bengalee) by Nanda Mohon Chatterjee.

The speech will repay perusal. The speaker deplores the degeneracy of his countrymen and explains how it has been brought about. He earnestly exhorts all Hindus, by the memory of their former glory, to shake off idleness and vice, and to strive their best to regain their lost position.

THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL EDUCATOR, No 1, National Series. The object of this serial will be to devote its pages to imparting instruction to young men in gymnastics and morals. We wish it success.

BIR-KALANKA NATAK,—Part I. by Pimatha Nath Mittra, Beadon Press. This is quite an ordinary drama, characteristic of the age we live in. The subject is the death of *Avimanyu*, the fiery son of *Arjuna*, in consequence of the combined attack of seven *Kuru* Gener-

als. The speeches are long and are unrelieved by any poetical merit whatever. Babu Promotha Nath Muttia is the author of *Jeypal* and some other dramas, all of which, compared to his present production, are unquestionably superior. There is a ring of poetry in *Jeypal*, which it is vain to search for in his *Bir-Kalanka*.

THE NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CHOREBAGAN FEMALE SCHOOL.—IT is a satisfaction to learn that this school, in "spite of the very limited funds" at the disposal of the Managing Committee, "continues to improve in strength and efficiency." Indeed, from the known character of some of the members of the Committee we should expect as much.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ORIENTAL GOVERNMENT SECURITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.—THIS Report discloses a very satisfactory state of things. We notice that the funds of the Company have, during the year, been nearly doubled, the increase being, of course, the result of the operations of the Company both in the Capital and Premia Departments. It is also gratifying to see that, during the year in question, the ratio of the expenses of management has considerably decreased. The 'Oriental' has already secured public confidence and no doubt, the advantages it affords to policy-holders, in particular, in the matter of getting an insight into its operations and of voting at its meetings will secure an extensive support.

DAMPATI-MILAN NATAK OR RECONCILIATION OF THE COUPLE.—By Brojolah Dutta, Kar Press, Calcutta.

Altogether, this is a fair production. The language is chaste, at least free from the inflated expressions which one so often sees in the books of the day of this kind. The plot is not uninteresting. We have read the book from beginning to end, and can easily recommend it to all. Some of the characters have been drawn pretty well. The book has been dedicated to the Hon'ble Ashley Eden, by special permission, and Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra speaks well of it.

THE
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LITERARY.

French writers seize the occasion of Mr. Disraeli's elevation to the peerage to review his career; they unanimously admit, that of all his romances that of his own life is the most extraordinary. He is a type, according to M. Quesnel, that England will never see again; a man of transition between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; a character which "partakes alike of the lightness of our fathers and the thirst for progress of our sons, and the last survivor of that sentimental school—"Young England." Curiously, Earl Beaconsfield, or "Sir Disraeli," is defended from the charge of inactivity and *légèreté*. A man with such traits, the French maintain, could not have possessed sufficient power to govern England during thirty years; he must have some other elements of success than a brilliant imagination, to obtain, as he has, durable results. These other elements became concentrated to form one-fixity of end; and his definite object was, the prolongation of the influence of his party. The author of *Sybil*, despite the romantic character and the mystic pathos of his works, was not a dreamer, Son of the East and of Venice, he ever guarded the semitic temperament, and was, as the Germans say, a man of concrete things. Power and riches, the pleasures of pride and of the senses, such constitute his ideal of worldly goods. In his eyes nothing is more

respectable than a great territorial fortune, and it was not by his aspirations for humanity, or by his liberal tendencies, that England adopted him ; she carried away his heart, by her feudal leanings, her material prosperity, and her gold. In his *Coningsby*, *Tancred*, and *Sybil*, though deficient in intelligence of doctrine and definiteness of conclusion, and touching upon all matters—religion, political economy, philosophy, history &c., save science, they proved a literary novelty, by placing these subjects within the reach of ordinary minds, in a form the most seducing and poetic.

France continues to incline towards historical studies as the best store-houses in which to find wisdom for the present and future. No period could be better selected for this purpose than that of the sixteenth century, and more especially the part filled by Henri IV. M. de Lacombe exhibits in a very remarkable manner the many resemblances between that age and ours. Then as now, it was a time of revolutions, dissensions, and wars ; then as now, parties devoured France ; extreme views were rampant, passions ran high, and grievances were paraded. Henri IV., belonging to none of the parties, was able to dominate them all. On arriving at Paris, he married Margaret of Valois ; six days later, the massacre of St. Bartholemew took place, and Henri, dragged before Charles IX., and under threat of instant death, abjured with his lips, a creed that the horrors he had witnessed only fortified the more in his soul. Prisoner rather than visitor at the Court, suspected alike by the Huguenots and Catholics, he owed his safety to the simulated frivolity of his life and which also screened the gravity of his reflections. By such conduct he dominated that court where he was a captive, and even his enemies swore by him. The Edict of Nantes at once made the Leaguers his foes ; alluring the Jesuits to re-enter France, secured for him the hostility of the Protestants. He merely replied, that he did a good thing because it was good, and that if he cut out the tongues of the calumniators, there certainly would be many mutes, but they would be useless for any service. It is a proverb, that Henri IV. is the only king whose memory the French respect, and the secret of his popularity is due to his ever identify-

ing his cause and the throne, with the interest of the country and his desire of conquering his subjects by persuasion instead of arms. He had many human frailties, but in politics he had only one passion, that for moderation and justice. He was king of France, but he felt also he was king of the French. Upwards of 7,000 letters signed by Henri, are published ; but all these have not been personally written by him, still less signed by him, as he had a secretary whose special duty was to imitate the monarch's signature. M. Dussieux has sifted out of this mass of correspondence, the unmistakably authentic and intimate letters of Henri, and we have as a consequence, the king *en déshabille*. Satisfied "that Paris was worth a mass," he abjured the protestant religion, and it is only in the corner of a letter to his mistress, Gabrielle d'Éstrées, that he set forth his motives. He was separated from his first wife Marguerite de Valois and laughingly observed, that when she and her mother shall have been strangled, he will chant the *Nunc Dimis*.

In his work on Macaulay, M. Taine remarked, that it is only twenty years after his death, that one will be in a position to write the life of the great historian. This term has nearly been realised by Mr. Trevelyan in the "Life and Letters" of his uncle Lord Macaulay. The latter's writings, his history especially, are familiar to the French ; they enter largely as text books in the English classics taught in the Lycées and collegiate institutions, and are given as prizes at annual examinations. Continental revolutions never inspired Macaulay with much confidence ; he stated to M. de Montalembert, in 1858, his doubts if France could have been better governed than she was then, yet others deficient in his exceptional talents, predicted, even twelve years ago, the collapse of the second Empire. "Defensive revolutions," like that of 1830, he considered alone to be useful. There can be no second question as to the utility of the revolution of 1789 ; but he condemned that of 1848, asserting, that a people capable of destroying a constitutional government instead of reforming it, and then living tranquilly under a despotism, did not merit liberty. The French view of these judgments is this : none were more surprised than the Republicans at the

1848 revolution, which the obstinacy of Louis Philippe and the headstrong vanity of Guizot provoked, by refusing to concede the right of 200,000 members of the learned professions to be added to the electoral roll, and arbitrarily suppressing the right of public meeting. The fall of the dynasty led to the establishment of universal suffrage—an institution that now cannot be touched, and exploded at the same time several socialistic theories dear to Radicalism. The Second Empire commenced by corrupting the army, and the *plébiscites* were voted on the principle somewhat of your money or your life. Macaulay, however, is a favorite study with French democrats of imperfect education, for in politics he was a moralist of a rare species, and he put in action his written moralities. His letters are models of inflexible logic and admirable clearness, hence, harmonize with the French mind. He considered literature as the servant of morality and truth; loved only simple and pure beauty which explains why Thucydides was his model, and how he acquired transparency of style and thought. He was a member of the Institute of France, and he was as proud of the honor, as were those by whom it was conferred.

Stendhal was an enthusiastic, but not a blind admirer of Napoleon I., and wrote his impressions respecting that extraordinary man, as he had seen him at Saint Cloud, Marengo, and Moscow. "Stendhal" was the *pseudonym* of Henri Beyle, the eminent critic, who died in 1842, and whose characteristics are fully developed in the posthumous volume, "Life of Napoleon" just published. The manuscript left by Stendhal contained matter for several volumes, but his writing was found to be undecipherable, so that his executor gives only what proved to be legible. It is a work calculated to pique curiosity; all Stendhal's talent is to be found in it—ingenious observations and anecdotes; a situation described by a word, or depicted by a trait. He always judges Napoleon from the middle of the circumstances in which he was placed; from his hero's surroundings, or *milieu*. At the side of Napoleon's cradle, was a mother remarkable for personal beauty and intelligence, occupied in rearing a numerous family, in very poor circumstances, in the centre of the hates and the agitations

surviving thirty years of discontent and civil war. Napoleon was a stranger to the sports of childhood ; his 'sombre character and imperturbable resolution, led to his school mates avoiding him ; this was the easier, as on his side he built a little hut of branches and there passed his play hours reading. Physically there was nothing impressive about Napoleon but his eyes ; these and their expression fully proclaimed the great man ; it was his look that conquered the army ; it was that which made the soldiers forget his dwarfish stature. He was on occasions very loquacious, and there were others when he remained in a dead silence for days. One day in Italy, he was promenading with a lady, and on arriving at the outposts, he ordered an attack having no object in view, merely to give his visitor an idea of real war, he admitted he ever reproached himself with the deaths thus caused. The Republican army in Italy was in a wretched condition ; it had only assignats, and these in cart loads, but of no value among the Italians. Falstaff's scare crows had but a shirt and a half in all the company, and the half shirt consisted of two napkins, tacked together and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves. One of the handsomest of the French officers, Captain Robert, was, on entering Milan, invited to dine with a beautiful Marchioness, he had no shoes, but only a piece of leather polished and tied round his feet, still he gave all his fortune, fr. 6, to the valets as a gratuity. Three officers of his company fought over a pair of boots taken from a slain Austrian. Two other officers on the surrender of Milan, had only a pair of pantaloons between them, which they wore in turn, a top coat lightly buttoned, doing duty as a compulsory fillibeg. Massena "the favored child of Victory," who really found a Marshal's *baton* in his knapsack, neither knew how to read or write, and was never known to be discouraged ; he had a horrible weakness for thieving, and his robbed comrades at Rome, had to expel him several times from the regiment, but his value and genius were such, that his victims were the first to recall him. His audacity was as proverbial as his popularity, and he loved only danger and pretty women. He had always a mistress, and if she ever displayed a weakness for one of his aides-de-

camp, he sent him at once to the front, where he was certain to be killed. During the siege of Toulon, where Napoleon won his spurs, the English cannonaded so well, as to kill off all the men working a certain gun. Napoleon took the ramrod and charged the cannon himself, but the deceased artillery man had been so afflicted with an irritating skin disease, that Napoleon caught it, and the drugs administered to him, for doctors then did not know the cause of the malady was an insect, laid the foundation of that stomach disease under which he succumbed. Strange coincidence; he found his first title to glory and the seeds of death at the same time. A curious reflection, full of ferocity and humanity, by Napoleon, apropos of the insurrection of Pavia was that a General ought to shoot three men to save the lives of four; and further he ought to shoot four of the enemy, to save the life of one of his own soldiers.

The Germans, especially M. Benedix, are taken to task by the French for their massive criticisms on Shakspeare, and so often trivial and unfounded in many of the objections—M. Benedix's to wit, how we are far from the days of Voltaire, the Shakspearephobist. Where the French make a criticism, the Germans produce an exegesis. In ranking Scribe above Moliere, the Germans exhibited little judgment and less taste. Benedix who is a pale successor of Kotzebue, finds fault because out of thirtysix of Shakspeare's plays, only eleven are played. Is the genius of Corneille to be contested because only three of his works are now a days represented, or is he less perfect, because in the *Cid* the role of the Infante is suppressed, or in *Cinna*, where that of Livie is not acted? Excisions in the case of Shakspeare are not blemishes on his Dramas. And as Balzac connected all his different novels, and gave them the common title of *Comedie humaine*, so Shakspeare might have united his national tragedies in a similar manner, and baptized them a "History of England" without violating any canon of taste.

M. Kind of Jena, has published a piquant opusculé on "*The Place of man in Nature*," and where the opinions of the ancient philosophers are sharply set forth, as to the end of animals and of man in the world, and of their respective intelligences. Animals can

distinguish between plants, whilst for them may be either baneful or useful ; the serpent for example, selects fennel, to render its sight more piercing, its body more supple and agile ; and the eagles when they discover the stone called ætite, bring it to the eyrie, to secure the health of their young. Those interested in the Darwinian controversy will find the volume entertaining.

Dr. Joret has produced a very brilliant and readable volume on "Herder, and the literary renaissance of Germany in the 18th century". He shows that Germany had been a nation in thought before being so in the world of fact, that her literary, preceded her political unity the first preparing the second. Lessing, Herder, Goethe and Schiller, believed they were only occupied with letters ; they were executing the work of patriots. They educated the national genius, inaugurated the national movement of unity, that Bismarck by his diplomacy, and Moltke by his victories, realised and consummated. Before Herder's days, petty German Princes imitated Versailles and Louis XIV. ; the figure was too short for the dress, and failing to become French, the Princes only became less German ; they even disdained to speak in their native language, and only destroyed French in using it. Herder and his contemporaries revolutionized this state of things : the year 1768 was for them in literature what the year 1789, was for France in politics. But the new lights did not the less lead a factitious, abstract, and sentimental life. Mlle. de Ziegler built her tomb in her garden, and surrounded it with roses : Mlle. Häfeland, married to Herder, fell on her knees in looking at the moonlight glinting among the trees, and then wore glow-worms in her hair, selecting them by couples, so as not to interrupt their loves. But sentimentalism, was the characteristic of the age ; the English representatives of it were Richardson, Young and Sterne ; Rousseau, in France ; and to it we owe Goethe's Werther. Herder was for German literature, what Rousseau was for French politics.

La Fiancée de Mlle. Saint-Maur, by Victor Cherbuliez, is a novel much read. It is original, and beneath the *romancier*, there is the *savant* the critic, the philosopher, and the publicist

SCIENCE.

The annual insect show now being held in this city, is very attractive. It comprises useful and destructive insects, the first accompanied with their products, the other with specimens of their ravages. These modest beings are not unimportant, and their part in this world is considerable. Lions and tigers are relatively few in number and limited to certain countries; domestic animals are very numerous, but they live only by the protection of man, and under the shelter of his roof. The insect, however, is everywhere, on the earth, in the water, in the air, and not content with occupying all space, it lives as a parasite on the bodies of animals. Insects are found in the burning solitudes of the equator, as well as in the glacial regions of the poles, and however feeble may be their means, however measured may be their action, they are omnipotent by their numbers. Their presence reveals often frightful ravages; a house falls in, though presenting exteriorly all the guarantees of solidity; it has been mined by termites, or white ants, the same as gnaw down stately trees. Legions of insects attack a forest; there is a confused murmur, a din produced by myriads of workers, provided with various tools, that saw, hack, bare, file, and plane the wood, roots, leaves, and fruit; the insect is a machine-tool, a living machine furnished with scissors, pincers, augers and gimblets. What could resist such an assault? Man feels himself conquered, and not without spite, by that miserable being which he crushes under his foot; he may toil and sow, but a swarm of locusts may reap his harvest; the vineyards of France are at this moment at the mercy of a microscopic insect—the phylloxera; few fruits appear on our table absolutely intact; they have been perforated by some tiny existence, which has deposited its egg, from which a worm is produced; a pear is a common example of this depredation, and not only fruits, but vegetables; in fact, all plants are a prey to insect devastation. Owing to our ignorance we generally view all insects alike, either with disgust or fear, though many are endued with intelligence, tenderness, and sagacity. Take for example the

ant, so calumniated by fabulists for rapacity and lack of generosity ; whereas it is an insect laborious, active, industrious, and intelligent. What affection and devotedness it displays towards its young ! One of its habits, perhaps, not generally known, and which recalls the pastoral life of man, is that of shepherd. Ants find in the puceron the equivalent for cows and goat. The puceron or aphid, are small insects, attached to a leaf, on which they have been born, and on whose juice they live, the insects fatten and the leaf perishes, now, the pucerons have, on the upper extremity of their bodies, two small tubes or udders, at the end of which flows globules of a liquid that the ants and their young lick as nectar. Frequently the ants transport the pucerons inside their hills, supply them with the necessary food, lodge them as it were in a stable ; by this means the ants will not have to go abroad during wind or rain to seek the larvae.

Advancing years apparently make Claude Bernard a more brilliant lecturer, a more sure and painstaking experimentalist. As the result of many painful vivisections, he has clearly established, that the sugar which flows in the blood, originates in the organism, and not in the alimentation. Venous blood contains a saccharine matter according to the region from which it is taken, whilst arterial blood contains quantities invariably equal over all the regions that it traverses. In proportion as the animal undergoes successive bleedings, so does the sugar augment, as if nature, in order to maintain the body at its normal temperature, produced combustible matter, according as the conditions of an increase of cold occurred. Dr Palli of Milan states, that sulphurous acid has the property of stopping fermentation in animal and vegetable substances, and that when administered in the form of hyposulphites, which the organism tolerates, they are invaluable in puerperal fever, diphtheria and other diseases springing from a morbid fermentation of the principles of the blood.

* The unparalleled heat that has characterized this summer, has produced naturally very many cases of sunstroke. These accidents are the result of cerebral congestion, of the blood flowing in excessive quantity to the head, producing dizziness &c., and ruptures

more or less durable. There is one condition, which under the direct action of the sun on the head, produces this congestion, as we shall presently see. If heat alone sufficed to produce congestion, this accident ought to be very frequent in glass works, forges, and blast furnaces; but it is only rarely the men are "struck," not because they do not drink, but in consequence of their drinking strong liquors, which represent small quantities. Were a soldier, or an ordinary person only to imbibe similarly a small quantity of liquid, he would be singularly armed against insolation. Magendie, Gohier &c., have shown, with what rapidity liquids are absorbed and penetrate the blood, augmenting its volume so considerably, that the tissues of the veins become so strained, that an occasion only is wanting to change that tension into a rupture at a given point. Now, the sun is the occasion, and if the point be the head, a "stroke" ensues, probably followed by death. In 1872 an inquiry was instituted respecting the great number of deaths in the French army from sunstroke, and it was found that they all proceeded from the men partaking excessively of refreshing drinks, lemonade, seltzer &c., and in quantities superior to the capacity of the blood vessels. Cold applications to the head and bleeding give relief, as also sulphate of quinine injected under the skin, or even this salt administered internally.

Elephantiasis is the morbid enlargement of an organ, and is commonly called "elephant leg," because its swellings and incrustations resemble those on the hide of an elephant; it is a species of leprosy, and some maintain that it is contagious. When it attacks the nose, that organ presents an enormous volume, and to get rid of this deformity, the patient has to decide between conserving it, having no nose at all, or wearing a silver one. Surgeon Ollier of Lyons has succeeded in suppressing the deformity without destroying the nose, and removing, at the same time, the congested appearance of the face; the knife and red hot iron are the instruments employed. He exhibited the cast of an affected nose on which he had operated, and the organ measured 6 inches long and 8 wide. Baron Larrey testified, that his father often successfully operated by means of red hot iron alone. The case was cited of a young man who had

an immoderately long, but healthy nose; vanity made him insist on having it shortened, but the tissue so contracted after the operation, that the organ became as flat as a Kalmuck's, and that the highest surgical skill could not re-lengthen. *

In Cochinchina the French soldiers suffer dreadfully from a peculiar form of diarrhoea, which ends by the patient's dying from inanition, as no food taken is digested by the system; up to the present a milk diet only is efficacious. Dr. Normand, of Tonlon dock-yard, examined many soldiers sent home sick, and discovered, the malady was produced by the presence of a parasitical worm, less than the one hundredth part of an inch in length.

Dr. Collin of the Veterinary College of Alfort has investigated the mechanism of asphyxia; the time necessary for suffocation to become mortal, is shorter than is popularly supposed, and varies with the size of the animal; small animals succumb most quickly, in accordance with the law, that the consumption of oxygen increases as the volume of the body diminishes. The period for fatal suffocation to be accomplished, is about a shade shorter under water, than on land. From 25 experiments on horses, mortal asphyxia ensued between $6\frac{1}{2}$ and $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and this table applies to cattle and sheep; about 4 minutes suffice for a dog, $3\frac{1}{2}$ for a cat, 3 for a rabbit, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ for rats and mice. Perhaps four minutes is the average estimated time for man. In morbid asphyxia there are three distinct stages; the first calm, the second convulsive, and the third comatose or sleepy; during this latter period, the heart still moves, but once stopped, apparent, becomes real death. If artificial respiration be not resorted to at the third stage, life cannot be restored, as the introduction of air into the lungs cannot produce circulation. The gravest feature in asphyxia consists, in the nervous system becoming inundated with nervous blood and thus poisoned, hence stoppage of the heart's movements, hence also the necessity of reducing sensibility by frictions and to be resorted to in time, as with artificial respiration.

M. Claude Bernard in the course of his brilliant researches on the vital unity between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, has had

occasion to examine the influence of ether and chloroform on plants, and found that vegetables as animals, were affected by these anæsthetics. It was a long time maintained, that etherisation acted only on the nervous system of an animal; it has been found to influence all the tissues without exception, by momentarily destroying their irritability, arresting their vital acts, stopping their sensitive movements, and retarding germination. Claude Bernard produced the seeds of cresses which sprout almost in the space of a night; in one bottle they germinated naturally; in the other, ether had suspended the functions of growth but which were resumed on the ether being removed. Under a like influence, the green matter of the leaves loses the property of giving off oxygen in the sunshine, but continues to absorb and emit carbonic acid. Etherisation produces the same action on the leaven of beer; it checks its development and prevents the alcoholic fermentation taking place. With pure oxygen, Paul Bert killed the leaven of beer; with ether, Claude Bernard puts it to sleep. The plant known under the name of bladder-senna, contains its fruit in a sac or hood, filled with gas, and that bursts with a noise when the children press it quickly between their hands. M. Saint-Pierre has examined the composition of this gas, and found it to be pure carbonic acid, developed after the bladders are cemented, and generated from the combustion incident to the elaboration of the fruit.

M. Tyndal writes to the Academy of Science, that he quite agrees with the views of M. Pasteur relative to fermentation, which is ever promoted by external agencies, does not originate in the substance itself, thus destroying of course the theory of spontaneous generation; he calls upon the enlightened world to banish that doctrine from science because it reposes on nothing.

M. Sacc sometime ago drew attention to the American plan of making bread, wherein hops were alone employed as the ferment, instead of leaven, and that induced an instantaneous using of the dough; he attributed the action to a peculiarly energetic alcoholic ferment in the core of the hop, that was very soluble in water, and had the unique power of resisting boiling water. M. Pasteur has controlled these assertions, and found, that of two doughs, one pre-

pared with ordinary luke-warm water, and the other with a solution of hops, the foam commenced to rise in two hours and the latter only in twelve; hops had no influence in making the bread rise, but its ferment could favor or retard that change, due to the development of microscopic organisms.

Paris has a population of nearly two millions, which consumes annually 150,000 tons of butcher's meat, but this ration is insufficient, by at least 100 tons per day, and a flesh diet is a necessity for the maintenance of strength of life. It will be sometime before foreign supplies can furnish this deficit in the capital's daily meat diet. So French farmers have nothing to dread from the importation of fresh meat, produced from the lean kine of the pampas of La Plata. Mr. Teller, whose experiments on the preservation of animal food by artificial cold, or so well known, has formed a company, which has fitted out a steamer of 600 tons, and that has sailed for Montevideo and Buenos Ayres to bring back a cargo of "fresh beef," to be sold in Paris, at half a franc per pound, about the fourth of what one pays now for prime joints. The vessel is appropriately named the *Frigorifique*; the portion of the hold devoted to storing the meat, is 120 feet long, divided into four open work galleries where the carcasses will lie on a bed of hoar frost. This part of the hold is doubly lined with cork and felt; the doors are similarly protected. The cold is generated by the evaporation of methylic ether, distributed through tubes containing chloride of calcium, by means of a donkey engine. The same ether being alternately condensed and expanded, and the same chloride heated and cooled, admit thus of indefinite employment. Such is the principle. Every care is taken to prevent the loss of cold. The reservoirs of ether present the appearance of trunks of trees on which snow has fallen, and can only be approached with the Davy safety lamp. Four butchers accompany the expedition, for slaughter houses are to be erected on the banks of the Uruguay and Parana, and a Siberian temperature is to be maintained therein.

M. d'Adust would not be sorry if the "*Frigorifique*" could at the same time discover where is the level of the sea; where find zero,

where mark altitude. There is a difference of nearly 88 feet between the level of the Red and Mediterranean seas, and the tide at St. Malo is nearly double what it is at Cherbourg. The sea must have various levels, and if they exist, they must be in the oceans.

The French Association for the advancement of Science has just opened its congress at Clermont Ferand; up to the present the members are occupied with official matters and excursions. Under the auspices of the Association, the Observatory, erected at a cost of fr. 200,000, has been inaugurated on the summit of Puy-de-Dôme; an isolated peak, rising 5,000 feet in the centre of a vast table-land. It is surmounted by a tower 20 feet high, built on the rich ruins of of a Roman temple to Mercury. The edifice looks like a captive balloon; most important meteorological and physical discoveries may be expected from this observatory, which is telegraphically connected with that of Paris.

THE COST OF CIVILIZATION.

What to the bulk of the population of these islands is their whole life but a constant struggle for existence? And when we say a struggle for existence, we do not merely mean a struggle to obtain a livelihood, the bare means of keeping body and soul together—though that, to be sure, is common enough and hard enough—but a struggle to maintain a position in the society where the accident of birth, the choice of a profession, or the mode in which they have been educated has placed them. In a country such as England, where wealth rapidly accumulates in a few hands, and the supply of luxuries of all kinds is perpetually being stimulated by the demands of those to whom money is no object, a fashion of expensive living is set, which makes itself felt with ruinous effect through every degree of the social scale. The great prizes in trade and the professions commonly fall to the lot of men who have sprung from the middle classes, and it is in aping them that their former friends and associates, less pecuniarily fortunate, are led into expenses incommensurate with their incomes, even when the latter,

as is often the case, are large enough to furnish them with all the comforts, if not with all the luxuries, of life. It is, we repeat, this striving to emulate the men who have risen from their own ranks that in a great measure causes so much of the unnecessary expenditure we daily witness in the families of the middle classes. The existence of a distinct monied and titled class has no such injurious effect. No person of moderate means feels ashamed of not being able to give such grand entertainments as the Rajah of this or the Nawab of that; but when plain Kally Prosono by some lucky stroke becomes a millionaire, his quondam friend Kally Podo, whose income may be quite sufficient for his own wants and those of his family but no more, feels that he cannot accept the hospitality of his rich acquaintance, or continue to associate with him, without, at any rate, making the attempt to return the same in some similar form. If such sentiments did not enter his breast, they would undoubtedly agitate the more impressionable bosom of his wife, and thus the style of living which the income of the successful speculator or man of business can well and naturally support, is aimed at by men who in attempting to keep it up either ruin themselves, or, spending their money as fast as they gain it, fail to make a suitable provision for their families. Thus the latter are too often thrown upon the world untried, with all the habits and tastes of the wealthy, but without the means of gratifying them. And it is not merely over the acquaintances of his own standing that the influence of the *nouveau riche* extends. For example, the Earl of Barescres at London is at length compelled to sell the family estate in Stoneysshire, which are bought by the great contractor Compo, who forth-with sets up as a County magnate, and, to get a footing among the County people, if not for himself at any rate for his son after him, commences a series of splendid entertainments to the local gentry. This sort of thing, ostentations and vulgar as his well-bred neighbours may think, nevertheless stimulates each of them to increased expenditure in some form or another; and thus gradually and imperceptibly, but still surely enough, the style of living is raised throughout the entire district.

We have only instanced one out of many ways in which what are called habits of luxury may be formed ; but we do not think it will be disputed that in every rank of society, except in the very lowest, expenses are incurred about matters of mere show which, within the memory of people still young, were never thought of, except in the higher classes. But the worst of it is that, as a consequence of this change in the taste of the age, many men, especially professional men, are compelled against their own wish to keep up an appearance of being more prosperous than they really are, in order to retain the custom of clients who judge of their ability by the extent of their business, and measure their business by the amount of their expenditure. Thus, the more highly civilized we become (and a high state of civilization, using the phrase in its popular sense, is only to be attained by a nation containing a sensible proportion of rich men with leisure and means to enjoy the refinements of life), the more difficult does it become for men of moderate incomes to reap the benefits attaching to residence in a highly civilized country without finding their expenses unavoidably increased to a degree they can ill bear.

But beyond this change from a comparatively luxurious mode of life some of the causes of which we have endeavoured to trace, many circumstances have of late years combined to render still more embarrassing the condition of the bulk of the middle classes. The increased cost^o of articles of consumption occasioned in part, no doubt, by the recurrence of strikes among labouring men—those strikes themselves not merely affecting the rents of houses and the price of furniture and fittings, but also interfering with the cost of business all over the country—the spread of education, and the additional facilities which now exist for bringing up promising children, even in the lowest grades, to follow what are termed the learned professions—all tend, some directly, others indirectly, to intensify that struggle for life to which we have adverted at the beginning of this article. The rise in house-rent and in the cost of necessaries are obvious to everyone ; and here it must be remembered that the alteration in the standard of comfort, or more correctly the

standard of luxury, amongst all classes, has caused many things to be looked upon as necessaries which were never so regarded some years since. And we have only to glance at the state of the learned and scientific professions to see how real is the effect of bringing up a large number of young men possessed of little or no private means, with the idea that the best mode of applying the education they have received to the practical and laudable purpose of rising in life is to turn doctor, or lawyer, or parson, or man of science. Never was a time, perhaps, when there was such a block in every profession as there is now. No matter how young a man may enter upon the particular profession he adopts, no matter how able he may be, it must still be years before he can ever hope to make a living by it. The consequence of all this is that men postpone marriage to a period far beyond what we may venture to term the natural age. To take to oneself a wife upon any less income than five hundred a year is reckoned simple folly, and extremely hazardous even on that sum. Yet how few men at thirty years of age are making five hundred a year by their profession? And after that time of life, bachelor habits once formed are not so easily got rid of, and men begin to think that, having done without a help-mate so long, they can well continue to pass the rest of their life as unshackled as they began it. Whether this is a healthy or moral state of things we leave our readers to judge.

G. K.

OUR MISCELLANY.

I.

THE HINDOO PATRIOT'S BOOK OF PHRASES OR EDITORING

MADE EASY.

In these days of print, when books are publishing in every branch of every science and every art known to man, it is a misfortune, it must be admitted, that no book has as yet appeared which has for its object the task of making easy the business of Editing newspapers. Considering also how many men are prepared to enter

into that trade in India, when all other professions fail, remembering too that any of us might at any instant be called upon to either start a newspaper or conduct one already started, it seems to be a pity that no aid, in the form of a ready made manual even, should be forthcoming. Perhaps after all, this is due to professional jealousy; for, it is but natural that those who have succeeded in journalism after patient training and much waiting,—succeeded even beyond their expectations, as the Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot* who is even now looked upon as a very Brahman of Hindoo Society irrespective of the caste to which he belongs—should endeavour to make a secret of their art. We, however, are above such jealousy, although we can assure the reader that we have had our share of success, so much so that the paper we first edited, within six months, commanded an extensive sale, if not in its own right, at least in right of the articles (of the bazar) it was used in packing. We deeply sympathise with those youngsters who are already in the profession, but more so with those who are as yet *not* in it, but may any moment be *called* to it. It is, therefore, that we have resolved to give to the world the *Hindoo Patriot's* book of phrases, as being the surest and the shortest way of teaching the *art* of Editing. Our contemporary cannot complain that we do him injustice, for the original book we have not pilfered, even if we could be supposed to be capable of it. Our knowledge of its contents is derived from a patient study of the files of the *Patriot* for several years. We do not pledge ourselves to publish the whole of those contents in this issue, far less to do so by parts in succeeding issues, but all we promise is that we will endeavour to place the whole book before the reader according to our convenience. We may, however, discontinue our task if the Editor of the *Patriot* appeals to us and can shew reasons.

1. **AMEN.**—When you extract a para from any of your contemporaries with the sentiments of which you happen to agree, never trust to make any independent observation to that effect, but say, *Amen*, with a note of admiration. This would at once be beautiful and concise, and give a religious tone to your remark.

2. **ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY.**—Whenever you have to notice any infant Institution and you are desirous of speaking a word of encouragement to its projectors, or if you have to defend any such institution from the charge that its capacity for doing good is as cipher, say, that “*Rome was not built in a day.*”

3. **DEATH IS BUSY AMONG THE GREAT.**—You must admit that this a very nice sentence; but then circumstances might not so transpire as to enable you to use it fitly. But what of it? Whenever you have to notice the death of a known person, always, along with it, make mention of some other persons who have died the same week, even if these latter be very insignificant ones of whom nobody knew anything in life. You must do *that*, rather than forego the pleasure of using such a capital sentence “*death is busy among the great.*”

4. **WHAT NEXT AND NEXT?** If you wish to shew your surprise at the conduct of any public officer or body, always do so by saying “*what next and next?*” after, of course, giving a concise account of that conduct, either in your own words if you can, or quoting the language of any of your contemporaries.

5. **DID IMPATIENCE GO FURTHER?** What a cut and dried sentence is that! It at once expresses a withering scorn and the superior wisdom of him who uses it. Never fail, therefore, of using it when you seek to abuse an official or his measure. It has an effect of its own, be sure.

6. **TO HONOR HIM IS TO HONOR OURSELVES.** Whenever you wish to applaud any countryman of yours for anything he does or has done, (or may not have done,) however insignificant the act may be, either in its immediate or prospective effects—as, for example, the Bengal Music school of *Babu* (not *Rajah*) Sourendra Mohun Tagore, (although, by the bye, even the *Englishman* and the *Friend* have of late lent themselves, possibly still unconsciously, to the game of smuggling that gentleman to the supposed peerage of the realm)—by all means, boldly say “*to honor him is to honor ourselves.*”

7. **MISFORTUNE NEVER COMES SINGLE.** You must always make use of this expression in noticing a misfortune. But then you must

have the knack of *manufacturing* a dozen other misfortunes for one real one that happens. Is it an Hon'ble Raja Bahadoor who has sustained a bereavement in the death of an uncle? Say, that the very same evening, he lost a favorite parrot through the negligence of his servant; and to crown all, his cook fell from the steps and broke a dish of meat that he was carrying for his master.

(*To be continued.*)

II.

WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in his folly. I have been a great deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until I see two sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is "lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it.

Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. No body is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle.

As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so all human good is mixed up with more or less evil; even Poor-law guardians have their little failings, and Parish beadies are not wholly of a heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet, as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some kind nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's faults will show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in

the knees may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him and the rider had better hold him up well. The table cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There is fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Every body can read that riddle, but it is not every body that will remember to keep his gun-powder out of the way of the candle.

E. J. B.

III.

FISH-HATCHING IN CHINA.

A curious mode of fish-hatching is said to be followed in China. Having collected the necessary spawn from the water's edge, the fisherman places a certain quantity in an empty hen's egg, which is sealed up with wax and put under the sitting hen. After some days they break the egg, and empty the fry into water well warmed by the sun, and there move them until they are sufficiently strong to be turned into a lake or river.

E. J. B.

IV.

THE VILLAGE MAID.

Come, come, dear gill, come, cease those tears,
And put thy trust in me,
Away with all thy foolish fears,
I'll still be true to thee.

I loved thee in thy childhood, dear,
When we together play'd,
Thou wert the fairest of the fair
To me, my village maid.

As years rolled on, my love for thee
Stronger and stronger grew;
And dost thou think such love can be
Dispersed like morning dew?

No, no, I still remember, dear,
When we together played,
And now with thee, my love, shall share,
My sweet, my village maid

Then take my heart, 't's all thine own ;
 Give me the only prize
 I crave—that's thee and thee alone
 Come, dry those tearful eyes.

And let me see again those smiles,
 The same as when I strayed
 O'er hill and dale for many miles,
 With thee, my village maid.

E. J. B.

V.

VICE-REGAL IRE.

Beware, ye Anglo Indian Editors, how ye offend the gods of Olympus. The Editor of a big Daily has had his name removed from the lists of gentlemen honored with invitations to Vice-regal dinners. Considering that you must eat moulder to live, and remembering too that nothing but the delicacies of the season alone are served up in Vice-regal entertainments, oh, it is a veritable punishment, too cruel in its contrivance, to thus summarily cut an offending journalist, even if it did not carry with it the idea of a social excommunication. They say that Lord Lytton is a poet, and poets, we know, deal with the mind. The mental torture that the new punishment could produce was, perhaps, the only circumstance that recommended it to Lord Lytton's poetic brain. There is, even now, we are sure, a great chuckle in official circles ; the only disappointment, however, is that, perhaps, after all, the offending journalist might have the means left to order for as rich dinners or even richer, with the additional consolation of enjoying them without official scowls on every side. We know that the Viceroy is the head of Indian society—a veritable *pramanick* in the official caste. Is it, therefore, a delicate hint to all officials that they also should do to the offending journalist as their acknowledged head has done ? Then, after all, why ridicule the poor native for his caste-rules and his eagerness for excommunicating his offending countrymen, since the Viceroy himself is not above the practice ?

To view the punishment from another stand-point. We cannot congratulate Lord Lytton on his discovery, for it cannot be universally efficacious. Native Editors do not much prize a *mlecha khana* such as Lord Lytton can invite them to, and it is, therefore, all the same thing whether they *are* invited or *not*. Even Vice-regal invitations to first class dinners when "tables groan under costly piles of food," or to first class balls when the most sylphid and airy forms of female loveliness "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," confer no distinction on a Native, and excommunication therefrom can neither mean disgrace. If our suggestions are wanted, we think, the right course would be to interdict these offenders the services of the barber and the *dhobie*, in right Native fashion. This is the true Aryan punishment; how superior is this, in very refinement of cruelty, to anything Lord Lytton could devise!

But, those who think differently, might say there is a serious side of the question as well. Our 19th century Sardanapalus,* (we of course do not accept the usual estimate of that monarch's character,) —the intellectual gourmand of the age—Billart Savarin, has said that eating is more an *intellectual* than a mere *animal* act. In one of his exquisite aphorisms,* he enunciates the grand truth that "animals *feed*, but man alone *eats*." In the strain of Savarin, what a host of delicious ideas does that one word "eats" convey! And then, oh, more delicious still the ideas connoted by the words "a Vice-regal dinner," where a brilliant genius in poetry and eloquence, with the experience, besides, of a whole continent, to which is now being added that of an Eastern Empire, is the moving sun, with a host of inferior satellites—brilliant stars all—in the Secretaries and Members of Council, all contributing to make the very air of the Hall up to the grand stair-case, intellectual, pure and simple! What cannot such an atmosphere achieve? The dullest, the vulgarest and the grossest being can be elevated to the regions of ineffable bliss, where purged of its mortal grossness, its whole existence shall be permeated with ethereal enjoyment—too subtle to be described

* See Savarin's *Hand-book of Dining*.

in words but not the less real in its intensity. Is it not, therefore, the very height of cruelty to debar a sociable, rational creature, whatever his offence, from participating in such raptures? Then again, the story assumes a more than tragic interest when we remember that the individual we now debar was at one time a participator in that bliss. Contrast sharpens our sensibilities, and pleasure after pain is always sweeter, but, oh, pain after pleasure is tenfold gall and wormwood. The sweet recollection of Vice-regal entertainments contrasted with his present unintellectual ones might bring on a permanent despondency upon the delinquent which shall effectually render him harmless in future. Oh, ho, L. L., thou hast studied human nature too keenly to be trusted with so much power.*

 VI.

LITTLE LOUISE.

Light and aerial little Louise,
 Such a little thing,
 Tripping like a little faune,
 Singing like a bird in spring.

II.

She was ever smiling, laughing,
 Such a little tiny thing,
 Like a little joyous sunbeam,
 Playing on a rippling stream,

III.

When her steps were heard by any,
 They would call her, little faune;
 And we loved to hear her sing
 Like a joyous thing of spring.

IV.

Lightly tripping over the lea,
 Singing oft her songs of gladness,
 Laughing, tripping, little Louise,
 Was there ever such a fairie!

PHILO INDICUS.

*Since the above was in print, the *Han-loo Patriot* has contradicted the story which forms its basis. Ed. N. M.

LINES TO L—N.

What stays thee from the curtained bed
 Where downy feathers soft below
 Woes gentle sleep—by fancy led ;
 Or with other colors they glow
 Dreaming, oh, many a dream of bliss ?

II.

What stays thee from the curtained bed
 Whose softened shade, diffusing bliss,
 Beneath which one may clasp and kiss,
 Until the morn,—by slanting sunbeams led,
 With flaunting glaze—dispels the charm ?

III.

What stays thee from the curtained bed
 Which waits but to receive, thee, love,
 A central form, diffusing bliss,
 A form which one may love alone,
 A lip which one may ever kiss ?

PHILO INDICUS.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

The word language has a wide signification, but for the purposes of the present subject it may be used, as it generally is, and with propriety, to denote the means which we employ in expressing our thoughts. Motions and gestures left out of consideration, words remain, the only medium of communication, and the entire collection of them arranged according to necessity is language. That necessity, for its obviousness, it behoves us not to explain. When we say a man speaks the Bengali language, we mean that he uses words that belong to a particular vocabulary. Each word has a meaning and construction, the meaning frequently varying with the construc-

tion ; besides, there is an arrangement necessary for correct expression, and true apprehension. So a sentence is a system in proper regulation, it has a material body, and a soul which gives it power act. That soul is the law of Rhetoric, and words are parts composing the physical frame.

No reference has been made to the representation of language by art. Writing has a history of its own, however obscure it may at present be, and subordinate as its part is, and the bearing it has upon the subject will be noticed in the proper place. Suffice it to say here that we have to deal with words of mouth, that is to say, with spoken language or speech.

The processes of reasoning are two-fold, the Deductive and Inductive. The one is arguing from the universal to the particular, and is of service in applying to individuals the connotations embodied in general propositions. The other is proceeding from observed coincidences and similarities in individuals, by generalization and classification, to the formation of principles. The one method is quite distinct from the other. Errors must arise when it is intended to supply the place of Induction with Deduction and Hypothesis. The theory of nature abhorring a *vacuum* is known to all as a bright instance of fallacious dogmatism. It is vain to proceed with an untrue proposition ; but after a theory has been correctly and clearly established, its application to facts becomes a matter of mere experiment or analysis, partaking of the nature more of art than of science. In the synthetic or building process, the inquiry should begin with an examination of the materials which are to be used in the construction. In the science of language, therefore, words, first of all, require the scrutiny of the inquirer.

If we consider the different modes of communication adopted by the different nations of the Earth, all the words that are in use from antipodes to antipodes, we shall find them arranged into a large number of vocabularies. The external distinction commonly observable between them is that they are, so to say, naturally understood among particular groups only, beyond which they form subjects of regular study. Intelligibility supposes the

existence of connection between an external fact and the internal soul, whereby the mental recognition of the fact becomes a matter of course ; that is to say, the fact is taken as a link in a chain of existing associations. This is what is understood by the term, *meaning*. The meaning is the essence of a word, pronunciation its physical existence. Thus the entire nature of a word is three-fold, first, in respect of its pronunciation, secondly, as having a meaning, thirdly, by being represented in writing. Writing, or any visible representation, is not essentially a part of a word ; the meaning also has reference to its application only ; the pronunciation or sound alone is all that the word is. The science of language, therefore, is conversant with the sound or utterance of words.

Words are compound in their pronunciation. *A* and *I* are the only exceptions. Two or more different sounds form a whole sound or word. The divisions are called syllables. Each syllable again is a composite sound, made up of two or more primary sounds. Monosyllabic words, though not formed of two or more syllables, are still composed of two or more primary sounds. The primary sounds are represented by letters. They have different shapes in different languages, and the nature of their combinations also is various. With the letters, and their combinations, opens the field of philological inquiry—a task too onerous and not very pleasant, in proportion to its present utility, but, at the same time, more deserving a scholar than any research in physical science.

Variety demands investigation. In the absence of investigation no science could have progressed, and knowledge, which is now so brilliant an ornament of humanity, could never have improved. Change, though uniform, and according to laws which it is the province of the human intellect to expound and formulate—change, sure proof of the inevitability of the divine will, excites curiosity, and curiosity, after the adage, may be said to be the mother of invention. As it is in the world of tangible matter, so it is in language. The commonest observer notices the fact, when words uttered in English are translated to the Mogul for his understanding of the subject, English, and the only language the Mogul understands, in

Turanian, are different languages. In one solitary corner of Calcutta twenty languages may be spoken, but the persons that make the motley group, have come from very distant parts of the world; and in those parts the speech commonly used by the natives is what is called their *mother* language. Every man has a mother language, which he most dearly values, as a birthday gift. It is no natural inheritance; for though the cuckoo born in the nest of the stupid crow, will always be a cuckoo, in act and in sound, man in his infancy transported to a foreign climate will not know his mother's speech. He will speak the language which circumstances will teach him; and so it is possible that a Bonnerjee born in England, without the opportunities of learning Bengali, will not be able to speak or understand the language of his own mother.

Indeed, business, and other considerations, compel men to leave their native land for distant places; indeed, there is now a general tendency towards cosmopolitanism; still as matters yet stand, the map of the world will sufficiently shew that languages are confined within certain political or physical boundaries. The language generally spoken in England is English, the same language is spoken in America also. But do we not hear of differences? There are peculiarities in use of the English language as spoken and written in America. In England itself, not to say that Scotch is very different from English, the speech in use in Middlesex is not the same as that in York. There are peculiarities in each, and consequently differences between both. Both are the English language, and are merely dialects of the same. The Bengali of Raur is a dialect, as is that of Eastern Bengal. The words *বাকুল* and *কামিন্* will scarcely be understood in Calcutta, although in West Burdwan they are used more than a hundred times a day by every man and woman. Perhaps it may be asserted with tolerable accuracy that the number of dialects of the Bengali language is identical with the number of its Districts. The languages too of Assam and the neighbouring places do not appear to be very different from Bengali.

Language lives in being spoken. Its life, therefore, is an object

to be realized in imagination only, without reference to a permanent physical entity. Perhaps for the sake of a more intelligible illustration we might compare it to the constant succession of the fitting shades of the clouds, which have not a moment's fixedness, and which appear and disappear at the will of the winds of heaven. Pronunciation or articulate sound, therefore, is the essence, and the human mouth is the passage through which emits, as through Gomookhi the crystal Ganges, the pure and heavenly stream of language, the taste of which, unlike that of the "oblivious pool," enriches the soul with knowledge and understanding, with powers and susceptibilities, wherewith God, the great source of goodness, was pleased to endow mankind. The voice is the immediate material cause of the pronunciation. Perhaps we had better identify the one with the other, for the former is but the even stream, which rendered boisterous by the efforts of the tongue, lips, or gutter, working like a hurricane, is all that the latter may be said to signify. The analysis of pronunciation, therefore, is into voice, intonation, accentuation, and quantity of sounds. The tone and accents of different persons and peoples vary, but that does not affect language so much as the variation of the quantities, and sounds themselves. It has doubtless been observed by all, that although men here pronounce ঘোড়া and হরি, the people of Eastern Bengal cannot help pronouncing the same words as গোঁড়া and অরি. *Honor* has not now just the same pronunciation as *honour*. The word हन in Prakrit is the same in meaning and substance as অন্নে of the Bengali females. This is what the expression *phonetic change* indicates, and it is effected by lapse of time.

Of the two processes we have just explained, that which relates to the different forms of the same speech, spoken in different parts of the same country or province—parts separated from one another, it may be, by rivers or marshes, or by *jungles* or corn fields—dialectic variety is open to the observation of the most unscientific man. This city itself, being the rendezvous of people from all parts of Bengal, who come in daily contact with one another, is a place where we may have opportunities for satisfying our curiosity, and perhaps paying ourselves for the trouble "

indulging in merriment over the spoken peculiarities of the innocent villager. This sort of enjoyment is frequent, and necessarily relative. Can the Baboo of Calcutta hope to be excused for his jargon by the rabble of Commillah? And let him not at the same time consider that he is blessed because his speech happens to be the basis of the literary language. The dialect of a particular place may for various reasons become the literary language; but before it was so received, it had not an advantage over that of a different Division or District. All were held in equal favour; and no one in particular was pre-eminently *the* Bengali language. The literary language itself cannot be called the proper language of the country until and unless it has been so far established that the inhabitants of all the remote parts of the country take it for their own. What would, indeed, be the fate of the dialect of Sootanati of a century back, if instead of the capital of India being erected here, a town in Chittagong were made the Metropolis, and Vidyasagara, Chatterjee, Dutt, and Goopta were born among the Lushai and Dhingara tribes! The literary language is the offspring of circumstances, and quite in the same way as certain persons are favoured by fortune, does one dialect become the medium of polite conversation and communication, and the store of the most valuable productions of man. It has a beginning, and if we compare its first stage with a subsequent one, which it may have come to after two decades and a half, we shall see that the vocabulary has been immensely increased, and that the original forms of expression, for their number and explicitness, fall short of the advanced necessity. The answer to the question, how has this addition taken place, will shew what influence the sister-dialects have upon their thriving relation. The improvement of language predicates the improvement of the community among whom that language is in use; the first start and the progress are necessitated by the wants of the members—wants which the manner of life, the religion, the social relations of the people create. It can be understood by all that as a dialect is on the way of its recognition as a literary language, the limited number of words of which it originally consisted cannot supply the increasing

demand, and the surrounding dialects first, and foreign languages afterwards, are indented upon for apt terms and idioms. Not different was, and is, the case with Bengali. English is not the dialect of Wessex only, but the composition of dialects spoken in every part of Great Britain, modified by the wholesome influences of the languages of different countries, as every student is perfectly aware. The literary language is the language that is written and spoken with slight variations by the educated. Its extent marks the spread of education. Among the unlettered, therefore, the local *patois* must be spoken. Dialects must live contemporaneously with the refined speech; and their extinction would pre-suppose the welcome fact of the universality of the cultivated speech. We all know how the Bengali language, as it is found in books, is understood by any student in the far off villages, and we all know too that those that have received education through that channel have abandoned their own peculiarities of speech, and accepted the forms and words considered as approved. Thus there is a gain on the one side, and loss on the other, and the co-absence of both is a step towards the popularization of the literary language. It has been affirmed, therefore, by certain learned authors—and among them by M. Ernest Revan of Paris, and Professor Muller—"that the natural tendency of language is from diversity to uniformity." We have on the contrary the opinion of Grimson, supported to a great extent by Professor Whitney of America, in these words—"dialects develop themselves progressively, and the more we look backward in the history of language, the smaller is their number, and the less definite their features. All multiplicity arises gradually from an original unity." Now, we have authority against authority; and when doctors disagree it would be for ordinary mortals to have their own way. Fortunately, however, in the present case, there seems to be a solution of the difficulty which will justify both opinions. We have attempted to shew that a language is but one of the many dialects spoken in a certain province; and also that when a language has been formed, the dialects related to it, transfer to it their own strength and importance, sometimes even entirely vanishing in it.

We have seen further that a multitude of dialects exist before any one of them is accepted for a more general medium. This leads to the consideration of the subject upon facts to be found crowded in the space between the first moment when men spoke an articulate and intellegible language, and the recent event of the formation of a modern language. If, indeed, it were possible for any number of men at any time to invent a certain method of speech for themselves, and if that were the law all over the world—in short, if languages could spring up spontaneously at the place where they are in use, it would be possible, according to the rule we have already enunciated in reference to the formation of language, that the number of dialects should increase as we proceed backward in time. But it will appear, as we go further on, that the fact is otherwise, and that it must be so. The decision of the point depends upon the accuracy of the supposition that in olden times there were only a few languages spoken on earth, from which the modern ones have descended. Therefore, confining our attention to the period when a modern language is being formed, we find that Professor Muller's theory is perfectly correct; and referring also to the preceeding ages, extending backward to the infancy of language itself, we have no hesitation to endorse Mr. Grimson's view. A primitive language is the origin when divergence of dialects begins, and a modern language is a lens which intercepts their course, and causes them to converge.

Having thus briefly examined the process of the formation and development of language, we have to return to a consideration of the results of the change that has always been going on, in the pronunciation of words by all men in all ages. We shall in this place have to observe the peculiarities of the component parts of language, and note the generalizations that have been formed with regard to them. Words in their application have grammatical forms that is to say, forms which are consistent with the rules of grammar. "Me will go" is incorrect, because the first person in the form of 'me' cannot, according to grammar, be used in such a sentence. Grammar then is the code of laws regulating the use of words in

all their forms, and as a system it could not be in existence before the forms themselves. How many languages are now being spoken by the uncultivated tribes of the hills, without their having any idea of the rules which govern them in their speech! They talk spontaneously, as they laugh and weep, and do not dream that there are any rules in the use of their words. Words in their different forms they may have, but to them, these forms have no significance, and will have none, until their language becomes their study, when they shall feel wants which no exertion other than an examination of the words will satisfy. Grammar will then start into life, from the dormant state in which it will have been lying in the structure of the words themselves. Without this help no language can be learnt or improved—although its influence in respect of different languages is not equal, being greatest where the forms are most abundant, and least where least. The grammatical forms in English are very few. “Another will say” argues Sir Philip Sidney, in his ‘Defence of Poesie,’ “that English wanteth grammar. Nay, truly it hath that ‘praise that it wants not grammar; for grammar it might have, but needs it not, being so easier in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods and tenses, which I think was a piece of the tower of Babylon’s curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother-tongue.” Grammar, properly speaking, consists of two parts, Orthography and Etymology; the former treating of letters, their sounds and combinations, and the latter of words, their primitive and derivative forms and their inflexions and modifications. The text book of English Grammar prepared by Hiley, which is in use in many schools in Bengal, teaches that English Grammar is divided into five parts; namely, Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, Punctuation, and Prosody. We have not included in grammar, the third, fourth and fifth parts of this classification. Prosody is not mentioned as a part of English Grammar by Mr. Bain, with whose name Indian students are now familiar. Indeed, there is no reason why Prosody should be considered as a part of English Grammar. It is but a system of arranging sentences metrically or rhythmically, and is

in itself a distinct art, more allied to Rhetoric than to Grammar. Nothing need be said about Punctuation. Syntax forms the third part, and herein Mr. Hiley places all rules that relate to Concord, Government, Connection and proper Arrangement of words in a sentence. Mr. Bain mentions Concord, Government, and Order, under this head, and further has, in a note appended to Section 1 of Concord: "in point of fact, these concords are already taught under Etymology". So according to an approved English Grammarian, a great part of Syntax is included in Etymology. Of the two remaining parts, Government contains a few special observations on the power that a word has to regulate the case of a noun or a pronoun, and is peculiar to the grammar of the English language. The order of words is decidedly the province of Rhetoric. Mr. Bain brings it within his Grammar with a view to teach the composition of sentences. In Universal Grammar, the rules of Syntax of any particular language have no place, and until and unless a universal language makes the contending nations one, a chapter on Syntax is an absurdity and impossibility.

The study of a language begins with the study of its grammar, and a thorough knowledge of grammar gives to the student such an idea of the language, as an anatomist gets of the human body by a critical examination of its parts. The use of language in literature need not form a branch of the Grammarian's study; and in fact Grammarians have not always been known to be able to speak and write in the languages, so ably as many people of far less talent, industry and erudition have shewn themselves to be. The Sanskrit Grammarians offer a most remarkable example for our justification. The Science of language, therefore, based as it must be upon facts observed in different languages, requires a knowledge, if not of the literature, at least of the grammars of those languages, with a view to finding out the similarities, and using them for purposes of its own. Here begins the study of Comparative Grammar.

When the grammars of different languages are formed the Philologist begins the operations of dissecting and proving all parts of the body of each language, so that he may be able to

explain the signification of the forms, and their derivation also. The main problem for him to solve is how have the forms come to be used in all languages. Bengali has very few forms, and English fewer still. But even among them, which in comparison with those of Greek or Sanskrit deserve no fraction for a proportion, there are peculiarities that lead to the discovery of important principles which apply to the whole framework of the languages, and show that every word has a growth, as it has a history. To illustrate our meaning let us take for a example the word *loved*. Max Muller says that the *d* of the preterite, which changes *I love* into *I loved* is originally the auxiliary verb *to do*, and *I loved* is the same as *I love did*, or *I did love*. Thus we see that the ending of regular verbs in their past and perfect tenses is an abbreviation of A. S. *did* or *didde*. The change of *love* to *loved* is known as a change of inflection, and the adjunct is called a termination. But what is the word *love* itself? It is at once known to be of Saxon origin, and may, for ordinary purposes, be considered an English root. The word *sacred* is derived from *sacer*. *Sacer* therefore is the root of that word. The analysis which Max Muller has given of the word *historically*, shews that it is composed of the following parts '*-h-i-stor-i-cal-ly*'; the letters being the remnant of the sanskrit root *vid* to know; the other parts also having their respective explanations, which it will be too long for us to enter upon. In the word *successful* again, the part coming from the root is *cess*, in addition to which, we have *suc* and *ful*, the one being called a prefix, and the other a suffix. Both of these again are traced to independent words. All the parts into which a word can be divided are referrible to roots, long lost, for their explanation, and all roots may be divided into three classes: (1) those consisting of one vowel, as *i*; (2) those having one vowel and one consonant, as *ad*, *da*, (3) those consisting of one vowel, and more consonants than one, as *tud*, *plu*, *ard*, *spas*, *spaud*. All roots are monosyllabic. We cannot therefore expect to find two vowels in one root. Now arguing in the inverse or constructive way, we see that modern words being composed of roots, roots must have, at certain stages, come together for the formation of words.

language in which we do not find roots in their integral and original form must have passed through stages of phonetic change, and the continuity of the transformation was arrested by the language being reduced to writing, and in a more effective way, by the diffusion of learning through the Press. Individual grammars attribute meanings to roots; and linguists and philologists are at one in supporting the doctrine; but opinion is divided as to the precise primitive significations of roots. We cannot for obvious reasons enter into that question in detail, and we are afraid that we shall tax the reader's patience very much, if we do not, at once state that the stages through which roots, whilst traditionally coming down in the form of a language, or different languages, may be noted as follows:—

First Stage.—Roots used as independent words.

Second „ —Two or more roots coming together, but one losing its independence.

Third „ —Two or more roots coming together, and being mixed up so as not to be palpably perceptible.

This arrangement into what Mr. Muller calls (1) Radical (2) Terminational (3) Inflectional stages, exhausts all the words spoken in the world. This is called by philologists the *morphological* classification of languages, Chinese is in the Radical, Tamil and Bhootea in the Terminational, and Sanskrit, Greek and Latin in the Inflectional stage.

Perhaps every one has read that Leibnitz made an attempt at reducing language into algebraic formularies. The idea has always been considered ridiculous; but Professor Schleicher of Jena thought fit to follow it up; and with a view to advance the principle of the morphological classification of languages, proposed a very similar scheme in his paper entitled “contribution to the morphology of language”, published in the Memoirs of the Academy of St. Petersburg, Vol I. Who can say what amount of knowledge is yet in store for man!

Thus we have briefly, and necessarily in a very superficial way, seen what the phenomena of language are, what the changes to

which it is subject, and what their results. We have come down to Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, and consequently to such others as are etymologically on the same level with them. It remains however to be seen what processes have followed the death of those languages, with the extinction of the life of the nations in whose mouths they lived. To be brief, we shall say a word about Sanskrit. Of all the bereavements which the Hindus have suffered in consequence of the supremacy of the crescent in India for so many centuries together, the most permanent and the most general one is the loss of their most valuable acquisition—their language. When its life was gone, the centripital force it had was lost; and the dialects which had been restrained till then, became all detached from the dead carcase; and the relationship too that had subsisted between them lost its strength. A similar event, therefore, to that which must have occurred during the transition periods, between the different stages of the growth of language took place then. Bengali, therefore, left to itself, with such additions as circumstances brought to it from the Western Provinces, began to prosper, as also did the other dialects that had closer affinity to Sanskrit. Bengali cannot be said to be the daughter of Sanskrit, but it owes its birth undoubtedly to certain mongrel forms of the 'divine speech,' that might have been in use about the time of its extinction. It bears to Sanskrit a relation similar to that which English bears to Low German.

REVIEWS.

The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Uttarpara Hitakari Sabha, 1876-77.

The Uttarparah Hitakari Sabha is a really very useful institution. Quietly and unostentatiously it does a deal of good. It was established on the 5th of April, 1873, and thus it has completed the fourteenth year of its existence. The objects of the Sabha, as stated in previous Reports, have been from the beginning "to educate the

poor, to distribute medicines to the indigent sick, to support poor widows and orphans, to encourage female education, and to ameliorate the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the inhabitants of Uttarparah and the places adjoining." His Excellency the Viceroy is its patron, and some of its members are very respectable people, high-born, educated, and large-hearted. The usefulness of such an institution can only be checked by its pecuniary resources. However, during the year under report, the Sabha succeeded to keep at school 39 boys at a cost of Rs. 207, to spend Rs. 25 in rendering medical assistance, and Rs. 208 in maintaining a few indigent widows. As regards female education the distinctive feature is, that the Sabha, after an examination, by individuals it appoints, awards a few substantial scholarships to the girls belonging to the different girls' schools of the district. It is a matter, besides, of no small happiness, that at a time when girls are trained to only read a few novels and indite epistles, or to knit stockings and work in carpets,—a training that can hardly be of any use to most girls after they leave school—the Hitakari Sabha of Uttarparah has included *cooking* in the curricula of its examinations. Little Dora might be a pretty girl and might shake her pretty ringlets in a manner the most irresistible, but poor Mr. Copperfield's oysters were always undone, and poor Mr. Copperfield could never manage to live on an income which quite sufficed for any of his neighbours, and Mr. Copperfield could never know at the end of the month how much he had spent below or over his income. We believe much of the opposition yet offered by the old and the orthodox to female education is due to the unpractical character of the education imparted in most schools of Bengal. Who would not like to have a wife capable of superintending, or when servants are absent, actually preparing, a few delicate yet cheap dishes of meat or condiments?

Then again, the girl-scholars of the Hitakari Sabha are no Miss. Kamini Banerjee, Miss. Bidhumukhi Gosh or Miss. Soudamini Mittra, but plain, simple, Bengali girls,—*Sreemuti Kamini Devi*, *Sreemuti Bidhumukhi Dasi*, and *Sreemuti Soudamini Dasi*. Miss. Kamini Banerjee or Miss. Bidhumukhi Gosh, might, for aught we

know to the contrary, be very pretty Bramicas, but for modesty and meekness such as befit the Hindu wife, why, give as a plain *Devi*, or *Dasi*, with *Sreemuti* affixed. It is not for mere cavil that we notice this peculiarity. But we believe the cause itself of female education is being injured on this account. All mothers have a mortal aversion to see that plain *Kamini Devi* or *Dasi*, after a year or two at a girls' school, should be transformed into *Miss. Kamini* with a most inappropriate patronymic fit only for a Christian girl desiring a *Mr. Gosh* for a husband. What English mother would like to see that her *Miss. Charlotte* or *Miss. Juliet* should be changed into *Sreemuti-Charlotte* or *Sreemuti Juliet*? And yet such is precisely the feeling with which native mothers contemplate the change in the names of their darlings. The practice is really abominable that these Brahmos are adopting with regard to native names. We put in a word of protest, knowing though that we shall never be able to check this mad Brahmic rage.

We congratulate the Hitakari Sabha on its success, and wish it a long life.

THE RAMAYANA, by Rajkrishna Raya, Albert Press, No. 37, Mechua Bazar Street. This is a translation, in rhyme and closely literal, of the text of Valmiki. The fact is notorious that while we have, in Bengalee, so many excellent translations in prose of the great epic of Valmiki, no effort has hitherto been made at a metrical translation of the same. The work of Kirtibasa, so popular in this part of the country, is unquestionably elegant and betrays no inconsiderable genius viewed as a poetic effusion. But, unfortunately, Kirtibash's Bengalee Ramayana and Valmiki's Ramayana are wholly different works, no similiarity, except in the main plot, being observable. Kirtibasha, who in his ignorance of Sanskrit, drew largely from tradition and his own excellent imagination, has undoubtedly served to amuse all classes of readers who do not understand Valmiki. But Babu Rajkrishna Raya has proposed to himself, nothing less than the task of dressing the real Valmiki in a

Bengalee garb. If he executes his task well, he confers no small boon on his country. Fortunately, the first instalment of his work shows that his rhymes are excellent. We admire his close rendering of the original, and we are bound to confess, that the lines are very musical. Babu Raj Krisna Raya has, therefore, been so far successful. Homer has been translated more closely by many later poets, but Pope's will, we are sure, remain ever popular, for its harmony and elegance. But Pope's version, we all know, is not very literal.

REPORT ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF TRAVANCORE FOR THE YEAR 1875-76, A. D. Travancore Government Press. This Report is as it should be. Mr. Sashia Shastri, the able Minister of Travancore, gives us every information we desire, touching the internal administration of the kingdom and its relations with foreign powers during the year under Report. That Travancore is a very well-governed Native Kingdom no body can have a doubt who peruses this small volume. There is economy but not niggardliness, a steadily rising revenue but no consequent oppression. If there were more Sashia Shastris in India, more Native States would be like Travancore.

SMRITI-PATA, (or the Tablet of Memory.) By Kanye Lala Mitra, *Valmiki Press, Calcutta*. This is a beautiful poem consisting of 102, stanzas each consisting of 4 lines. The metre is very harmonious and the rhymes are excellent. Within the compass even of such a short production, Baboo Kanye Lala has shewn that he is a writer of considerable powers. There is also a touch of the true poet here and there. He is a young author and we can confidently predict that should he strive he may have a name in Bengali poetry at no distant future.

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SCIENCE.

The phenomenon of fermentation is one of the oldest known, not only in science, but also in the ordinary life of primitive peoples, who must have been struck by its strange facts. The idea, however, conceived as to the origin of fermentation has much varied, and as a scientific question, it has been several times completely re-opened, following the progress of experiments, more or less curious. The investigations of M. Pasteur on the subject of fermentation are well known, and the general truths that he has stated with so remarkable lucidity, remain up to the present uncontradicted. The origin of the agents of fermentation involves the famous problem of spontaneous generation; M. Pasteur does not belong to those who attribute the origin of life to chance or nothing at all, life with him springs from life itself; he does not examine the mysteries of its origin, he only lays down that so far as our present knowledge goes, the germs of fermentation are the issue themselves of living beings, and that the air is the medium of their dissemination and existence. M. Pasteur maintains, that it is the atmosphere that supplies these germs; M. Fremy goes the length of stating, that they can be produced in the absence of air. No experiments have yet demonstrated the formation of ferments free from the contact of air, because nothing is more difficult than to suppress the influence of air. It is as arduous a problem as

the exhaustion of air in a pneumatic machine. Barley well washed in distilled water, was placed in a heated solution of sugar; the grains swelled, germinated, and emitted hydrogen and carbonic acid gases; the solution became white and sour, indicating lactic fermentation. M. Pasteur says the porosity of the sugar alone here concealed the ferment germs. In the leaven of beer, the living globules of ferment, following M. Fremy, are created in the leaven itself and developed by contact with the air; according to M. Pasteur, the leaven receives these germs from the atmosphere. Also; the latter has rigorously demonstrated the indescribability of the most fermentible substances when excluded from contact with air. What remains to be demonstrated is, that creation or spontaneous generation of minute particles, endowed with all that we include under the word—life, is possible. Leaven is a minute organism, of a vegetable nature, living on the compounds of starch and sugar, developing, multiplying, and reproducing, provided it has oxygen to respire, as when in contact with the air, it borrows oxygen as we do ourselves, only more ardently; it can moreover decompose the sugar with which it may be in contact, appropriating its oxygen, which exists united with the elements carbon and hydrogen—the change producing alcohol and carbonic acid. These germ atoms are very active, assume a multitude of forms, and take various names, such as Bacteria, Vibrions &c.; Messrs. Pasteur and Schutzenberger who know their habits, not only classify them, but make them work under their orders. The world of these germs is divided into two classes, direct ferments that act of themselves, and indirect, when they act by a soluble principle which they secrete. It is to the action of this latter class that the saliva and the pancreatic juice transform the starch of our food into cane sugar, and thus render fatty matters assimilable by the system. The same fermentation produces sugar in seeds during germination to enable them to appropriate the starch stored up for the infant. Sugar itself when eaten, has to undergo the indirect ferment before it can be assimilated, and Claude Bernard has found in both cane and beet sugar, the same ferment as in the leaven of beer, so that there is no difference in the chemical phenomena of nutrition, be-

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tween plants and animals. Some leaven absorbs oxygen more rapidly than others, and is so active as to be capable of extracting that gas from red or arterial blood, and so effectively, as to render it as black as venous blood. Schutzenberger has demonstrated this, as also, that leaven when not in contact with free oxygen, or saccharine matters capable of yielding oxygen, can decompose as much as the half of its own substance to secure a supply of this gas.

Pending that Dr. A. Smith recommends us to respire through our nose rather than our mouth, as a means of avoiding a sudden influx of cold air to our lungs. Drs. Levy and Desroix of the French National Observatory, reveal the strange substances and beings, that exist in the air and in rain water, tiny morsels of charcoal, hair, rags, particles of iron, starch, glass, gypsum, pollen, infusoria, along with a whole world of microscopic existences, living, running, dancing, metamorphosing into other multitudes of strange, fantastic forms. We breathe all these, nay more, we swallow them. And this microscopic population instead of being exceptional, is permanent and multiform. The pluviometers of the Observatory, registered the fall of rain during the month of February last, as equal to five millions of cubic yards for the surface of Paris alone, representing 88 tons of mineral substances, and double that weight of dead and living organic matters. Ammonia was found to be present in considerable quantities, as much as three hundredths, when the temperature was 77 degrees, of the quantity ordinarily contained in the air, and that the rain water was more alkaline, as the temperature was low.

The waters of the Seine having subsided, the river having re-entered its bed, it has been demonstrated that no such flood occurred since the year 1807. But in ancient times, when Paris was a small city and built on the island of that name, the Seine frequently rose to the wooded and vine-clad hill on which the Pantheon now stands, and the Champ-de-Mars and the aristocratic Faubourg Saint-Germain, were then extensive meadows in the midst of marshes. Pending the height of the flood, Bouscungault analysed the water and calculated, that the river discharged a volume of water equal

to 145 millions of cubic yards daily, and which carried off 47 tons of ammonia, 188 of nitric acid, and a quantity of divers other matters, estimated at 30,000 tons. The Seine when it enters Paris receives tributaries from a surface representing about one-twelfth of the area of France. But this volume of water is but a rivulet beside the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. It would require 2,000 Seines, flowing duly at inundation rate for thirty thousand years, according to M. Flamanon, to fill the bed of the ocean, admitting the depth of that bed to have a mean of three miles. When the Greeks offered to drink the sea, in order to prevent the rivers from pouring therein the fronts of their waves, it was a boast worthy of the epoch of King Midas, for were all the rivers of the Earth suppressed, the ocean would have still almost as much water as at present.

There is sufficient water in the ocean to surround the entire globe were it levelled, with a sheet of water 220 yards thick, and thus sufficient to drown man and his most gigantic works. This is just the catastrophe that would arrive if inundations endured sufficiently long, for the rain, the winds, and the torrents, would slowly reduce the mountains, wear away the hardest rocks, and by their sediment, raise the bed of the ocean. But neither the earth nor the sun will endure sufficiently long to bring about such an end of this world. The sun itself, on which life on our planet depends, would before then be extinct, and the earth would be swallowed up in black and frozen space. The river Durance, which rises in the Alps and empties itself into the Rhone, has been computed to carry away in sediment, a mass of earth equal to nearly 10,000 acres of arable soil, and 11,000 tons of nitrogen.

M. Boussingault has read an interesting paper on the vegetation of plants in an atmosphere deprived of carbonic acid. He experimented with some grains of maize, and showed how the absorption of carbonic acid was necessary for the development of the plant, and that the green coloring matter of the leaf was the exclusive agent of that absorption. The leaves of plants produced without light, are pale, and this paleness is the cause of their pining, and death. The maize grown in an atmosphere devoid of carbonic

acid, developed exactly as do plants in the obscurity of a cave ; in both instances nutrition does not take place, in one case owing to the absence of carbonic acid, and in the other, as a consequence of the green coloring matter not being present to absorb and decompose this gas. Claude Bernard agrees with these views, but Pasteur objects, asserting that mushrooms live without green coloring matter, to which Boussingault replies, that must and mushrooms belong to a zone between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and are not cases in point.

From time immemorial, certain animals, following their species, quit regularly or accidentally, the regions where they lived or were born, for countries more or less distant. In this respect birds are most celebrated, but other groups of animals, and even reptiles, fish, and insects, also undertake migrations. The cause of these changes often results from the necessity to escape the vigors of cold, and frequently owing to the difficulty of finding food. The monkeys of south America, when they have completely devastated one region, depart in troops, their young pressed against their breast, to find another locality rich in fruits, and which when exhausted, a further advance from branches to branches, ensues. The periodical voyages of the lemmings of Norway are well known ; these peculiar mice appear and disappear with an equal rapidity ; their migration occurs only once every ten or twenty years, they move in right lines towards the sea. The prospect of insufficient food is stated to be the cause of the migration, but excessive population, and the necessity to find an out-let for it, is the most probable explanation. The lemmings at a certain moment, and as if by signal, descend the mountains, march in columns, are stopped by no obstacles, save the sea which compels them to return. They set out at sunset, repose during the day, destroying the fields, they traverse ; thousands are eaten by bears weasels, &c. The meadow mice of Siberia, emigrate westwards in spring, cross rivers and climb mountains, are preyed upon by sables and foxes ; they return in October, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who appropriate the edible roots the animals store up for their winter use. These mice multiply so rapidly as to prove a veritable

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scurge. Gordon Cumming and Livingstone relate the movements of vast troops of antelopes from the arid to the more hospitable Zones of southern Africa, the American bison descends to the fertile plains during the dry season, returning northwards in spring, the wild pigs of South America—the boars leaving, followed by the females and then young, will swim across a branch of the Paraguay over a mile wide. This desire to periodically migrate is more common with birds, many depart in flocks, but not all, the elder travels singly, the nightingale and turtle dove in couples. The climate, region, and supply of food, affect the departure of birds for the season, and some, as in the case of the ortolan and quail, when too fat, have to remain behind. The quail likes to migrate by moonlight, the heron, wood-cock, and duck, pending obscurity. Cranes fly in the form of a triangle, the apex facing the wind, and the leading bird when fatigued, is replaced and retires to the rear, ducks and larks fly in oblique and inclined lines, plover in horizontal bands, pigeons, crows, and quails, in confused flocks. Five or six months is the period of absence for the generality of these birds, and the swallows are *supposed* after leaving Europe, to pass into Egypt, central Africa, the Cape, America, and back to their old haunts, to the same nests even those they have occupied since fifteen years. The return of the swallows is totally independent of meteorological changes.

The accounts of the air-curing system for consumption during the season just terminated, are very satisfactory, and the best proof of its efficiency is in the number of patients who try it. Instead of resorting to a warm climate during the winter, the afflicted repair to the health stations, situated at nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, in the mountain ranges of Switzerland. The temperature here is very high in the sunshine and very low in the shade, and the intense solar radiation is due to the *sparsity* of the air and the small quantity of watery vapor it contains. No patient can go out till the sun has warmed the valley, and then ladies and gentlemen promenade in summer costume, over snow six feet deep, and when the thermometer marks in the shade nearly 30 degrees below freezing point. But they must return when the sun begins to

decline, as in a few minutes the temperature could fall 30 degrees. By double doors, windows, and fires, uniform temperature is maintained in the apartments. The lightness of the air, exercising diminished pressure, permits more frequent respirations, and in consequence of the smaller quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere, irritation is of course less also. Cold frictions and douches are also employed, and the dietary consists largely of the best meat, the richest butter and milk, and the most generous wines, the invalids being weighed at fixed intervals to test their putting up flesh. This mountain san-cure, now ten years in operation, is only suited for the first two stages of phthisis.

M. Ruzé asserts that leprosy is neither contagious nor hereditary, and M. Lajoux sustains, that the cause of sleep is due to the production of lymph, hence, why infants and aged persons, largely producing lymph, have an imperative want to sleep, and how hibernating animals in becoming fat in autumn, merely lay up a store of lymphatic materials.

The electric railway signals of Messrs. Lartigue and Forest have been now two years in use on the Chem de l'Est du Nord, and appears to work perfectly. The plan in general terms is this, a steam whistle is set in motion by an electric current, the latter being generated, as a mechanical brush, beneath the engine, rubs a sleeper covered with a copper plate placed between the rails, and from its odd appearance called a "crocodile", the crocodile is in communication with a battery, and at a certain distance from the signal post, the crocodile is charged when the disc signal "stops"; the brush of the locomotive takes up the current on passing, which liberates the whistle, and so automatically warns the driver. It has worked well when the speed of the train was as much as 70 miles per hour—a common rate for the London mail.

THE CITY OF SAGOR.

Reader, I will give you an insight into one of the most ancient cities of Central India. The name of Sager may not be quite foreign to your ears; of late it has got an unenviable prominence in every newspaper talk in connection with the now notorious "Barracks" and the alleged meeting of the Native regiments located there.

From Jabalpur there extend two roads to Sagor, one direct by way of Daman—the other from Nursingpur—the fourth station from Jabalpur on the G. I. P. Railway line. The first is the older road and is very uncomfortable, and to some extent even dangerous. You have to make continual ascents and descents over steepy hills—offshoots of the Vindhachal—and in the night you run considerable risk of your head being smashed and your pocket emptied by a certain class of obliging 'gentlemen' who delight in giving such kind of warm receptions to the solitary traveller. But if you are a lover of antiquarian remains, your troubles may be compensated by the opportunity thus afforded to you of taking a view of the ruins of an ancient fortress lying a little way off the road. The new road from Nursingpur was commenced six years ago. Its estimated cost is 14 lacs. It is almost finished, and travelling by it is found so very convenient that even in its present unburnished state it has come to be much oftener resorted to than the old route. As soon as it is all complete, it is intended to establish a horse dak, and when that is done, Sagor will cease to be an out-of-the-way station. The district Sagor is contiguous to many important Native States, the chief among which are Gwalior and Bhopal—and as such, the city forms an important military station. Since the failure of the barracks, however, many regiments have been drafted away, and as a consequence, Sagor has lost much of its former military pomp and grandeur.

Local tradition carries back the past history of Sagor to a very remote time. Most probably it is the "Sagada" of Ptolemy. The aborigines seem to have held possession of the city up to the 11th

century of the Christian era. Afterwards it fell into the hands of the Rajpoot Rajahs of Bundelkund. From them it was snatched by the Chiefs of Panna another neighbouring Rajpoot State. They held possession for some time, but at last hard pressed by the surging waves of Mahomedan conquest, they called in the assistance of the Peshwa, who, true to his tradition, drove off the Mahomedans but took possession of the country. From that time since it continued in the hands of the Maharattas, when in 1818 it again changed hands and by a treaty concluded by the Peshwa, Bajee Rao, with the English, the city Sagor with a greater portion of the present Sagor District, Daman, Jabalpoor and Mundla were all made over to the conquering Firmans. The Peshwa used to govern Sagor by a Governor, and the office, following the tendency of all such offices in India, had become hereditary. The last Governor was Aba Sahib—who had died before the cession, leaving two childless widows. One of them has an adopted son, Biboo Bulwant Rao, who is now a state prisoner at Jabalpoor and gets a pension of Rs. 10,000 per annum from the Government. He is much respected there and is the President of the local Hukumar Sabha. He takes very great interest in the school established under the auspices of the Sabha. A like pension is also given to the Prime Minister of the two widows, who is now an old man of 70, living at Sagor, honored by the people and the local Authorities.

Approaching the city by the Nursingpore road, you see a large and beautiful sheet of water—rather too small for a lake and too large for a tank—called the Sagor Lake. It is of an oval shape, with a circumference of about 4 miles and nearly one mile across. Situated as it is in a hilly valley, encompassed all round by small hills, its position favors the idea of its being natural. Tradition, however, says, that it was excavated by the Banjaras, (a sort of nomads whose living consists in carrying grain from one part of the country to another,) who used to feel great want of water to cool themselves and their cattle, that the water at first did not rise, and that not till they had sacrificed at the bidding of their god a virgin in the basin of the tank that it assumed its present

form. The water they look upon as blood transformed, and up to the present time, no Brinjari, though dying with thirst, will quench it with water from this lake. Upon the top of a hill rising to some eminence, is the Fort of the old reigning Kings. It still looks quite inaccessible and proof against all ordinary attack. Its prestige stands high with the Natives. It was commenced by the Rajpoot Rajahs in 1660, but was completed by the Mahrattas. It commands the whole city and the adjoining country. There is only one place of entrance and exit—on the east side. Since it fell into the hands of the English, many additions have been made. During the troubled years of 1857-58, it did good service.

The city is built upon a series of hills and their valleys—only a few years back it was divided into two parts by an intervening hill, and to pass from one quarter to the other was felt to be very inconvenient, especially to loaded cattle and conveyances. The rocks were cut through and a road was made by a late Deputy Commissioner, Captain Ward, at a cost of some Rs. 16,000. The Native quarter is densely populated, and as elsewhere is distinct from the European quarter, which lies towards the Cantonment. The population is given by Mr. Grant, in his Gazetteer, to be 29,917 and the number of houses 7,328. "The city is well built and most of the streets are wide and handsome." There are several bathing ghats on the banks of the lake—and the temples surrounding them add much to the appearance of the place as viewed from the other side of the lake. The buildings are mostly of stones—with tiled roofs. Pucca roofs do not last here, in the terrible hot weather they become all cracked and thus are rendered worthless in the rains. They are built, however, in defiance of all rules of hygiene and sanitation. The parts facing the public roads are generally well to look at, but enter the inner apartments and if it be the hot weather, you feel as if you are entering the very hell. They don't seem to know what is cleanliness and ventilation. But whatever may be the inner aspect of the city, its external appearance is rather prepossessing. The whole city, as I have already said, is intersected by plenty of roads, many of which are lined with rows of trees. They

are all kept clean—as also the public drains by side of them. Up to the year 1862, there was in the south-east part of the city a large unhealthy swamp covered during rains with rank vegetation. In 1863, through the exertion of the then Commissioner, Mr. J. S. Campbell, it was thoroughly drained and a fruitful source of fever and epidemic was thus removed. A garden, beautiful and refreshing, with a piece of ornamental water surrounding an artificial island, now stands in its place. A fountain plays there and it is the resort during this hot weather of all who want a little respite from the dust and heat of the city. Besides this, there are also three other public gardens, but their sites are more towards the European quarter, whether from accident or design is more than can say. There are several public buildings to be seen here. The present Deputy Commissioner's Court was built originally as a Residence for the Agent to the Governor General. It is situated over a high hill 2,000 feet above the level of the sea and overlooking the city and the lake. The jail is a large castellated building capable of holding 500 prisoners. The city kotwali (police house) having a splendid exterior is situated in the heart of the *Butee* (old city) on the banks of the lake. Then there is the custom-house which was originally the mint and treasury.

A brisk trade in salt is carried on at Sagor—it comes from the Sambal Lake and the salt marshes in the Ruppoot State of Jhondpur. Sugar is also largely imported from Muzapuri and other places and despatched to the neighbouring Native states. On both of these articles a duty is taken by Government. Besides this, they trade largely also in clothes of English manufacture, which come partly from Muzapuri and partly from Bombay *via* Nursingpuri. It is needless to add that wheat, grain, and jowar also form important articles of trade. A town duty is levied on all cereals and from its proceeds the whole cost of the city and cantonment police and the conservancy of the station is met. At times also taxes of questionable utility are imposed.

M. D. K. J. E. K.

CRICKET IN MADRAS.

In making a speech on the monument which should be erected to perpetuate the memory of the late Sir Jamsetjee, Baronet, Sir Richard Temple in complementing the Parsees said, among other things, he was glad to find that they had taken to the manly game of cricket. But cricket seems to be growing popular in native estimation not only in Bombay but also in Madras. The first cricket club formed there was at Egmore. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day of its formation, some gentleman of high social standing is asked to be president for the year.

During the present year Dr. Cline was elected the President, and at a very large meeting of Native and European gentlemen who take an interest in Native progress and the improvement of Native social customs, was invited to the chair; Sir Chandos Reade, Bart, being also present. The Secretary read the annual report, which we republish, with the speech made by Dr. Cline and which was also reported for the Madras Papers. They cannot fail to be interesting to the friends of physical education in Bengal. We think that if in Calcutta, as well as in Bombay or Madras, cricket-ing were to be introduced amongst the Hindu youth, it would do much good, both physically and morally. Indeed, the last annual report of the Egmore Club that we publish deals with that subject very exhaustively.

"It is with great pleasure," the Secretary said, "that I come before you to submit the third annual report on the working of the Egmore Cricket Club. When the Club was first instituted even its staunchest supporters felt anxious for the life of their protege and feared that it would have a short-lived career as many other associations of its class. Novel as a Hindu cricket club may be and presenting a hopeful aspect of present Hindu Society, it is still more novel and encouraging that an exotic plant as this should have outlived the enervating effects of a tropical climate for three long years, and instead of showing signs of decay, even in this season of burnt up and arid plains and cloudless skies, is still flourishing and forms an agreeable source of pastime to the youth of this place. It is not in this place alone that an institution like this seems to thrive; it

has laid a firm hold on the Hindu mind as shown by the number of Native youths that congregate on the Monument Esplanade, and Island ground, not to mention the minor clubs started by Native Regiments elsewhere. It is, indeed, an agreeable sight to see the Hindu young folk taking to this exercise with zest and with spirit. They seem to have quitted their other amusements and have given themselves up to a full enjoyment of cricket, with what materials their funds may afford. They may be seen any day and especially in the evenings with their bats in hand playing in the merriest manner possible. Pleasing as the picture may be, it is to be hoped their example will be followed by others. It, however, shows that cricket is becoming an institution in India. You often see very little boys playing. We shall not be surprised to find that when they grow up to be young men they would be sure to exchange their tiny bats and balls for Lilly whites and Duke's and give themselves up to the enjoyment of the cricket field with as great a delight as any English schoolboy would do. So the Club, greatly as it benefits the youth of the present day, will also permanently benefit the future youth of this place.

"People living in a crowded City find, as a rule, a great advantage in having recourse to bodily exercise. These exercises can be made the most powerful means of counteracting many injurious efforts on the economy of the Human body. These exercises in addition to benefiting the human frame, have a very important influence on the mind and feelings. They serve as a diversion from many modes of spending time not devoted to business. They should not be made the subject of compulsory education for they would be deprived of their charm. Care should at the same time be taken lest these exercises make no undue encroachments on business. Various healthful exercises tend to increase the powers of the human frame but they may attract an undue amount of attention and thus do harm.

"The extent to which physical exercise prevails in Europe, and the interest exhibited in it by all classes of people; are really very astonishing to the Hindu mind. If there is to be a match of cricket, all the Newspapers take up the subject and before the appointed

time, the ground is crowded to inconvenience. All assemble at the appointed time to enjoy the game and its accessories. The gladiatorial exhibitions of ancient Rome, or the manly games of Greece, or the bullfights of Spain were not better attended than these. If there is to be a boat race, the news is echoed not through Great Britain alone but throughout the civilized world, telegrams are despatched to all parts of the world. The names of the crew are coined by every individual, the number of people gathered on the occasion can scarcely be imagined. The news of the result is sent with electric speed throughout the world and illustrations of the same appear in all available papers and the issue of the game forms the common topic of conversation. Old men look back to the time when they ardently joined in these manly games and appeared flushed with victory among the cheering crowd and youngmen look forward to the time when they will emulate the renown of the most favoured of the crew. Thus goes on this healthy pastime, simple in the extreme but thrilling the nation to its very core. Contrast this state of things with our dull monotonous apathetic career, without one noble impulse, one generous motive, one genuine enjoyment.

"As for the beneficial effects of physical exercise on the human frame, so much has already been said that one need not enter into it any more. But one way may be pointed out in which it has greatly improved the habits of youth. It is but natural that a student, after the prolonged strain put on his nerves by study, should seek some means of recreation to restore his jaded nerves. In the absence of manly sports he resorts to such amusement as playing at cards or dice or even more trivial pastimes which have a very demoralizing effect on him. When once a youngman is initiated into the mysteries of the card table, there is an enormous waste of time and a vitiating tendency on his temper and character. Picture to yourself a youngman sitting hour after hour over his cards, scanning them with an avidity only to be rivalled by that of a Jewish miser; or devising plans of pocketing the rupees of his comrades, and straining all his nerves for replenishing his purse, and only whetting

his avarice in case of success, or souring his disposition in case of reverse. But cricket puts an end to temptations of this sort.

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The address of Dr. Cline, we think, was hardly inferior to the occasion. In eloquent colors he painted the advantages of the cricket field, and pointed out its chief attractions. Viewed even as a literary effort, it will repay perusal. We therefore make no apology to reproduce it in our pages. Dr. Cline said—

“Gentlemen—We have to thank your Secretary for the account he has given us of your cricket club and of the advantages you are likely to derive from being a member of a cricket club, and particularly a member of the Egmore Cricket Club. He has shown that cricket is becoming an institution in Madras, and even out of Madras Native military cricket clubs are formed, where Native soldiers may in the tented field generously vie and try to defeat their European comrades in arms, and learn those lessons of endurance of fatigue which may be called into play on another tented field and on a far more serious and glorious occasion.

“He has pointed out that people living in a crowded city should find sources of health in physical exercise; and as a sound mind and a sound body should go together, he has endeavoured to trace the subtle connection which no doubt should exist between a healthful physical training and a healthy mind. Although it is very difficult to trace the intimate connection which must always exist between the mind and the body still there is no doubt that our two great Universities, like the Schools of the ancient Greeks and Latins, appreciate the necessity of a physical training, and it is doubtful whether that idea is not carried beyond its logical limits. In Greece, indeed, the Olympian and Delphic feats called into existence the highest physical training, and even with all that training Juvenal sighed because he could rarely find a vigorous body and a virtuous mind in the same person.

Rara est adeo concordæ formæ

At quæ pudicitæ

But cricket was not known in the days of Juvenal if it was we should have missed that admirable hit in satire which has ever since been scored to him.

"Being a very great admirer of the Royal Game of Whist, I cannot agree with him in his remarks as to cards, and I am not quite prepared to say anything against that game which we all know was invented by a French abbe to cure the melancholy of King Charles VI : which has since delighted hundreds, on whose hands time has hung heavily, which has cheered many after dinner hour, and which in the explanation of its rules has exercised the genius of Hoyle and Deschappelles, Crawley and Carleton. It is a game at which many of our great statesmen and warriors, fresh from the cares of state, have relaxed their minds, a game which Pope has so well described,

"Behold four knaves in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard,
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power —

"Four knaves in gubs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in the hand,
And parti coloured troops, shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain."

"Whether indoor amusements are better sources of recreation than outdoor, I am not prepared to say, but as long as recreation is necessary to prevent the stagnation of the mind as society changes, fresh forms of amusement will be devised both indoor and outdoor. So much has already been said of the advantages of cricketing to you in Madras and of cricketing in India that I shall crave leave to say something of it as one of the national games in England.

Of all out door amusements as angling, boating, shooting, racing, hawking, and archery, cricket may be said to be the most healthy. And in England it has now grown to be as national as tilting was in the days of Richard of the Lion Heart, or Henry VIII. And I might say that while they are both essentially national, at different periods, they were both equally and justly popular. And that is because they were both essentially manly. But while one is played out the other still holds its ground. I should wish to take you in imagination to two scenes, each of which at widely different periods would represent the national English taste and love for manly amusement. In the one case I would present you to the Old Palace Yard of Westminster, in the other to the well known ground at Lords. The Old Palace Yard as a tilting ground now no longer exists. "Lords" draws every year within its enclosures, crowds such as Palace Yard scarcely ever beheld.

"It is quite true that we don't now behold the picturesque array of knights in steel, and gloved horsemen apprest in steel and chain armour—the steeds covered with rich trappings, the trumpeters in crimson cassocks, with their silver clasons and silken pennons,—the brilliant and brightly throngs,—the noble array of Lords and Ladies, the richly liveried pages and grooms—the pomp and splendour of the tournaments of a past age. But as society changes so does its amusements. The age of iron has passed away, and so has the spirit of its amusements, emblazoned with heraldic pomp, and imbued with the true spirit of chivalry. But while the amusements of that age gave use to feats of prowess, and knightly daring; who shall say the endurance, the training, and the pluck called into play during the University matches at Lords or the University boat races on the Thames are unworthy of the present age? The light and dark blue has taken the place of the chain and gilded armour. But if in the present age, the national taste has grown simpler, there is as much hero-worship displayed to the successful team at Lords as there used to be shown to the *preux chevaliers* who entered the Lords at Old Palace Yard at Westminster, or who did their *devoirs* before the bright eyes which looked down upon them

from the raised and crimsoned balconies of Whitehall. To some it may be a matter of regret that now they can no longer witness those long and brilliant processions of the sixteenth century, with their knights, each accompanied by their gentlemen ushers, pages, yeomen, and grooms, each splendidly accoutred, and armed, some of them with polished cuirasses, and helmets, with their varied and rich armour, with their polished steel breast-plates, with their corslets damasked with gold, their emblazoned arms and then bright lances borne by their esquires. But amusements as well as fashions change and the crowds that assemble at Lords more than equal in numbers and in quality those which looked on at the jousts and tournaments from balcony or seat or stand in the broad area of Westminster Hall or Palace Yard.

"When I was in London three years ago, at the Harrow and Eton match, there were assembled on the ground at Lords twenty four thousand people to see twentytwo English boys play the game of cricket; sixteen thousand shillings were paid down at the gates by those who were anxious to know whether the light blues would be more successful than the dark—whether Eton or Harrow possessed the best eleven, or displayed the greater skill. At seven o'clock in the morning the empty carriages claiming admittance in right of membership in the Marylebone club, extended from the doors of Lords in the St John's wood road right up to the Swiss Cottage, and very far beyond. I am not saying too much when I state that there are few places where cricket can be better seen to advantage than at "Lords". And there are few who have been there who do not remember it with pleasure; rich in its associations; with its history, its traditions, its famous club, the "*sons et origo*," of our noble English game; the yellow and crimson flag flying from the pavilion roof; the crowds of anxious faces looking down from the grand stand; the smooth green turf; and the remembrance of the fact, that on that same green turf, the ancestors of the young cricketers whom we were watching from the pavilion had done the same thing, had entered the lists as champions for their college; had done battle for their respective sides, had conquered or been de-

feated, had amidst cheers made a large score or had carried away their bats with an ugly round figure.

“As there are few places richer in their annals of cricketing matches lost or won, so there are few places more attractive from their associations than Lords. If the emulation of the great English public Schools and Colleges is to be kept up, if public school boys are to make a successful athletic debut anywhere in England, then there is no field which would be better suited for this than Lords. If reputations are to be won, and a generous emulation between rival public schools is to be created, if the successful College champions are to be granted the great privilege, the memory of which will last them as long as their lives, of trying their strength, then the field must be Lords, where their fathers competed before them; Lords’ Cricket ground with its history of the Grumstones, the Marshmans, the Walkers, the Leighs, the Lyttletons, the Mitchells, the Dupins, the Normans, the Hadows, the Bucklands, the Graces, and countless other cricketing families. A few days ago in one of the *Malhas* papers, it was said by a correspondent who was at the last match between Oxford and Cambridge that the old excitement for cricket had worn away; and that the crowds who now resorted went there more for a summer picnic on the grounds than from any real enthusiasm in the game. But if I mistake not, this is incorrect. The enthusiasm for cricket has not died out in England and will not die out. Nor can any one who has watched the thousands who assemble there, come to any other conclusion. Look at the Pavilion as I saw it last with its scores of cricketers who during the entire day watched every ball delivered. Or a little further still where in the loveliest corner of the whole ground can be seen a summer garden of blue ribbon a delicious parterre of white pique,—white muslin and the dark and light blue ribbon—the badge of the two sides;—those young ladies who know something of cricket, have actually during the day been scoring the game with light lead pencils and hands incased in the most delicate of pink gloves; and those flags worked with fair fingers, with the motto “*Floreat Etona*”! Surely that shows that in England the ladies still evince an interest

in the game and they could if necessary write a cricketing essay on the relative merits of each player. Look round at the further end of the ground where the four in hands and the drags are, and there you will find it is not only mayonnaise, or lobster salad and Champagne which form the principal attraction of the day. Those coaching men have been cricketers in their day. Look again at that further group of guards men, and some members of the four in hand, and coaching clubs; they are deeply engaged in Luncheon at present, spread out among the roses and geraniums planted in the corner of the ground, no one showed greater enthusiasm when Eton tied Harrow with one run of the first innings, or when next day after an unparalleled run of ill luck, a few brave Etonians facing the enemy against fearful odds pulled the game through amidst prolonged cheers and plaudits. Look again at the grand stand, elegantly arranged by the indefatigable Mr. Hayes who had raised it with the quickness of magic just two days before the match took place. There is very little indifference or weariness here. Every hit is chronicled, every ball is criticized. Look at the double ring of carriages with their gay and fair occupants, the double deep ring of spectators; and then there was Mr. B. H. Fitzgerald who was so well known to the cricketers as the genial Secretary, but who on account of his illness has now bid farewell for ever to the greenward of "Lords"; and if you could have watched the excitement and the enthusiasm, you would agree with one that in England at least the game has not died out.

"In Calcutta, there is a splendid cricket club, known to every member as much for the geniality of its members, as for its Saturday tiffins, and in Bombay there is too good a club, with a new building just erected at a large cost. There are several other clubs. In fact, wherever Englishmen are, there is the cricketing tent to be seen. The Parsees, foremost to follow English manners and fashions and amusements have gone in largely for cricket. If then such is the case I am glad to find that in Madras there is a tendency to do something as a beginning although at present a small one. Wordsworth has somewhere said,

The boy is father to the man

And this is equally true of the amusements of life as well as of its more serious business.

"Let me then hope that a love for this manly sport will continue with you in after life. And if, as I think, the national spirit is represented by its national games, you should be proud to have introduced this popular English game in Madras."

The Chairman resumed his seat amidst the prolonged applause of the audience.*

* *Note.* In connection with this subject, the observations which fell from Mr. J. B. Phear, the late President of the Calcutta Bethune Society, when he rose to bring the discussion that had followed the lecture delivered by Mr. L. Wynne, c.s., on "Bodily Training" to a close, might have some interest. They were as follow :—"That the President, could not help remarking that in the earlier part of the evening at least the admirable lecture of Mr. Wynne had given rise to contest by reason rather of what was not in it than of what it actually did say. It appeared to him, that the earlier speakers had very seriously misapprehended the lecturer's meaning on most important points. But it was not his duty, and he did not intend at that late hour, to defend Mr. Wynne. He could not avoid, however, combatting, in some degree, the position which he understood, the third speaker to have taken up, name'y that physical training, could not be considered as an element of education capable, in any considerable degree, of affecting individuality of character. Now, he (the President) would venture to say, that if the speaker had the advantage or disadvantage, whichever it might be here considered, of an English gentleman's bodily training; if he had from his earliest days been accustomed to brave the perils of the cricket field, if he had season after season exercised the cunning of the hand and eye on the moor in strict obedience to the laws of sport, if he had year after year climbed Alpine passes and faced the dangers of the glacier, his individuality would have been very materially different from that which now exhibited itself, and the society would certainly never have heard from him the speech to which it had listened that evening. But, seriously, he thought that if the manly exercises to which the English were markedly devoted were closely looked into, it would be found that the practice of them did serve to develope in the individual, presence of mind, decision of purpose, and self-reliance united with faith in his comrades. And it was qualities like these in connexion with intellectual vigour, that carried the people who displayed them to

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF CALCUTTA.

It is a matter of much regret and no less of surprise that an efficient system of Municipal Government for the city of Calcutta could not be devised. It is undeniable that the systems of the past have failed; nor does that which exists at present hold out any reasonable prospect of success. The more difficult problems connected with the imperial administration of India have puzzled our rulers less and been solved in less time and with comparatively less difficulty, but the failure in this one respect and in a comparatively easier work is much to be wondered at and regretted. Ever since the foundation of the British dominion in the East the question of local self-government has engaged the attention of our rulers. But can any thing be more surprising than that whilst it has been found possible to rear up the Empire itself and to place it upon a substantial foundation, an efficient system of local self-government should take such a long time to develop itself. There must be something radically defective in the genius of legislation which causes the abortion of the system of municipal self-government hitherto tried, or that the question is never held to be of sufficient importance to deserve the earnest consideration of our rulers.

Periodical revision of laws and institutions is certainly necessary for the well-being of a community. Circumstances which call them forth into existence undergo changes with the progress of time. It is absolutely necessary therefore that they should be made to keep pace with every current improvement and to suit every altered circum-

the front rank of civilization, and made their influence felt from the one side of the globe to the other. This was, as he understood, part of the lesson which the lecturer had read them that night, and he (the President) thought there could be no doubt of its great value. It was true that in this matter, as in many others, it was not easy to distinguish between cause and effect. Was it the energy and enterprise in the national character which gave rise to the manifestation of physical activity or the reverse? Perhaps it was better to consider them simply as concurrent, but, even viewed in this light alone, the subject was one which it behoved the rising generation of Bengal to lay seriously to heart." *Ed. N. M.*

stance into which a community may find itself inevitably placed. Time must progress and with that progress circumstances must change. To attempt to arrest the one would be as vain as to prevent the other. It is the part of wisdom therefore to give way to that inevitable change and it is possible for wisdom alone to devise expedients to suit the altered conditions of things. But that progress of a community which necessitates a change in its laws and institutions every ten years must either be unprecedentedly rapid or the genius that devises its laws and institutions must belong to an indifferent order.

If the change of laws and institutions marks the progress of any community, that of the community of Calcutta must have been very marvellous indeed, and if that progress goes on at the same strides with which it may be supposed to have set in, the city bids fair in a few days more to outstrip the first of the existing cities in the excellence of its municipal government. But in reality where is Calcutta now? Has its municipal government arrived at that stage of perfection which the numerous changes its laws and institutions have undergone would seem to imply? Facts answer in the negative and the inference is therefore inevitable that its municipal laws and institutions have never been framed with a due regard to the existing circumstances and the circumstances which genuine wisdom would never fail to foresee. In the course of fifty years, Calcutta has had upwards of a score of legislative enactments laying down laws for its municipal government. On an average; the law had to be revised every two years. Sometimes entire change had to be made in the laws themselves; sometimes, some one or the other of the laws had only been tinkered; and sometimes the revision took the shape of an addition to the same; and yet that law is far from being perfect.

The earliest law for what may be called the municipal government for the Presidency Towns of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras was that laid down in Section 158, Cap. 52, Statute 33 George III. Under Section 151 of the said Statute Commissions of peace were issued to other inhabitants of the aforesaid Presidency Towns that

to some of the highest functionaries alone as before ; and it being essentially necessary for the health as well as for the security, comfort, and convenience of the inhabitants of the Towns that the streets therein should be regularly and effectually cleared, watched, and repaired, it was enacted that the Justices of the Presidency Towns respectively, assembled at their general or quarter sessions may appoint scavengers for clearing the streets of the said Towns, and persons for watching and repairing the same : and for the purposes of defraying the expenses thereof, they were empowered to levy taxes from the owners, occupiers of houses, buildings or lands at a rate not exceeding five per cent of the annual value of the same, power being reserved to the Governor-General to order it to be raised to seven and half per cent if needful. The Justices were further empowered to grant licenses for the sale of spirits within the Towns, the limits of which were to be prescribed by the Governor-General in Council. The funds thus raised were directly administered by the Justices, the cleaning and repairs of streets being executed directly under their orders and the assessment and collection of the tax being made by officers appointed by them. These funds formed the nucleus of the municipal fund and we have in the above sketch of a municipal government for the Towns. This arrangement continued in force for a long time and appeared for the while to answer all purposes. As regards Calcutta the funds were afterwards supplemented by the profits of the Calcutta Lottery. The law as it then stood provided only for the cleaning and repair of roads and the tax raised under that law could not be applied to any other purpose. The projects of laying out new roads and streets and for the supply of water and for effecting other improvements which in the course of time became necessary for the health, convenience, and comfort of the inhabitants had for a considerable length of time to be abandoned for want of funds and were not revived until a considerable sum of money accumulated in the hands of the Government out of the profits of Lotteries. In fact, the Lottery system was devised as an expedient for raising funds for the municipal wants of the city for which the law at it then stood had made no provision.

On the 5th November 1793 the inhabitants of Calcutta at a public meeting, voted a statue to Lord Cornwallis, and in 1804, they voted another to Lord Wellesley. The duty of procuring these statues was entrusted to two committees. In 1805 the people of the town began to think that as in marble statues would spoil by exposure in such a climate it was desirable to provide some suitable building in which to place them. They proposed accordingly to erect a Town Hall by means of public lotteries and Government approving of the scheme appointed certain committees, which were all amalgamated into what was called the Town Hall committee. These lotteries were very successful, and in 1809 the Town Hall was so nearly completed that the provision of further funds became unnecessary. It was then proposed to continue the public lotteries, the profits arising therefrom being levied to the purposes of improving the Town of Calcutta, and on the 20th June 1809, a notification was issued by Government to that effect. The whole of the above means were to be applied to the improvement of the town and its vicinity, after defraying the necessary expenses of the lotteries and meeting any deficiency which might exist in the funds required for the Town Hall. The commissioners then appointed managed all the lottery drawings and schemes and supervised the expenditure of the profits of the lotteries in municipal improvements. It was however subsequently discovered that lotteries were immoral and in 1841, they were abolished. It would thus appear that the fund raised from the tax levied by the Justices had come to be supplemented by that raised from the profits of the lotteries, and the two combined together to undertake the necessary improvements that could then be thought of. But improvements were carried out without any definite plan and consequently they failed to produce the desired effects. It was not until the administration of Lord Auckland that the question of the local improvement of the town attracted the attention of the public and steps were taken to arrive at a practical solution of it. In 1809 a committee was appointed by Lord Wellesley to take into consideration the question of the municipal administration of the town and to devise suitable plans to give effect to those improvements ;

but the labours of the committee proved abortive as also the scheme suggested in 1833 by Mr. D. Macfarlan, then the Chief Magistrate of the town. Although much good did not result from the movement set on foot by Lord Wellesley, yet it must be said that from that time the question of the local improvement of Calcutta began to be considered as one of very great importance and as such, both the Government and the public most earnestly set about its practical solution.

The question was brought forward in 1835 by Dr. James Ranauld Martin, Surgeon to the Native Hospital, along with that of the establishment of a fever hospital. Calcutta had become a prey to fever. The disease had prevailed to a frightful extent and the mortality was equally frightful. The sanitary condition of the city, bad as it had been, had become worse on account of the inundation of 1833. Efficient medical aid was not available. The Native Hospital afforded no material relief as by its constitution its operations were confined to surgical cases. The Native Kobirajes with *bish bodces* made a field day of it and death stalked rampant among the inhabitants. In this state of things, Dr. Martin conceived the project of the Fever Hospital, but a fever hospital unaided by a material change in the sanitary condition of the city was considered to be inadequate for the prevention of the evils sought to be remedied. With the project for the establishment of the Fever Hospital therefore, Dr. Martin in a valuable paper drew the attention of the public to the sanitary condition of Calcutta. The Governors of the Native Hospital to whom the papers were submitted by Dr. Martin readily undertook to move in the matter of the establishment of a fever hospital alone; but as regards the project for the municipal improvement of the city, the Governors, whilst fully admitting the importance of the question, deemed it to be out of their province to do more than submit it for the consideration of the Government. The papers were accordingly laid before Lord Auckland who entertained both the projects favorably. With regard to that for municipal improvement, he observed in a letter addressed to Dr. Martin that "the plans do not stop with

the establishment of an hospital, but extend to the formation of local improvements and to an endeavour to remove or mitigate the natural causes of contagion of diseases. Your letter does not point out that for such objects, not of benevolence only, but of general advantage and almost of paramount necessity, the liberal should alone be called upon to contribute. Nor would I willingly see applied to purposes so special and so local, any large portion of the general revenues of India. It would be almost satisfactory to me if I could see founded on the propositions which have now been brought forward under discussion some plan of judicious and adequate local taxation and independent local management in the direction as in the burdens, of which all who might be entrusted should take their share." A committee was appointed at the instance of Lord Auckland and besides the question of the establishment of a fever hospital, three others intimately connected with one another were insisted upon their consideration. The first of these questions was the formation of local improvements for the removal and mitigation of the causes of contagious diseases, the second the plan of judicious and adequate local taxation and the third that of an independent management in the direction, as in the burdens of which all who might be most interested should take their share. The committee worked and collected a vast mass of useful informations on all the three points committed to their consideration and in regard to the first of the points came to the following conclusion. —

- 1st.—That there was no natural impediment nor any difficulty which by a due application of science and capital cannot readily be overcome to the thoroughly draining, cleaning, and ventilating and supplying with wholesome water the whole city and suburbs of Calcutta
- 2nd.—That the parts of the city inhabited by the natives forming a great population to whose numbers the British inhabitants bear a very small proportion, and the whole of the suburbs, are in all these respects in a condition of such total neglect as to render them necessarily the

- seats of diseases, destructive of individual happiness and of life and inconsistent with moral improvement and political prosperity and that the still imperfect though improved condition in these respects of those parts of the city inhabited by the British and the noxious exhalations produced all round them by the state of the native town and the suburbs and the marshes called the salt water lake produce in these parts effects inconsistent with salubrity.

3rd—That the removal of the causes which now generate the pestilential seeds of disease to so frightful a degree, would be effected by thoroughly draining, cleaning, and ventilating the city and suburbs and draining the salt water lake and that an ample supply of water for watering the roads and for all purposes of cleanliness and of good and wholesome water for boiling and preparing food would be afforded to every part of the city by the formation of a sufficient head of water within it and the excavation of a sufficient number of tanks—and thus the city would be rendered a healthy residence for the natives of the climate and not otherwise injurious to European constitution than through the operation during the greater part of the year of tropical heat in a climate no doubt materially damp, but unassisted by unwholesome exhalations from the soil or miasmata.”

The detailed schemes recommended by the Committee were estimated to cost thirty lacs of rupees. But the existing municipal resources of the city not being sufficient to meet this expenditure and it being opposed to the policy of Government to devote any portion of the imperial revenues to the purposes of local improvement, the Committee recommended that the requisite sum may be raised by means of loan on Government guarantee at the rate of five per cent. A sinking fund was also recommended to be established for liquidation of this loan within a reasonable period, the additional charges on account of interest and contribution to the sinking fund

being met by raising the house tax from five to seven per cent, the maximum authorised by the Parliamentary Act and by imposing a tax upon carriages and horses. With regard to the third point referred to the Committee for consideration—namely the establishment of an independent local management the Committee invited suggestions from different public bodies and came to the opinion that if the inhabitants of Calcutta were all or even the majority of them Europeans, a plan based on election by inhabitant householders would be found well adapted for municipal government. But as the European inhabitants formed but an insignificant portion of the whole population of Calcutta and that by far the greater part by them were only temporary residents, any plan of local management based on election by resident householders would be premature. The Committee therefore recommended that the management of the municipal funds should continue to be entrusted to the executive officers and that a board of commissioners of public health and conservancy should be annually elected by resident householders occupying houses to the value of at least fifty rupees a month with powers to examine and audit all accounts relating to the conservancy department and to report the same to Government and also to suggest the opening of new through-funes and other improvements, the Government being empowered by law to carry their suggestions into effect if it approved of them. The report of the Committee embodying the above suggestions was submitted to Government in January 1840. The suggestions were partially adopted and an act was passed (act 24 of 1840) specifying that the rates levied by the Justices under Statute 33 Geo. 3rd, Cap. 52 shall be applicable only to the purposes of lighting and watering roads and streets and cleaning and repairing the same and the drains of the said town. It was also enacted with a view to the encouragement of the control and supervision of the assessment and collection of the rates and management thereof within particular divisions being undertaken by the rate-payers themselves, that the Justices at their quarter sessions shall publish quarterly the particulars of all sums laid out and of all the expenses of collection &c.

during the preceding quarter. The town was told off into four divisions and it was arranged that whenever two-thirds in number and value of the rate-payers of any such division shall apply to the Governor of Fort William in Bengal to undertake themselves the assessment, collection, and management of the rates of such division or any or other of these trusts, it shall be lawful for the Governor to authorise the same according to his discretion, provided always that such majority of rate-payers shall present a scheme, which shall obtain his full approbation, for the safe and efficient execution of the trusts and provided also that in any such arrangement the amount to be levied in any particular division shall not be considered as necessarily limited by the amount expended in any such division, but shall be adjusted by the Governor of Bengal upon reference to all the local circumstances. Here then we have the first recognition on the part of the Government of the rights of the inhabitants to exercise control over the municipal affairs of the city for which special taxes are levied and which in every civilised Government form a distinct branch of administration entrusted to the management of the people themselves. The recognition of the rights of the inhabitants to self-government implied in this concession was but partial. Considering however the low state of education at the time and the want of public spirit among the inhabitants, the Committee upon whose suggestions the above scheme was introduced did not justly consider it expedient to recommend any system of municipality based upon election by the inhabitants. The city was not prepared for such a system and what was recommended by the Committee and adopted by Government was meant as an initial training of the inhabitants for the duties of self-government. The system, however, was tried for seven years after which it was abandoned. It was not given up because it was held to be a failure but on the supposition that the time having out-grown the system it no longer satisfied the wants and aspirations of the inhabitants. This supposition was at best but an erroneous supposition as the subsequent events abundantly proved.

With the year 1817 the Act 24 of 1810 ceased to have any

operation. In the latter part of that year, the constitution of the Calcutta municipality was revised, and the inhabitants having been held to have qualified themselves for the elective system, it was adopted with certain reservations. Under the authority of Act 16 of 1847 which came into operation on the 1st January 1848, the powers exercised and the duties performed by the Justices of Peace under the authority of the Statute of the reign of George 3rd, ceased and those powers and duties were entrusted to a Board of seven Commissioners called the Commissioners for the improvement of the Town of Calcutta. Of these seven Commissioners—four were elected one by each division and three appointed by Government. It was enacted that these Commissioners should receive salaries fixed by Government and payable out of the municipal fund. The Commissioners were elected without any reference to property qualification and the manner of election was fixed annually by a general meeting consisting of not less than one hundred of the owners and occupiers of assessed houses, buildings and grounds within the Town. It would thus appear that the elections under Act 16 of 1847 were more free than they subsequently were. The scheme remained in operation for four years after which it was condemned as inconvenient and ineffectual for the purposes for which it was started. In 1852 the act was repealed and the whole thing was remodelled. The new law (Act 10 of 1852) provided that the town shall be divided into two divisions and four Commissioners shall be appointed in the place of the Board of Seven. Two to be elected by the rate-payers and two appointed by Government and all four to receive a monthly salary of Rs. 250 each, payable out of the municipal funds. The election to take place annually and none was entitled either to vote or to stand as a candidate for election unless he paid taxes amounting to not less Rs. 10 a quarter or rent amounting to not less than Rs. 70 a month. All elections under this act were managed by the sheriff and every candidate was required to give ten day's notice previous to the day of election, naming the division for which he wished to stand as a candidate and to produce and leave with the

sheriff a certificate from the Secretary to the Commissioners to the effect that he is qualified to be a candidate, which certificate the secretary was bound to give without fee or charge on personal application of persons duly qualified. The Commissioners caused to be prepared in each year correct alphabetical lists of the occupiers qualified to vote in each of the said divisions who shall on or before the first day of November in each year apply to the Commissioners to have their names registered in such list and the said lists were open to inspection at the office of the Commissioners on or before the first day of December during all reasonable hours of the day, until the day of election when the said lists or copies of them were taken to the place of election for the use of the sheriff or his deputy. The Secretary to the Commissioners satisfying himself in respect to the claims of the voters issued voting tickets to them. These tickets were numbered and signed by the Secretary who kept a register of all the tickets issued, specifying the number of each, the name of the voter and the premises in respect of which such voting tickets were issued. On the day of the election this register was also taken to the place of election. These tickets were conclusive evidence of the rights of the holders thereof to vote for the election of Commissioners. The system as it stood on paper looked better than that which it superseded, but in spite of all the safeguards corruptions prevailed, the work was ill done and loud were the complaints against it. The scrabbles among the candidates for office were frightful and most unscrupulous means were resorted to for the overthrow of competitors. Three elections had taken place and just before the time came in for the fourth, it was stopped. An act (Act 28 of 1854) was hurriedly passed by the Legislative Council preventing further elections under act 10 of 1852 and pending the introduction of a better system, continuing the existing Commissioner in office. The preamble of this suspending act was as follows:—"Whereas act 10 of 1852 for constituting commissioners for the improvement of the town of Calcutta has been found ineffectual and inconvenient for the purposes thereof and it is expedient that the constitution of the said commissioner be amended and that

in the meantime no new election of Commissioners be made in pursuance of the said act it is enacted" &c. The Government took full one year to devise a scheme of Municipal Government of Calcutta that would suit the circumstances of the Town. It was evident that the elective system would not do. It had been tried under two distinct acts—Act 16 of 1817 and Act 10 of 1852, and under both, abuses had been so gross that on both the occasions the operation of the acts in respect to election had to be stopped previous to the repeal of the acts themselves. Persons not qualified to form an opinion on the subject unreservedly pronounced against the system, nor were those who had the working of the system in their hands more favorably inclined towards it. The existing law was certainly defective, but it was believed that no amendment would be a bar to the practice of trickery and chicanery and of other sorts of abuses that were resorted to at these elections. It was resolved therefore entirely to abandon the system, and no doubt was felt "that the nomination of fit persons by the responsible head of the Government who could have no object, but the impartial welfare of the city, would be infinitely preferable to any such uncalculated election." Accordingly in the middle of the year 1856 a Bill was introduced in the Legislative Council and a plan of municipality based on the principles of nomination by Government was proposed for consideration. It was at first proposed to give a popular character to the scheme by selecting for a commission a considerable number of suitable persons from different classes of the community who might be supposed to represent those classes. The Bill accordingly provided that the number of persons to be so appointed should not be less than six nor more than twelve. The larger number was intended to be appointed in the event of suitable persons being found to undertake the office. There was to be a President of the Commissioners appointed by Government who would ordinarily be the Commissioner of Police. The Commissioners were to be appointed for three years and to select two of their number, who, together with the President, were to form an Executive Committee and to conduct the general business of the conservancy under such rules as might be framed by a general

meeting of the Commissioners and sanctioned by the Lieutenant-Governor. This scheme met with a very strong opposition in the council, although there was no dissension as to the principles of nomination which formed its chief feature. The opposition was led by Sir Barnes Peacock who at that time had a seat in the council as the law member of the Supreme Government. Sir Barnes Peacock argued that as a municipal body so proposed would not be a body representing the rate payers, but in point of fact Government administration of the municipal funds, it would be better if the Government directly appointed three or more Commissioners. The responsibility of a body appointed as proposed would be so divided that there would be no responsibility any where. The Lieutenant-Governor would appoint the general body of Commissioners and he would not be responsible for their act. The general body of Commissioners would appoint an Executive Committee of two to be presided over by a nominee of the Lieutenant Governor and it would not be responsible for their acts, and the Executive Committee would conduct the business of the town according to rules made by the general body of Commissioners and sanctioned by the Lieutenant-Governor and they therefore would not be responsible as their acts would be controlled by the general body. The opposition gained and the proposed scheme was overthrown. Sir Barnes Peacock then moved that there shall be three Commissioners appointed by Government and removable at its pleasure. This motion was approved by the council and carried without any one dissenting. The scheme was accordingly introduced and it commenced operation in 1857. In a considerable time the system worked well. But with the improvements in the taste and sentiments of the inhabitants new requirements arose but the funds fell short of those requirements. The inhabitants though inclined towards the improvements could not be persuaded to submit to additional taxation. It was therefore thought expedient to give to the municipality a popular character, so that the inhabitants taking part in it would be able fully to realise the wants and requirements of the town and would not grudge to provide adequate funds by means of self-imposed taxes

or otherwise to meet those wants and requirements. A committee was accordingly appointed composed of intelligent persons representing all classes of the community to enquire into and report on the alleged inefficient state of the municipal arrangements, and to suggest with reference to their supposed inadequacy for the present requirements of the city, what measures should be adopted to place those arrangements on a sound and efficient footing. The proceedings of the committee consisted in the examination of persons connected with the then existing municipal commission, in the invitations of suggestions from all quarters and in the consideration of such documents as were likely to offer any valuable information on the subject. The committee in their report dated 31st August 1861, stated that "the result of their enquiries and discussions has been to establish in their minds the conviction that the main want of Calcutta as regards conservancy is an adequate supply of funds and that without such adequate supply it is vain to look for those great works of which the city stands confessedly in need, and to which from its importance and size, it is entitled." The committee recorded it as their opinion that "the present form of administration might with advantage be exchanged for one in which the inhabitants could themselves take a more direct and active part in municipal arrangements under which much of the duty that now falls upon the Board of Commissioners might be divided amongst local committees, and without much extra expense might excite a spirit of emulation amongst the residents such as could not fail to have beneficial results on the sanitary state and conservancy of the city." The scheme of the committee contained a recommendation for the abolition of the existing municipal commissioners and the introduction in their stead of six local Boards, one for each division of the town—and of one central Board. Every Board shall consist of six members to be nominated by Government but without any salary attached to the office. This scheme was approved by Government and submitted to the Legislative Council where it met with a considerable opposition as impractical and had ultimately to be withdrawn. It was urged against the system that it would not

only be impossible to get thirty six volunteers to carry on the work of the municipality, but that not even six men would be found ready to sacrifice any reasonable portion of their times for the good of the public. The scheme was accordingly withdrawn and it was proposed in its stead to vest the general control of municipal expenditure in a considerable body, care being taken that all classes, official, non-official, European and native are represented in it and trusting the execution in detail of all sanctioned works to one well-paid officer who shall devote his whole time and energy to the work. For constituting such a body the Government had the materials at its hands in the Justices of Peace who were impressed to the work, being presided over by an officer of energy and experience to be appointed by the Government. The scheme thus introduced afforded a practical solution of the difficulty of an efficient municipality for the Town of Calcutta.

We have thus seen, though briefly, the gradual development of Municipal Government in Calcutta, but the changes have been too rapid. In all the changes that have taken place one thing has been established beyond doubt, and that is, that the time has not yet come for an elective system of Government. That system had been tried but was found to fail. Nor was autocracy more successful. The system that was introduced in 1863 and has but recently been abandoned was a compromise between both—a system partaking the nature of a representative Government, yet entirely free from the evils which a representative Government founded upon any system of absolute election by the people is sure to engender in this country. The system was happily conceived but badly worked out. The corporation of Calcutta under Act VI of 1863, was a populous body and herein lay its weakness. Its weakness lay also in the great latitude of action allowed to its executive head and to the power which it reserved in the hands of the Government. In short the constitution of the municipality as created by Act VI 1863, was not well-balanced. But with all its defects the system worked well for twelve years—the longest period that any of the previous systems had been permitted to survive. It did achieve many im-

improvements and many more it promised. But in its latter days personal animosity prevailed and a change was demanded. There were certainly rooms for improvement in its constitution, and the cry for a change so far as it was raised by the intelligent portions of the communities, native and European, was not for a radical change of the constitution such as has actually taken place. The utmost that was demanded was a less populous body composed of persons selected with discrimination, and the powers of the three estates—the Government, the Executive and the Commissioners duly balanced. That was the sole cry of the persons who from their general intelligence, experience of the past and foresight of the future were competent to take practical views of things and perhaps a municipality based on the above principles would have been more serviceable and less open to any reasonable and sensible objection. But the Calcutta mob led away by sentiments and ambitions of the honor of being returned as representatives to the Town Council raised a clamour for an elective municipality and Sir Richard Temple then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal carrying too far the policy of governing the country according to the sentiments and wishes of people, yielded to that cry and caused a change in the constitution of the municipality more radical than what the state of things actually required and what would have been of real benefit to the city. The policy of governing a country according to the wishes and sentiments of the people is undoubtedly a wholesome policy, and an elective system of government in which the people govern themselves by means of their representatives is one of the best means of carrying out that policy. But however wholesome this policy might be, there is a limit beyond which it ceases to be wholesome, and the necessity of observing that limit is all the stronger in respect to any popular system of government that may be adopted in respect to this country, in the presence of many irreconcilable elements on the one hand and the utter absence of enlightenment among the mass of the population on the other. The city of Calcutta, although the metropolis of the British Empire in the East presents no exception to this general feature. This Sir Richard Temple unfortunately

overlooked, and mistaking the cry that arose for an elective system of municipality for the city for an expression of intelligent public opinion, resolved to try the experiment. Democracy undoubtedly is the temper of the time in this as in all other countries. But there is such a thing as mobocracy and Sir Richard Temple overlooked the distinction between the two, and the elective system of municipality which he has given to Calcutta is more a concession to the latter than what the just claims of the former called for. The system on paper reads well, and in all the essential points suffers nothing in comparison with the English system of elective Government of which it is a copy. But the result of the first election and the manner in which business has been gone through since the system came into operation do not justify any expectation of future good government. With an educated mass and an enlightened public opinion perhaps the system would have worked well. But as it is, either the corporation would be an obstructive body or that the executive would have all its own. Either would be a misfortune to the city, and so long as passions and prejudices of the electors would continue to influence their choice of representatives there would be no guarantee of good men being returned, nor the system working harmoniously with the interests of the city. Passions and prejudices certainly exercise great influence in the selection of representatives in all the countries in which elective systems of government prevail, but the mass of the people in those countries being leavened with education their choice must and does invariably fall upon educated persons, and representative assemblies must always come to be composed of such persons who have some knowledge of public affairs and whom education gives sufficient intelligence to make up for their deficiencies. But in this country education is an exception and ignorance the rule, and whatever of public spirit there is in the people of the country it is founded not so much upon a true appreciation of public affairs and of public cause as upon a mere vague idea of things and upon a sort of ambition for honor which is at best, but a sort of snobbism. The first general election in September 1876, and all the subsequent

elections abundantly testify the truth of our observation. The good men of the city as a body refused to take any part in the affairs and were it not for the personal influence of Sir Richard Temple some of those who distinguished themselves in the old corporation and who are seen to do so in the new, would have preferred to have stood aloof. If we scan the list of the names of persons who presented themselves as candidates for election and who most eagerly sought to be returned we shall find it to be composed for the most part of men of whom the city knew but little before. Not that their light lay hid in a bushel but that they had no light whatever to go forth before them. Petti-fogging lawyers, and young men with a smattering of English acquired in the lower forms of the Hindu School owning a conveyance and a house inherited from their ancestors and intensely fond of shaking hands with European gentlemen at public meetings, compose the corporation and have in their hands the government of the city of Calcutta. These form the majority of the Commissioners and with such elements what the system would lead to cannot be a matter of conjecture. The intelligent and respectable portion of the community have as a body stood aloof from the field and the Calcutta rabble have it all their own. Verily the chartism of England has found its counter-part in Calcutta with this difference only that unlike their English prototypes the Calcutta chartists seem to be content with "triangular Parliament" and have not clamoured for "votes by bullets". "Universal suffrage" is the great panacea for all the diseases which they could conjure up and that obtained they appear to have gone satisfied and to fancy that they have achieved a great improvement.

REVIEW.

SURALIPA NATIK (a free translation of Shakespear's *Merchant of Venice*)

As the title indicates, this is a translation of one of the plays of Shakespear, not a literal one, but neither a free one though the author tells us so. We think the author has taken an entirely difficult task in his hands. It is nothing less than to adapt one of the master pieces of a master mind to the taste of a Bengalee audience. We feel the task is an impossible one. The curse of Babel, it is well known, has fallen with a peculiar severity on poets, for the acorn of poetic effusions always disappears in the process of translation. We can, however, say this much, that the author has taken every pains, and that though he may not have given us a drama possessing the incomparable charms of Shakespear, he has yet succeeded in giving us a certainly superior production in the dramatic line, considering the excellence of the model he keeps in view before him.

The New Code of Civil Procedure

being

ACT X OF 1877.

By D. F. Cranenburgh, pleader Calcutta, Darlington and Company, 49, Dhurrumtollah Street.

This is an excellent manual of the law of Civil Procedure in India, containing, besides Act X of 1877, the Mofussil Small Cause Courts Act, the General Stamp Act, the 'Court fees' Act, the Evidence Act, the Indian Contract Act, the Specific Relief Act, and the Registration and Limitation Acts. The value of the book is much enhanced by a carefully prepared Synopsis, and a copious Index. To the practitioner, or the student of law, the book will undoubtedly be very useful. It is also very cheap, considering that its price is only Rs. 5. It ought to command a large sale.

THE

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JULY 1877.

KAPALAKUNDALA.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

In days gone-by.

“কষ্টোহিং খলু ভৃত্যভাবঃ”—রত্নাবলী ।

This servitude is torment, indeed.

—Ratnavali.

As Nobocomar, accompanied by Kapalakundala, left the *serai*, Motilibee took a different route—towards Burdwan. While she travels, we will narrate something of her past life. Moti's character was tainted with grave blemishes, and, at the same time, adorned by remarkable virtues. And a detailed account of such a character cannot fail to interest the reader.

When her father embraced Islamism, her Hindoo name was changed to the Mahomedan one of Lutfunnisa. Motibee had never been her name. But she assumed it at times while travelling abroad in disguise. Her father, on migrating to Dacca, found employment in the government service. But the place was visited by numerous people from his own part of the country ; and there are men who do not like to live in their own society when they are excommunicated from it. He, therefore, within a short time, having ingratiated himself

with the Subadar, procured letters of recommendation from many of his *Omrão* friends, and, with his whole family, removed to Agra.

With Akbar Shah talent never remained undiscovered. And he soon appreciated him. In a short time, the father of Lutf-unnisa found himself promoted to a high place and looked upon as one of the chief nobles of Agra. And there Lutf-unnisa gradually grew up to woman-hood. At Agra she became well-versed in Persian and Sanskrit, and dancing and singing, and witty conversation, and other accomplishments, and gradually rose to be the foremost among the numerous beautiful and accomplished ladies of the metropolis.

Unfortunately, however, while she was so far advanced in learning, her morals showed no improvement whatever. When she had reached woman-hood, it began to appear that she had strong ungovernable passions. And she had neither the power nor the wish to controul them—having proclivities alike for good and evil. That is bad,—this is good—such thoughts never regulated her acts. She did what pleased her. She did good deeds when the doing of good deeds pleased her,—she did bad acts when the doing of bad deeds gratified her. And whatever evil consequences ensue from the youthful passions being ungovernable ensued in her case.

Her late husband was still living,—no one of the *Omrões* would marry her. And she, too, was not very zealous for matrimony, and thought why should she clip the wings of a bee that flitted from flower to flower. First whisperings—then black infamy was the consequence. Her father, in great annoyance, turned her out of his house. Of those upon whom Lutf-unnisa used secretly to bestow her favours, the young prince Selim was one. He had not as yet dared to make her an inmate of his harem, lest, by bringing infamy on the family of an *Omrão*, he should fall under the displeasure of his impartial father. And he now seized the opportunity. The sister of Mansing, the Rajput chief, was the wife of the young prince. And he made Lutf-unnisa her chief companion. Ostensibly Lutf-unnisa was the Begum's maid—in secret, the prince's mistress.

It is to be easily imagined that a sagacious woman like Lutf-unnisa should, in a short time, possess the heart of the prince, and she

established such an undisputed sway over it that it became her firm conviction that when the time came she would become his favorite queen. Not only that the conviction of Lutf-unnisa, but it seemed probable to every member of the royal household.—In such visions of hope had Lutf-unnisa been, as in the days when the waking came Mehru-unnisa, the daughter of Khaji Avash (Aktimududowla)—the treasurer of Akbar Shah was the finest among Mehomedan women. One day the treasurer invited and received Selim and other nobles at his house. That day Selim met Mehru-unnisa and lost his heart to her. What took place thereafter is known to every student of history.

The treasurer's daughter was directly married to a powerful Omra of the name of Sher Afghan. Selim blinded by passion, sued to his father to have the daughter broken off but got a rebuke only from his just father. For the present therefore, Selim was obliged to remit his intentions. Although he ceased from the pursuit for a time he again troubled his eyes.

Mehru-unnisa was at last married to Sher Afghan. But the feelings and motives of Selim were clear as daylight to Lutf-unnisa. She very clearly saw that had Sher Afghan a thousand lives, still there was no safety for him. As soon as Akbar Shah would die, he, too, would forfeit his life,—and Mehru-unnisa would become Selim's queen.—Lutf-unnisa gave up hopes of sovereignty.

The earthly career of Akbar, the greatest of Moslem rulers, at last drew to a close. The mighty sun, whose refulgence had illumined all the land from Turkey to Brahmaputra, was about to set. At this time Lutf-unnisa, in order to maintain her own supremacy, formed a daring project.

The sister of Raja Mansing, the chief of the Rajputs, was the favorite wife of Selim. Khusroo was her son. One day a conversation had been going on between her and Lutf-unnisa on the subject of Akbar Shah's ill-health, and the latter had been humouring her by frequent reference to the prospect of the Rajput daughter now becoming an empress, when Khusroo's mother said, in answer—

"It is, no doubt, the highest attainment of human life to be the

wife of an emperor, but she who is the mother of an emperor is above all." The moment she heard this a hitherto unthought-of device flashed across Lutfunnisa's mind, and she rejoined,

"Why be not a queen mother then?—that is also within your power."

"How can that be?"—asked the Begum. "Give the throne to the son of your prince,—Khusroo"—answered the astute woman.

The Begum replied, "And the subject was no more mentioned that day, but in the end there fell for all that. That her son, instead of Khusroo, should ascend the throne was not again to her wish. As Selim's love for Murumma was a death-weight at Lutfunnisa's heart, it was with the Begum. How could it be palatable to her that Murumma's sister should be at the beck and call of the daughter of a fairly big potentate?"

The co-operation of Lutfunnisa, too, in this project had a profound meaning. On another day, the subject was again brought on the tapis, and the result was—

To place Khusroo on Akbar's throne, in possession of Selim, did, for no reason, seem to be a thing improbable. And thus Lutfunnisa took care to impress well upon the Begum.

"The Mogh Empire," she said, "is maintained through the prowess of the Rajputs, and the head of such Rajputs is Raja Mansing. He is Khusroo's uncle. And the chief of the Mussulmans is Khan Azim. He is the prime minister,—he is Khusroo's father-in-law. If these two should move, who would not follow them, and without them how is the young prince to obtain the throne? It will be my duty to enlist the services of Khan Azim and other Muhammadan Omraos. By your grace, I shall, no doubt, succeed, but my only apprehension is lest, upon ascending the throne, Khusroo should turn this wicked woman out.

The Begum understood her maid, and said, smiling—

"Any one of the Omraos of Agra you wish to marry will accept your hand. And your husband will be Mansubdar of five thousand."

Lutfunnisa was satisfied. For that was her object. If she was to live as a common inmate of the palace, what good did then come of clipping the wings of a bee that roamed from flower to flower. If

she had to forego her personal freedom, what pleasure would it give her to be a dependant of her early companion—Mohr unnisa. It would be more honorable to be the all-reigning wife of some great state-officer.

This was not the only feeling which prompted Lutfunnisa to engage in this affair. To avenge herself upon Selim for his neglect of her and his impatience to possess Mohr-unnisa was also her object.

Khan Azim and other Omrahs of Agra were quite obedient to Lutf-unnisa.—Many of them had, in days past, had a share in her love. It was no wonder that Khan Azim should employ himself in furthering the cause of his son-in-law. He and other other Omrahs, therefore, consented. Khan Azim said to Lutf-unnisa, "Suppose if, by some unhappy chance, we don't succeed, then you and I are done for. So we should keep some way open to save ourselves." Lutf-unnisa said, "What is your advice?" "There is ~~no~~ other refuge," answered Khan Azim, "than Orissa. It is only there that the Mogul rule is less stringent. We should keep the command of the Orissa soldiery. Your brother is the *Masubdar** of Orissa. I'll have it reported the next day that he has been wounded in battle. You set out for Orissa to-morrow sharp upon the pretext of seeing him,—after having done there all that should be done, hasten back."

Lutf-unnisa agreed to this proposal. The reader has met with her on her way back from Orissa.

* A military governor.

CHAPTER II.

On another way.

“নে নাটতে পড়ে লোক উঠে তাই ধরে ।

বানেক নিরাশ হয়ে কে কোপায় মরে ॥

তুফানে পতিত কিন্তু ছাড়িব না হাল ।

আজিকে বিফল হলো হতে পারে কাল ।’

নবীন উপাধিনী ।

“The same earth one falls on helps him to rise,

And who, once disappointed, ever does ?

Fallen' midst waves, yet mustn't I the helm leave ”

‘Tho' balked to-day—to morrow may retrieve.”

—Nobin Toposhini.

The day on which Motibibee—alias Lutf-unnisa—parted from Nobocoomar and started for Burdwan, she could not reach the place. —She put up in another *serai*.

In the evening they were conversing together—Motibibee and Peshmun, when Moti suddenly asked the latter,

“Peshmun, how did you find my husband?”

“How should I find him?”—answered Peshmun, rather surprised.

“Is he not handsome?”—said Moti.

Towards Nobocoomar Peshmun had come to conceive a great dislike. She had had much longing herself for the ornaments which Moti made gifts of to Kapalakundala. She had hoped one day to ask for and get them, and that hope being totally destroyed, her aversion was very great towards both Kapalakundala and her husband; and so replied to the lady's query,

“What does it signify whether a poor brahmin is handsome or ugly?”

Moti guessed her companion's feelings, and said, smiling,

"If the poor brahmin were to become an Omrao, would he then be handsome or not?"

Pesh—"What does that mean?"

Moti—"Why—don't you know that the Begum has promised to make my husband an Omrao, if Khusróo should become Emperor."

Pesh—"That, of course, I know. But why should your former husband become Omrao?"

Moti—"Who else then is my husband?"

Pesh—"The future one."

"Two husbands to a chaste woman like me!"—*ut* *Moti* smiling—"this is really bad of you to say so. Who comes there?"

Peshmun knew the man thus challenging *Moti*. He was an inhabitant of Agia,—a protégé of Khan Azim. Both of them were astutest, Peshmun called him. He came, and, with due devoirs, handed a missive to Lutf-un-nisa, and said,

"I was proceeding to Orissa with the letter. It is an urgent one."

The perusal of the letter dissipated all her hopes and wishes. It was to the following effect:

"Our endeavours have failed. Even in his dying moment did Akbar Shah, by his sagacity, foil us. He has passed into the next world. By his command prince Selim has become Jehangir Shah. You need not be anxious about Khusróo. To prevent your enemies from turning this opportunity against you, you must return quickly to Agia."

The way in which Akbar Shah defeated this intrigue is related in history, and requires no mention here.

After rewarding the express and dismissing him, *Moti* read over the letter to Peshmun. Peshmun said—

"What to do now?"

Moti—"Nothing."

Peshmun.—(Musing for a moment) "Well, what harm there is?—you will be as you have been,—every member of a Mogul Emperor's harem is more consequential even than the chief queen of any other kingdom."

He.—(With a faint smile.) “That can no longer be. No more shall I be able to live in the palace. Soon will Jehangir marry Mehr-un-nisa. I knew Mehr-un-nisa well from her childhood. Once in the harem, she will be the *Lipari*. It is but the name of Jehangir that will remain. The fact of my having attempted to block his way to the throne will not remain a secret to him. What will be my fate then?”

Peshmun, on the point of crying, said

“What are we to do then?”

“There is one hope,” said Moti. “If it was Mehr-un-nisa disposed towards Jehangir? Such is her constancy that if, instead of Jehangir, she has got to love her husband, then the murdering of a hundred score Afghans will not let him Mehr-un-nisa. But if Mehr-un-nisa is really enamoured of Jehangir, then there is no hope left.”

Pesh.—“How will you suggest Mehr-un-nisa should?”

Moti, and smiling,—

“What is there Lutf-un-nisa can’t do? Mehr-un-nisa was my companion of early days,—I’ll go to Burhwan to-morrow and spend a couple of days with her.”

Pesh.—“If Mehr-un-nisa is fond of the Emperor, what will you do,?”

Moti.—“Father says—Do as the occasion requires.” Then both became silent for a moment. Moti’s lips curled up with a faint smile. Peshmun asked—“Why are you smiling,?”

Moti said.—“Some new idea strikes me.”

Pesh.—“What new idea?”

But Moti did not tell it to Peshmun. Nor would we to the reader. It will come out afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

A Rival at Home.

अनिन्दनी नहि नहि नहि अनिन्दनी वन्दनी ।
उक्तदूत ।

Aye, I have none else, husband, than Shyama.

—Uddhuboloota.

At this time Shere Afghan was residing at Burdwan as Chief of Affairs of the place under the Subadar of Bengal.

On her arrival at Burdwan, Moti-bibee went to the house of Shere Afghan. Shere Afghan, with his whole family, warmly received and quartered her there. When Shere Afghan and his wife—Mehir-unnisa—were at Agra, Moti was intimately known to them. She and Mehir-unnisa had been fast friends, and both of them afterwards had become rival aspirants after the throne of Delhi. And now that they were together, Mehir-unnisa thought within herself—“To whom has God assigned the sovereignty of India?—God only knows,—and Selim. And if any body else knows, it is this Lutf-unnisa. Will not Lutf-unnisa reveal any thing?—let me see.” Motibibee, on the other hand, was anxious to know the mind of Mehir-unnisa.

Mehir-unnisa had, at that time, the reputation of being the most beautiful and accomplished lady in India. In reality few women like her have been born into the world. In beauty, her superiority over all other women of historical celebrity is acknowledged by every historian. And even among men there were, at that time, few who could surpass her in any branch of learning. In dancing and singing Mehir-unnisa was unrivalled. In poetry or in painting she charmed every one. Her witty conversation was more fascinating even than her beauty. Moti did by no means lack these qualities. And upon

this day these two wonderful women became curious to know the mind of each other.

Mohi unnisa was painting in her studio, — Moti, seated on her back was watching the painting, and chewing betel. Mohi unnisa asked—

“How do you like the picture?”

“It is as all your pictures are.—It is a regret, however, that nobody else can paint like you.”

Mohi — “If that was a fact why should it be a matter of regret?”

Moti. — “Had any one your skill in painting, he would have rendered a likeness of that face of mine.”

Mohi. — “My grave will have the likeness on it.” Mohi unnisa said this with some thing like gravity.

Moti — “Sister, *why are you so cheerless to day?”

Mohi. — “Where do you find this cheerlessness? — But then, how am I to forget that you will leave us the next morning? — Why would you not make us happy by staying a couple of days more?”

Moti. — “Who would not be happy? If it was in my power, why should I go? How can I stay?”

Mohi. — “You have no longer any love for me, if you had, you would have managed to remain. When you have come, why can't you stay?”

Moti — “I have told you all. My brother is a *Munsabdar* in the Mogul army. He was in danger, being wounded in a battle with the Pathans. It was upon receipt of this news that I came to see him with the permission of the Begum. I have already tarried too long in Orissa, and I should not delay any more. I had not seen you long, so I dropped in and stayed for two days.”

Mohi. — “On what date did you promise to the Begum you would be back there?”

Moti saw that Mohi-unnisa was bantering. In polished and

*Not actually. Only a cordial mode of address.

withering sarcasm. Moti was not such an adept as Mehir-unnisa was. But, for all that, she was not a woman to be put out. She replied—
 ‘Is it possible to fix dates in a journey of three months? but I have delayed too long, and further delay may cause displeasure.’

Mehir-unnisa smiled that all bewitching smile of hers, and said—
 ‘Whose displeasure do you fear?—the prince’s (Schim) or his wife’s?’

Moti, somewhat abashed, said—

‘Why would you put to shame the humble woman?—Both may be displeased.’

Mehir.—‘But I tell you why do you not assume the title of Begum?—I had heard that prince Schim would espouse you and make you his chief Begum. How far is that?’

Moti.—‘I am naturally dependent. Why shall I destroy the little freedom that I have. As a companion of the Begum, I could easily go to Orissa. Had I been Schim’s Begum, could I have gone there?’

Mehir.—‘What need has she who will be Schim’s chief Begum to go to Orissa?’

Moti.—‘I never aspire to be Schim’s chief Begum. In this country of Hindostan, Mehir-unnisa is the only fit person to be beloved of the monarch of Delhi.’

Mehir-unnisa hung down her head. After a momentary silence she said—

‘Sister, I do not think that you have said this to hurt my feelings, or to know my mind. But, while you speak to me, I beg you to bear in mind that I am Sher Afghani’s wife—Sher Afghani’s, ^{as} ^{is} body and soul.’

And shameless Moti did not feel abashed by this rebuke. But, on the contrary, seized the opportunity to observe—

‘I know full well that you are quite devoted to your husband. For which reason I have ventured, under a pretext, to broach this matter to you. I meant to tell you that Schim has not as yet been

able to get over the fascination your beauty produced upon him. Be upon your guard."

Mehir.—"Now I understand. But what is the danger?" *Moti* hesitated a little, and then said—

"Widowhood."

And so saying *Moti* remained looking keenly in *Mehir-unnisa's* face. But she found there no sign either of fear or of joy.

"Widowhood!"—proudly said *Mehir unnisa*—"Here *Afghan* is not incapable of self-defence. In the dominion of *Akbar Shah*, however, even his son would not go unpunished if he took the life of an innocent man."

Moti.—"True, but the latest news from *Agra* is that *Akbar Shah* is no more, and that *Selim* has ascended the throne. And who is to dominate the monarch of *Delhi*?"

Mehir-unnisa heard no more. Her whole frame began to start and tremble. She again bent down her head—tears streaming down from her eyes. *Moti* asked her—

"Why do you cry?"

Mehir-unnisa said, heaving a sigh,—

"*Selim* on the throne of *India*!—where am I?"

Moti had gained her end. She said—

"Have you not been able as yet quite to forget the prince?"

"Forget whom?"

Mehir-unnisa, in a thick voice, said—

"I can forget my own life—but I cannot prince *Selim*. But listen, sister,—my heart suddenly unfolded—and you have heard it;—swear by me that this secret shall not reach another ear."

Moti said—

"Well, it will be as you wish. But when *Selim* will come to know that I have been to *Burdwan*, he is sure to ask me what did *Mehir-unnisa* say about him. What shall I say then?"

Mehir-unnisa reflected for awhile and said—

"Say that *Mehir-unnisa* will cherish his image in her heart, and, need be, sacrifice her life even for him. But she will never sacri-

fice her name or honor. As long as the husband of his humble servant * lives, she shall never show her face to the Ruler of Delhi. And if her husband should be killed by him, then there will never be a meeting in this life between her and the murderer of her husband."

With that Mehir-unnisa rose and left the place. Moti bibee stood wondering. But the triumph was Moti bibee's. Moti bibee had known Mehir-unnisa's feelings, but Mehir-unnisa could know nothing of Moti bibee's hopes and fears. Even she, who afterwards, by dint of her sagacity, became the ruler of the Lord of Delhi, was out-witted by Moti. And the reason of it was that Mehir-unnisa was in love, while Moti bibee was simply self-interested.

Moti bibee was perfectly conversant with the curious workings of the human heart. The conclusion she came to, upon weighing what Mehir-unnisa had said, was verified by time. She saw that Mehir-unnisa was truly fond of Jehangir, so that, whatever she might say now, out of feminine pride, she should not be able to restrain herself, when the way was once clear;—she must fulfil the expectations of the Emperor.

Upon this conclusion, all the hopes and wishes of Moti were gone. Did she, however, on that account, feel utterly grieved? Not so. On the contrary, she felt rather happy. And how such unnatural cheerfulness came, Moti could not at first know. She took the way to Agra. The journey took her some days, and, during those days, she gained a knowledge of her mental state.

* The amorous devotion of an oriental lover would carry her even so far as to declare herself slave to the object of her love. This would be simply repugnant to women of any other nationality. With the orientals it is justified by custom and usage.

CHAPTER IV,

In the Royal Palace.

পত্নীভাবে আর তুমি ভেবে না আমারে।

—বীরঙ্গনা কাব্য।

Think of me no more as thine wife.

—Biranganakavya.

Moti arrived at Agra. We need no more call her Moti. In those few days her thought, and feelings had undergone a complete change.

She met with Jehangir at last. Receiving her warmly, as before, Jehangir asked her after her brother and as to the safety of her journey. What Lutf-unnisa had said to Mehir-unnisa proved to be true. At the end of other topics, hearing of Burhwan, Jehangir asked—

“You have been with Mehir-unnisa, you say,—what did she say about me?”

Lutf-unnisa gave a candid account of Mehir-unnisa's love. Whereat the Emperor remained silent; and, from his great eyes, fell a few drops of tears.

Lutf-unnisa said—

“Emperor, thy humble servant has been the bearer of the good news; and yet no reward has been ordered for her.”

The Emperor said with a smile—

“Bibee, your wishes are immeasurable.”

Lutf.—“Emperor, how is thy humble servant to blame?”

Emperor.—“I have already made to you a slave of the Badi-shah of Delhi. Dost thou ask further guerdon?”

“Women have many wishes”—said Lutf-unnisa with a smile.

Emperor.—“What new wish has arisen?”

Lutf.—“First let the royal order be that thy servant's prayer will be granted.”

Pesh.—“That, of course, I could guess. Is your fear of Mehir-unnisa over?”

Lutf.—“Over. No concern about that for the present.”

Peshmun expressed great joy and said—

Emperor — "If you will not interfere with state affairs."

Lutf — (smiling) "The affairs of Delhi's Emperor cannot go wrong for a single individual."

Emperor — "Then I postpone;—let me know what the wish is."

Lutf — "It has been my wish to get myself a mate."

Jehangir burst into a loud laugh, and said—

"It is, indeed, a new kind of wish. Is matrimonial bargain struck with my pet?"

Lutf — "It is—wanting only royal sanction, without which no matrimonial union is complete."

Emperor — "What necessity is there for my permission? Whom do you intend for this uncommon happiness for?"

Lutf — "Thy humble servant is not unchaste, because she has served the Emperor of Delhi. It is to wed her own husband she is asking permission."

Emperor — "Indeed. What will become of this old servant then?"

Lutf — "I will leave you Delhi's Empress—Melur-unmisa."

Emperor — "Who is Delhi's Empress—Melur-unmisa?"

Lutf — "The fortune-teller."

Jehangir thought that, with Lutf-unmisa, it had become a certainty that Melur-unmisa should be the Empress of Delhi, and that, consequently, finding her own expectations unfulfilled, she sought to put the royal hatchet in her side.

Thus concluding, Jehangir became sad and silent.

Lutf-unmisa said—

"Is your Majesty unwilling regarding this matter?"

Emperor — "I am not unwilling.—But what is the necessity of wedding one's own husband?"

Lutf — "Unfortunately, on the first marriage my husband did not acknowledge me as his wife. Now he cannot decline your Majesty's offer."

The Emperor laughed at the pleasantry, and then became grave. He said—

"Sweet heart! There is nothing that I cannot give thee. If thou

art so inclined, do accordingly. But why will you leave me ? Are there not both sun and moon in the same sky ?—does not the same stem bear two flowers ?

Lutf-unnisa, with her large eyes, looked at the Emperor and said—

“Small flowers bloom so ; but one stalk never held two lotoses.—Why should I be a thorn in your many-gemmed throne ?”

Lutfunnisa retired to her own chamber. How such wish arose in her mind she did not disclose to Jhangu. He guessed what he could, and ceased. The secret cause of it remained unknown to him. Lutf-unnisa's heart was flinty. Even the majestic beauty of Schum, that had conquered all feminine-hearts, had failed to captivate her. But this time the canker had crept into the stone

CHAPTER V.

In Her Own Chamber

জনম অববি হম রূপ নেহাবলু নয়ন না তিবপিত ভেল ।
সোই মধুব বোল শ্রবণহি শুনলু শ্রুতিপথে পবশ না গেল ॥
কত মধু ষামিনী বভসে গোবাইলু না বঝিলু কৈছন কেল ।
লাখ লাখ যুগ হিয়ে হিয়ে বাধলু তবু হিয়া জুড়ন না গেল ॥
যত যত বসিক জন বসে অলুগমন অলুভব কাছ না দেণ ।
বিদ্যাপতি কহে প্রাণ জুড়াইতে লাখে না মিলল এক ॥

Returning to her own quarter, Lutfunnisa, with a cheerful look, got Peshmun to undress her and take off the ornaments. Casting off her gemmed and gold-broidered costume, she said to Peshmun—

“Take this dress.” At which Peshmun was rather astonished. For, the dress had been very recently prepared at an enormous cost. She said—

“Why that dress to me ?—what is to-day's news ?”

“Good news of course.”—Said Lutfunnisa

‘Then I have become a Begum’s maid now.

Istf.—‘If you wish to be a Begum’s maid, I’ll send to Mohunmista.’

Pesh.—‘What do you mean? You said that there was no chance of Mohunmista becoming the Begum of the Emperor.’

Istf.—‘I did not say so. I said I have no concern about the matter.’

Pesh.—‘Why no concern? It would all be useless, then, if you did not become the mistress of Agra.’

Istf.—‘I’ll keep no connection with Agra.’

Pesh.—‘What does that mean?—I cannot understand all this,—explain to me, please, what to do, and good news, then, is?’

Istf.—‘The good news is that I am about to quit Agra for good.’

Pesh.—‘Where will you go?’

Istf.—‘I’ll go and live in Bengal, and, if I can, I’ll come the wife of some gentleman.’

Pesh.—‘This kind of thing is, indeed, new. But it makes one’s heart thump up.’

Istf.—‘I am not joking. I’ll really quit Agra,—I have taken leave of the Emperor.’

Pesh.—‘How such madness ever came into your head?’

Istf.—‘Not madness. Long have I rejoined in Agra, and what have I gained? My thirst for pleasure had been very great from my childhood. To slake that thirst I left Bengal and travelled thus far. To buy that gem what wealth have I not spent? What evil deed have I not done? And whichever of the objects with which I did all this have I not gained? Fortune, rank, wealth, honor, fame—all have I enjoyed to repletion. That passion, too, for which I could forego all other enjoyments, I have easily gratified. But what has come of all this? Sitting here this moment, I can count all the days over in my mind and say, that, not for a single day have I been happy—never for a single moment have

I enjoyed happiness. Nor did I ever feel satisfied. The thirst only increases. If I try, I can obtain more fortune—more wealth,—but what for? Had there been happiness to be got out of these, I should have been, during all this time, happy for a single day at least. This yearning for pleasure, like a mountain-river, trickles out at first a clear, feeble stream from a lonely glen, and is hid in its own bed, unknown to any one, and murmurs to itself—unheard by any body. As it flows along, it widens, and becomes turbid. Not only that. Then, also, the winds blow, waves rise, and sharks and crocodiles infest it. The more it widens, the more impure and brackish becomes the water; and countless desert sandy tracts appear in the river; the stream slackens gradually, until at last the muddy river disappears—who knows where—in the boundless sea.”

Pesh. —“I have not been able to understand a bit of it. Why can’t you feel pleasure in all this?”

Lutf. —“Why I cannot, I have made out at last. What happiness I have not had,—these three years—living in the umbrage of royal favor, I have enjoyed in one single night on my way back from Orissa. And this has convinced me.”

Pesh. —“Of what?”

Lutf. —“I have been so long like the Hindu’s idol,—outside, studded with gold and gems,—inside, stone. In my pursuit of sensuous pleasure, I have been in the midst of fire, but never has it touched me. Now let me see if, in all this flint, I can find a heart with veins and arteries of blood.”

Pesh. —“This, too, I have failed to understand.”

Lutf. —“Who has given you that diamond ring?”

Pesh. —“Shahbaz Khan.”

Lutf. —“And that emerald necklace?”

Pesh. —“Azam Khan.”

Lutf — ‘And who else have given you command?’

Pesh, — (Smiling) ‘Kerim Khan, Kokaltash Riza Jahan Smog, Bhai Protap Ahtay, Mushakhan, and others too many to recount. What at present gives me a confidence over the minds of Agria is the gift of nobles superior to them Jahangir.’

Lutf — ‘Whom among these did I love?’

Pesh, — (Smiling) ‘All.’

Lutf — ‘That was only lip service — whom at heart?’

Pesh — ‘In answer) “None.”’

Lutf, — ‘Am I not made of that then?’

Pesh, — ‘Well, if you wish to love my body now, why don’t you do it?’

Lutf — ‘Such is, no doubt, my wish. It is, therefore, that I am going to leave Agria.’

Pesh, — ‘What necessity for that even? — Is there no man in Agria that you should go to be lord of the fabulous? Why don’t you love him who now loves you? Whether in beauty, riches, splendour, in any thing else, who on earth there is that is superior to the Mowuch of Delhi?’

Lutf — ‘Why has water a downward course while there are the sun and the moon in the sky?’

Pesh, — ‘Why?’

Lutf, — ‘I ate’s decree.’

Lutf unmissa did not divulge all. Fire had found its way into Flint. And the Flint was melting.



CHAPTER VI.

At the Feet.

কাৰ মনঃ প্ৰাণ আমি সঁপি বোনাৰে ।

ভুঞ্জ আসি রাজভোগ দাবীদ আদরে ॥

বীৰাজনাকাব্য ।

I'll give up to thee my body and soul and life
Come, live like a prince at thy servant's house.

Biranganakabhya.

The seed, when sown in the earth, germinates of itself. And when it germinates nobody knows—nobody sees. But when once the seed is sown, wheresoever the sower be,—the seedling goes on lifting its head. To-day the tree is no bigger than a finger, and no one notices it. It then grows jot by jot. Gradually it comes to measure half—one—and then two cubits. And still, if there is no possibility of any body gaining aught by it, no one sees it—scarcely notices it. Days pass—months pass, years pass—till at last it begins to attract attention. No more any neglect. The tree goes on increasing,—its shade destroys other trees,—nay the soil becomes barren of every other tree.

Lutf-unnisa's love had grown thus. First of all she had unexpectedly met one day the object of her love. At that time she did not quite know of the waking of the passion in her heart. Then absence followed. But in absence that face began to present itself to her mind repeatedly ;—and to paint it to memory was felt to be somewhat pleasing.—The seed had sprouted. The image became dear to her. It is a law of the mind, that the oftener a mental deed is done, the greater becomes the tendency to do it ; and at last it becomes natural to us. Lutf-unnisa began to cherish that image day and night, and she felt a deep yearning to see the original, and, at the same time, her natural desires, too, acquired an irresistible force. Even her aspiration after Delhi's throne appeared as a trifle by it. The throne seemed to be enveloped in flames emanating from the darts of Cupid. Kingdom, royal throne, metropolis,—every thing she gave up, and hurried away to see her love. That love was Nobocoomar.

For this reason Lutf-unnisa did not feel grieved even by the

painful disclosure made by Mehu unnisa. For this reason, on returning to Agia, she did not care to maintain her position. For this reason, she took her last leave of the Emperor.

Lutf-unnisa arrived at Saptagram. Near the highway, in the heart of the town, she took a large house. The frequenters of the public thoroughfare saw the house suddenly filled with attendants—male and female, attired in gold-woven garments, and every apartment of it fitted up in the most luxuriant style. Perfumes, perfumed water, and garlands of flowers were exhaling sweet odours every-where. Various articles of household decoration—buhl and marquetry—glittered every where. In a chamber thus furnished, sat Lutf-unnisa with her head bent down, on another seat was Nobocoomar. They had met in Saptagram once or twice before; and how far had she gained her end during those interviews will transpire from their conversation of to-day.

After a silence of some moments, Nobocoomar said—

“I must leave you now, don’t call me any more.”

“Do not go. Wait a little. I have not yet finished”—said Lutf unnisa.

Nobocoomar waited a little more. But Lutf-unnisa said nothing. A moment after Nobocoomar asked—

“What more have you to say?”

Lutf-unnisa made no reply;—she had been weeping silently.

At this Nobocoomar rose. Lutf-unnisa caught the hem of his cloth. Nobocoomar, somewhat offended, said—

“What have you to say?”

Lutf-unnisa said—

“What do you want? Is there nothing to be desired on earth?—wealth, rank, fame, love, pleasure, mirth—and whatever tends to make men happy—I’ll give you all, and ask no return:—only let me be your slave. That I should be your wife—I do not aspire to such distinction,—only let me be your slave!”

“I am a poor Brahmun”—said Nobocoomar, “and I will ever remain such in this life. I cannot take any wealth offered by you and become a Mahomedan’s paramour.”

A Mahomedan’s paramour! Nobocoomar did not as yet know.

that this woman was his wife. Lutf-unnisa remained with downcast head. Nobocoomar disengaged his cloth's end from her hand. Lutf-unnisa again caught hold of his cloth's end and, said—

"Well, let it go. If heaven has so willed it, I'll drown my feelings in fathomless waters. I ask nothing more,—only pass this way now and then—grant me but a sight now and then as your humble slave ;—I will only satisfy my eyes."

Nobo. - "You are a Mahomedan woman —another's wife,— there is harm even in a communion like this with you. You will no more see me."

Silence ensued for a time. A storm had been raging in Lutf-unnisa's heart. She sat moveless like a marble statue. She let go the cloth of Nobocoomar. She said - "Go."

Nobocoomar was about to go,—had gone a few paces, when, of a sudden, Lutf-unnisa, like a tree torn up by the wind, fell down at his feet. Entwining his feet with her arms, she exclaimed piteously—
"Cruel ! I have sacrificed the throne of Agra for you. Spurn me not !"

"Go back to Agra then, and abandon all hopes of me."— said Nobocoomar.

"Not in this life !" haughtily exclaimed Lutf-unnisa, quickly rising to her feet,—
"never, in this life, will I give up hopes of thee !" —and, with her head tossed up, and her arching neck slightly bent, she stood, with her large eyes steadfastly fixed upon Nobocoomar, like an enchantress of the king of kings. The stubborn pride, that had melted in heart's flame, kindled up anew ; the unconquerable will, that had not shrunk from the idea of governing the Indian empire, again animated her love-enfeebled body. The veins on her forehead swelled beautifully. Her lustrous eyes sparkled like the sunlit sea. Her nostrils quivered. As a swan sailing through a stream turns abruptly with her arching neck towards an intruder, as a cobra whose head has been trodden-upon uprears a distended hood, so did the desperate Islamite stand up with her head erect ; and said—"Not in this life. Thou shalt be mine."

Gazing at that angry snake-like form Nobocoomar felt terrified.

The personal beauty of Lutf unnisa had never appeared to him

as it did now. But it was charming like the flashes that presage lightning. The sight awed him. Nobocoomar was about to go, when another fiery form of her suddenly came back to his memory. One day Nobocoomar, being offended with his former wife—Padmabati, was ready to turn her out of his bed-room, at which the girl of ten had proudly turned upon him ; and even thus had her eyes gleamed, even thus had the veins appeared upon her brow ; even thus had her nostrils quivered ; even thus had her head bent. Long had he forgotten the picture ;—it now returned to his memory, and instantly the likeness struck him. Agitated by doubts, Nobocoomar, in a hesitating voice, slowly asked—

“Who are you ?”

The Mahomedan’s eye-balls dilated, and she said—“I am Padmabati.”

Without waiting for a reply, Lutf-unnisa went away. Nobocoomar, too, pre-occupied and somewhat frightened, took his way home.

CHAPTER VII.

On the Outskirts of the City.

—I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

— Macbeth.

Entering another apartment Lutf-unnisa shut the door. For two successive days she did not come out ; and, during those two days, she had decided upon what course of action she should pursue. Deciding thus, she became firmly resolved. The sun was about to set ; and she was, at that time, dressing with Peshmun’s aid. Strange dress ! No gown—no breeches*—no scarf, not a sign of feminine costume. Then, surveying the equipment in a glass, she asked Peshmun,

“Well, Peshmun, am I still to be recognized ?”

“Impossible for any body.”—said Peshmun.

*Perhaps, one of those baggy breeches usually worn by the Asiatic Mahomedans.

Lutf. —“Let me go then. See that no servant or maid accompanies me.”

Peshmun said to her, “only if you will pardon your humble servant, I’ll ask you something.”

“What is it?”—asked Lutf-unnisa.

“What is your errand?”—asked Peshmun.

“For the present to cause a permanent breach between Kapalakundala and her husband. After that he shall be mine;”—said Lutf-unnisa.

Pesh —“Bibee, think well, for, that is a dense wood, and it is almost night, and you are alone.”

Lutf unnisa made no answer to this, and went out. She bent her steps towards the lonely wooded quarter of the suburb of Seven-villages, where stood the dwelling-house of Nobocommar. It was nearly night when she reached the spot. The reader may remember that, not far from Nobocommar’s house, was a matted wood. Coming to its border, she seated herself under a tree. She sat there for awhile pondering over the desperate work she had undertaken. By chance an unforeseen means presented itself. From where Lutf-unnisa sat she could hear an uninterrupted and monotonous sound of human voice. She rose up, and, looking round her, saw a light in the wood. In courage Lutf unnisa was more than a man,—she went to the spot where the light was burning. She first peeped from behind a tree to see what the matter was, and saw that the light that was burning were the flames of *hoam*, and the sound she heard was the muttering of *Mantra*. She could make out only one word in the *mantra*,—and it was a name. Instantly, on hearing the name, Lutf-unnisa went over to the side of the person at the *hoam* and sat there.

Let her sit there on for the present. The reader has not, for a long time, heard of Kapalakundala. We should, therefore, learn something about her.

THE BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

(Communicated)

When one nation is conquered by another more powerful but less civilized than itself, it is generally the case that the conquered one is reduced to some lower stage in the social scale, and its noble institutions are subverted. Such is the policy adopted by those conquering nations that have not made any tangible progress in civilization and intellectual attainments. India when she was in the hands of the unlettered and despotic, had the misfortune to undergo these evils. She was then under the reign of terror. But time came on when her darkest days were over. She hailed with the strongest demonstrations of ecstasy the occasion offered her by the British, of her emancipation from the rude grasp of her barbarous rulers. Had she remained longer under the Mahomedan rule not a trace of her ancient greatness could have been met with. Indeed, so far from her being the land of philosophers, and poets, historians, and moralists, she might have been converted into a land where ignorance held her empire in darkness. Fortunately for her those non ages are gone, and she has been divinely entrusted for the good of her children, to the hands of the present rulers—a nation remarkable for indomitable courage and energy, patient perseverance, untiring zeal, and honesty of purpose. The British came out to India, as a company of merchants, for trading in the East. They succeeded, in a few years, in establishing factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, and some other places. They were subsequently permitted by special *Sunnads* from the Mogul emperors to trade free of taxes, and erect a fort at Calcutta. From being a trading company they soon acquired the paramount power which they are at present wielding. As they have already made great progress in civilization and intellectual attainments, they are well qualified to nobly discharge the high and responsible duties to which they have been providentially called. When the British obtained the sovereignty of India they found the natives far backward in every thing fit for civilized life, and since then have been awake to every thing requisite to make life happy

and comfortable. They have set their heart upon ameliorating the condition of the millions of their subjects by dispersing by the light of knowledge, the cloud that hangs over their reason. It is the aim and end of our truly paternal Government to emancipate our countrymen from the thralldom of superstition and idolatry. In short, it has been doing every thing possible to realise its noble views, and we hope it will not rest satisfied till it has made India what she should be.

The British Government, unlike its predecessors, takes a deep and warm interest in the education of the natives. It feels its duty of spreading education far and wide. Education is the precursor of civilization; the one supposes the other. No nation can have any pretension to civilization unless it has exhibited a wide extent of knowledge among all the sections of the community. The progress of human society in all ages and in all climes, has started from this point. Under the auspices of our paternal government, knowledge is not only progressing with rapid strides, but is being widely diffused among the native community. In the mofussil, as in the metropolis there have been instituted schools and colleges in which many hundreds, nay, many thousands of natives of India have received and are receiving English education. Our present rulers have been actuated by the sense of duty to advocate the cause of education. They hate to see the reason of millions of men rust unused, and millions of souls grovel in darkness. English education saps the foundation of "old-world" notions, and emancipates those that are within its influence from the trammels of prejudice and superstition. It is the chief remedy for all the social evils under which the country groans, and it works on by cultivating the intellect of the nation and improving its character.

It is an egregious error to think that English education tends to estrange the minds of the educated natives from the masses of their countrymen—that it alienates their hearts from their illiterate brethren. But, on the contrary, the reverse is true. Instead of extinguishing the flame of patriotism in the breast of the educated, it rather adds fuel to that flame. English education is not valued so

much for the means of procuring lucrative posts as for cleansing the soul from impurities, and thereby rendering it fit for discharging its noble duties. It is under the wholesome influence of English education that the sympathy of educated natives for their unlettered countrymen has risen to its highest pitch. It is the educated men that have left immortal names behind for the love they manifested for their country.

It must be admitted too that the missionaries have done not a little towards promoting education among the natives. They have established at their own expense many an institution in every part of India with perhaps no other view than illuminating the reason of the ignorant masses of our countrymen. Thus in promoting education among the people of India the views of Government have been much furthered by the philanthropic missionaries. "Honor, all honor" says one of the distinguished religious reformers of the day, "to that sacred band of energetic and self-sacrificing missionaries who went out to India on a sacred mission, in order to reform and regenerate that great country !" It is 'however' principally to the British government we are indebted for the wide diffusion of knowledge in our country, and the consequent development of the Press in a most glorious manner. What can be a more potent cause of our gratitude to the British government than the wise and judicious steps taken by it towards ameliorating the social and political conditions of millions of men, and thus enabling them to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of true civilization.

With reference to the administration of justice under the present Government, there can be no two opinions. Justice is now dealt out more equally and impartially than under the Mahomedan Rulers. The British Law ignores all distinctions of color and creed, and brings all concerned to the same level. This impartial distribution of justice is one of the strongly marked features of the British administration in India and serves as a striking contrast to the Mahomedan Rule. When India was in the hands of the Mussulmans, she had to suffer from manifold evils. Who can relate the untold crimes perpetrated by them, or enumerate without shuddering

the infinite cruelties which the natives were then exposed to ? There was no *lots* of justice then, and the *Kaffers* were invariably held as criminals, and had to pay dearly for their supposed crimes. Justice was then distributed, and the law regulated according to the caprice of the judges. There was no safety of property, and the people were under a necessity to have recourse to shifts to secure their estates. In short there was no law, no justice. The present system of administration of justice is diametrically opposed to the preceding one, and in its distribution there is no part allotted to the whims and caprices of the distributors. They must be guided by the amount of evidence laid before them. Under the present rule the security of property is unquestionable ; even the poor and the weak are in the full enjoyment of what they are possessed of, and stringent measures have been resorted to to protect them from the encroachments of the rich and powerful. The object of the British laws and institutes is a noble one, inasmuch as it relates to the good of the people, and guarantees the undisputed and undisturbed possession of everything by its rightful owner.

But it must not be supposed that this noble object is always realized. There are some lurking causes that prevent the laws and statutes of Government from being fully and impartially brought to effect,—but it is for no fault of the law nor of the legislators either. The fault of one-sided, partial distribution of justice lies on the heads of our *Hazooras*, with whom, with a few honorable exceptions, there is respect of persons. It has of late grown to a proverb that a man with a full purse laughs at the law and does not shrink to commit heinous crimes, fully assuming that the law is not meant for him, and if he is ever brought under its influence, he will make his escape through its meshes ; and hence he gradually becomes bolder and bolder to set it at defiance. The police system, organised for the purpose of maintaining peace and order among the public, is not satisfactory in all its arrangements. In many instances it has been found that not a few of the men intrusted with this high duty, instead of faithfully discharging it, act otherwise. Unless the possibility of the occurrence of such abuses is provided against, rank oppression in various

forms will begin to shoot up, and the oppressed class will feel under the British rule no change for the better. Hence it is that so much dissatisfaction is felt among the masses of the people. As our paternal government directs its attention to the interests and well-being not of the higher classes only, but of the whole nation at large, it will be worth its while to guard against the abuses that have crawled into its protection. His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor General has, in a few months after his arrival in India, signalized the early part of his administration by protesting against the partial proceedings of the executive officers, and we hope that His Excellency will condescend to direct his attention to other similar proceedings that are carried on in many parts of the country.

It is only through the philanthropy of the British government that we are enjoying the advantages of Railways, Telegraphs, and other inventions. These are highly desirable as they contribute to the good of the people, and as such, are numbered among the "refinements of civilization." Foreign as well as internal commerce has been much facilitated and increased, and we reap in abundance the products of other climes. Many useful articles and choice things necessary for our convenience and comfort, and in respect of which we would, but for the paternal government, have been completely in the dark, are copiously supplied to us. But it must not be forgotten that these advantages are, to a great extent, counterbalanced by the total disregard of the native arts and manufactures caused by the introduction of foreign articles. It is to be hoped that something would be done by the wise government towards the revival of the former.

But what the British Government has nobly done and for which it calls forth the sincere gratitude of the nation, is the suppression of abominable crimes perpetrated in the name of virtue. These were not looked upon by the people as crimes, but were reckoned among the religious ceremonials. Thus the custom of *Suttee* which must appear to every rational and conscientious mind as atrocious and barbarous had its sanction in the Hindoo Shasters. It could not however be allowed by the British law, and it required great firmness in good

William Bentinck to prohibit it at one and the same time throughout the length and breadth of the country. It was customary with the people of India, when on a pilgrimage to *Gunga Sagor*, to throw their little children into the sea ! Similar practices used to obtain at *Jugunnath*. When the sacred car was drawn the pilgrims would cast their infant darlings before it. These horrors were committed under the influence of strong religious delusions. Such and the like horrible practices were with strenuous efforts put down on pain of heavy penalty. It was during the administration of Lord Bentinck that vigorous measures were adopted to extirpate the gangs of murderers called the Thuggs. "These ruffians" says Hunter, "nominally religious men, under the distinguished patronage of the heathen goddess Devi, made a trade of warming themselves in the confidence of unsuspecting travellers, and then strangling them for the sake of their wealth." Lord Bentinck bent his strong mind to give them a death saw, and particular care was taken that Thuggee might not rear up its head and flourish anew.

These noble deeds on the part of government are true exponents of that loftiness of genius and that sense of rectitude which characterise the English as a nation, and which has enabled them to cut an illustrious figure unparalleled in the history of any nation under the sun. Certain it is that some of the measures of government are censured by the Indian Press ; but on the whole the British government is the best foreign government that India can bear without much inconvenience, inasmuch as it is noted for its love of justice and fair play.

In conclusion, it is to be observed that the noble energy and strenuous exertions to ameliorate the condition of the people of India would be of no avail, and assuredly they would miserably fail, if the British Government did not think it worth its while to discover the reason that serves to widen the breach between the rulers and the ruled. Nearly all the complaints and dissatisfaction that prevail among the Indian subjects of the British Government, take their rise from this apparent source—nationality, color. This seemingly impossible gulf must be bridged over, ere the familiar :

communication between the two nations be opened ; and to do this no exertion on the part of the governing class is required. What is needed is simply this—that the governing class should stoop down from the elevated and unapproachable station, in which they think themselves naturally placed, to mix in the society of the subject class. They must relinquish their absurd and unmanly race feeling, and do their best to make their way into the heart of the black native. As the case stands at present, a stern and inveterate antipathy holds her reign between the two nations. There is a material lack of sympathy between them. True sympathy which can work miracles, there is none, and this want of sympathy does nothing but widen the distance between them. The British, with very few exceptions, have, so to speak, an innate aversion for the people of India ; and what has given birth to such a proud feeling, human intelligence fails to divine. Does the Native lack in intellectual attainments, or in moral strength ? Is he naturally deficient in mental powers ? Is he ungrateful to his benefactors ? Or is there anything in him which proves a shocking sight to the eyes of the civilized and enlightened ? I am sure these questions can not be answered in the affirmative.

Such misconceptions on the part of our rulers have of late sown the seeds of disaffection in the heart of the Native, and led some of the covenanted or favored officials to reckon his life as valuable as that of the brute. "The high-handed proceedings of such officials as Kirkwood, Domant, D' Only, and several others of the same stamp have tended to estrange the minds of the subjects from the rulers, and make the British rule unpopular. There is not the least shadow of a doubt that the irregular and arbitrary proceedings of officials like the above have been fruitful in giving birth to many complaints that are afloat against the Government. From such proceedings it will appear the government have some latent purposes to accomplish by vesting such raw, inexperienced civilians with power involving tact and responsibility." The above has come out from the pen of an able writer the amount of whose attainments and experience can not be questioned, and consequently whose opinions on the subject in question cannot

be slighted. I doubt not many a Fuller is to rise in future to trample under foot many a poor, innocent native. Assuredly, such deeds are inhuman, horrible and heart-rending. There may be some among the rulers who might laugh and pooh-pooh on the subject ; but, nevertheless, the facts are real ones, not chimerical inventions. The hearts of most of the rulers are poisoned against the natives, and there is nothing in the wide world that can be recommended as a specific for this malady, except sincere sympathy. The want of this feeling has been attended with serious results. It is pitiable, indeed, that the inconsiderate actions of raw, inexperienced civilians should un-do what has been done by government for years.

DRY LEAVES FROM PHILO INDICUS' NOTE BOOK.

LINES TO L. M.

Why love I thee, not for thy face ;
For even there I still may trace
The witching beauties and the grace,
Which men adore in Eve's fair race,
Not for the magic of those eyes,
Dark thrilling, radiant pensive bright,
Those lustrous orbs, which I do prize,
Radiant with their own sweet light
Not for that fore head pale and fair
Or for those tresses of rich brown hair,
Not for thy hands or neck or face
Or sight, in which I love to trace,
The express of thy sweet dear self
The image which Raphael himself
Might study in his happiest mood
To express sweet calm fortitude,
A model, which might even serve
For that fair girl, with pale claspt hand

With tearful eye and straining nerve,
 Mourned by her father's hallowed grave,
 Lost dear friend in a distant land,
 Or that pale one, when he departed,
 Her lover ;—left her broken-hearted,
 When tried by afflictions' power,
 That last, that fatal trying hour,
 When her lover shallow-hearted
 With false betraying words departed ;
 Little deeming how sad was she
 In that lone room wherein he could not see
 That meek pale face, those hidden tears,
 Those smiling lips where now no smile appears,
 That silent grief giving the lie
 To that placid face and that tearless eye.

PHILO INDICUS.

A M B I T I O N :

Go, tell the roaring waves be still,
 Go, quell the surges of the roaring deep,
 Or bring the mountain's cloud capped steep
 To yon dead level, or the soaring eagle tell,
 That upward mounts on pinions strong,
 To wing its sunward flight no more ;
 Or bind the air, or yon clouds that soar,
 Go, bid descend, than bid proud man,
 Aspire no more, or his ambition scan.
 'Tis false : Ambition lurks in every mind ;
 The chainless spirit ever will soar
 To heights beyond the line that binds.

The narrow limits of the sensuous sight.
 That old philosophy is not yet trite,
 And even ancient sages may be right,
 When they tell us that man's spirit
 Is like a drop profound of common ether,
 Etherial, rising, how—no matter,
 To meet its fount of light in depth infinite,
 Ascending now to heaven, it will rise
 To meet its kindred spirit in the skies.
 'Tis thus ambition works in every mind,
 In poet, scholar, king, or village hand.
 Go, tell the roaring waves be still
 As make proud man curb his aspiring will.
 Still will he on ; as forest oaks,
 Will raise their lordly branches high,
 With lofty summit to the sky,
 By rushy brook, streamlet or frowning rock,
 Unmindful of the fierce wind's mighty shock ,
 As pointed crag or lofty mount,
 Will proudly lift its pine-clad front,
 Unmindful of the thunder's wrath,
 The withering fluid's fatal path,
 Among the snow-embosomed crests,
 Where even the eagle may not build its nests,
 Where the gurgling spring of the mountain stream
 By the snowy light, hath a phosphor gleam,
 And where rich tints of the flowers bright,
 Have faded into the cold grey light
 Of the snowy veil which enshrouds the rock.
 Yet will he on as that proud sea bird
 Will wing its flight and yet must roam,
 Where the giant sea weeds are its nestling home.

PHILO INDICUS.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Then let the New Year crowned be
With better, nobler deeds ;
And pluck at once from every heart
The bitter, selfish rule -
Let better, warmer feelings rule
The hard, cold heart within :
With words more mild and ways more kind,
Let this New Year begin.
Then let the New Year crowned be
With every man's good will
Towards his rich or poorer friend,
For all are brothers still.
If one has more than he can use,
And one has need severe,
They are brothers, and as brothers should
Each other's burdens bear.
Then let the New Year crowned be
With duty nobly done ;
And duty to be well pursued
Must first be well begun.
Then start aright, you cannot fail ;
To doubtings give no heed ;
But bravely tread the path of right.
If e'er you would succeed.

There is a tendency of man in life, through the inquisitiveness of some, and through the morbid curiosity or the combativeness of others, to make a bad use of the truth. In the battle of life, in its rivalries, in its conflicts, men do not think it safe to let other people know many things that they know, and it may not be safe. It does not follow, because you are too truthful, that you must tell every-

thing that you know. There are thousands of things that you have a right to keep to yourself, there are thousands of things that it is every man's duty to conceal; but so far as there is overtness in the matter of speaking, it should be according to the law of truth. Sometimes it may be unpleasant, and may produce disturbance, but in the long run it is the safest. It makes a nobler character, more confidence, and prepares the future for better achievement than a resort to indirectness or equivocations.

CHANCE.

Woe to the man who has everything brought to him, and blessed are they who are born under adverse circumstances and who have no chance in life, and who instead of whining because they have no chance, develop an inward manhood that gives them a chance—there is that in man which dominates over chance, time and nature. A man can make himself, if he has but the purpose.

Many run after happiness like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

To-day we are well, to-morrow ill; to-day in esteem, to-morrow in disgrace; to-day we have friends, to-morrow none; nay, we have wine and vinegar in the same cup.

As we pass a kaleidoscope from hand to hand and expect no trembling touch will alter its aspect, so we think to hear a story from mouth to mouth literally and accurately repeated.

REVIEWS.

A scheme for the Rendering of European scientific terms into the Vernaculars of India. Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra has propounded this scheme in good time. The question is important, and it is desirable that it should be discussed in all its bearings. Our own opinion coincides with that of the learned doctor. If we are at all to have Vernacular Text Books on science, if the teaching of

science is to be carried on through the medium of the Vernaculars, scientific terms must be coined according to the grammars of these Vernaculars. Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra, I think, has very ably met the objections of those who are against *translation*, for the desirableness of retaining a common terminology for science the world over is practically impossible to any desirable extent. Besides in languages which all borrow, more or less, from the Latin and Greek, and can easily assimilate the importations, a common terminology to a small extent might be retained. But then in Indian Vernaculars the adoption of scientific terms would have a ludicrous effect. Their assimilation cannot be perfect and the success of the measure therefore is very doubtful.

Those who oppose translation on the ground that as the Vernacular scholars shall have to serve as assistants under English professionals, for facility of work, they ought to be more or less familiar with the terminology of English professional books, forget that their arguments apply only, for the time being, to certain sciences only. The convenience of a few foreigners is a consideration that must yield to the superior consideration of the development of a national literature. Given the condition that the education must be strictly Vernacular, *translation* and not *transliteration* is the only course to be adopted. If the exigencies of public service really require a knowledge of English terminology by all means insist upon it, and those whose goal of ambition is service of the state will find means to qualify themselves for it. But this is a consideration which has really nothing to do with the question of translation. Beside the argument based upon the exigencies of the public service, proceeds upon the assumption that Education through the medium of the Vernaculars can have no other effect than only to enable the Indian student to play second fiddle to European masters. We are sure it is within the range of probability that Indian Newtons and Indian Faradays, Indian Galileos and Indian Herschels may arise who may not hear in their life-time any single scientific term belonging to the English or any other European tongue. Then again, it is no treason

to think that India may have a destiny of her own separable from her connection with England. We should not therefore, when such national interests are at stake, argue as if India's connection with England is ordained to last for all time, or as if India and England are destined to be one country and one nation at no distant future. Even a mere political union is an impossibility, considering the genius of England's rule, and having a regard to the precedents of history. Any scheme, therefore, that professes to develop the Indian Vernaculars, can be ill-allowed to be opposed by any imaginary inconvenience that might temporarily arise in the way of an inter-communication between Indians and Englishmen.

The peculiar facility also of having a good and choice stock of Indian scientific terms should not be lost sight of in the Discussion of the question. No language, not even the Latin or the Greek is richer in its capacities for new combinations than the Sanskrit; and scientific words coined in the mint of the Sanskrit *Gana* and *Byakarana* can very easily be assimilated into the Vernaculars of India. We thank Dr. Rajendra Lala for his able essay, and we hope it will receive the earnest attention of the Text-book committee, if indeed, it has not already received.

The sooner the governing class become convinced of their defects and shortcomings, the better for the country. Let England deal the deadly stroke at the arbitrary proceedings of her children in India, and then her rule shall be untarnished. As India has been divinely entrusted to her hands, let her seek the good and welfare of her sister; and this she cannot do unless she is completely identified with her cause. When these things are provided for, England and India shall be one and the same. India will then reap the fruits of civilization, and be raised in her social and political status. Otherwise there will be a great gulf between the two. Let England henceforth send out into India not immoral, heartless men who do not scruple to inflict kicks and blows on the poor, helpless native till he dies—but men whose lives will exercise a moral influence on the people of India. Let her exhort those that are here to observe the the sublime truth—the fatherhood of god and brotherhood of man—

